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EDMUND SPENSER, born about 1552 in East Smithfield, London. M.A. Cambridge in 1576. Obtained place in Leicester's household. Went to Ireland, 1580, with Lord Grey de Wilton on the latter's appointment as Lord Deputy to that country, and lived there until 1598. Died in Westminster in 1599, and buried in Westminster Abbey.



EDMUND SPENSER  
THE FAERIE QUEENE

IN TWO VOLUMES: VOLUME ONE

INTRODUCTION BY  
J. W. HALES

2.45



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PR 2358 A35 H3 V.1

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Aldine House · Bedford Street · London

Made in Great Britain

at

The Aldine Press · Letchworth · Herts

First published in this edition 1910

Last reprinted 1955

## INTRODUCTION

"The nobility of the Spensers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough, but I exhort them to consider *The Faerie Queene* as the most precious jewel of their coronet."—GIBBON.

LIKE all other great works of art, *The Faerie Queene* is intimately and thoroughly associated with the age in which it was written and published. Perhaps, even more than most great works, it is so. For it recalls and reflects its age, not only unconsciously and inevitably,—not only because it cannot help itself, so to speak; for a writer cannot, if he will, sever himself from his time, and so an Elizabethan cannot be other than an Elizabethan, whatever disguise he may assume in the shape of language or form—but also deliberately; it lays itself out of goodwill prepense to perpetuate the image of Elizabethan England. Spenser himself frankly informs us that such a portraiture was intended and designed by him in his famous Epic. Many persons, he says, may fancy that what he writes is but the "abundance of an idle brain," and "painted forgery," and may remind him that he omits to give any geographical definition of his Fairy land. To such criticasters he replies, that after all the terrestrial world is yet imperfectly traversed and known, and the land of Fairy may exist, though no bold navigator has yet discovered it. Are not fresh, unsuspected countries being found and announced every day? But, lest through the dulness of his audience there should be any misconception, he goes on to state explicitly, that in fact his Fairy land is neither more nor less than England itself. Apostrophising Queen Elizabeth, he declares that in the country he depicts, she may confidently recognise her own kingdom. Thus not only indirectly and accidentally but directly and purposefully *The Faerie Queene* describes, after its manner, the England and the Englishmen of Spenser's day. And therefore, if we would fully understand it, the chronology of its composition and of contemporary events is particularly important.

*The Faerie Queene*—it is a mere fragment (about a quarter)

of what it was intended to be <sup>1</sup>—was not built in a day. The first three Books took about a decade to write; no doubt there were long intervals in which Spenser had for one reason or another to put his *magnum opus* altogether on one side. The second three Books took some three years. We first hear of *The Faerie Queene* as already begun in 1580; we know that the first three Books were completed in or by 1589, and also that the second three Books were finished in or by 1594. The evidence for these statements is to be found in the correspondence of Spenser and his friend Gabriel Harvey, in *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, and in Sonnet lxxx.

Writing to Harvey from Lord Leicester's House, Strand, on the 2nd of April 1580, Spenser begs his friend to return him his *Faerie Queene* that he may go on with it:

"Now my Dreams and Dying Pelican being fully finished (as I partly signified in my last letters) and presently to be imprinted, I will in hand forthwith with my *Faery Queene*, which I pray you heartily send me with all expedition, and your friendly letters and long expected judgment withal, which let not be short, but in all points such as you ordinarily use and I extraordinarily desire."

And presently "Hobbinol" delivers himself on the subject which was evidently so much on Spenser's mind and so little on his, and delivers himself in a way that might have suppressed Spenser's poetic enterprise altogether, had he not reserved his independence, or if his own instinct had not made a pedant's censure of little moment:

"In good faith I had once again nigh forgotten your *Faerie Queene*. Howbeit, by good chance, I have now sent her home at the last, neither in better nor worse case than I found her. And must you of necessity have my judgment of her indeed? To be plain, I am void of all judgment, if your *Nine Comedies* whereunto, in imitation of Herodotus, you give the names of the Nine Muses (and in one man's fancy not unworthily) come not nearer Ariosto's Comedies either for the fineness of plausible elocution, or the rareness of poetical invention than that Elvish Queen doth to his *Orlando Furioso*, which, notwithstanding, you will needs seem to emulate and hope to overgo, as you flatly professed yourself in one of your last letters. . . .

Spenser's nine comedies are not extant, so far as is known, and so we cannot compare them with *The Faerie Queene*; but

<sup>1</sup> See "A letter of the Author's expounding his whole intention in the course of this work . . . to the right noble and valorous Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight": "By ensample of which excellent poets [Tasso and Ariosto] I labour to portraict in Arthur, before he was king, the image of a brave knight perfected in the twelve private moral virtues as Aristotle hath devised,—the which is the purpose of these first twelve books, which, if I find to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of politic virtues in his person, after that he came to be king."

we shall perhaps not greatly err if we accept Gabriel Harvey's alternative, and believe him to be void of all judgment in the preference he declares for them.

The next mention of *The Faerie Queene* at present observed occurs in Briskett's *Discourse of Civill Life, containing the Ethike part of Morall Philosophie*. This work describes a party of friends met at the author's cottage near Dublin. One is Dr. Long, Primate of Armagh; and Dr. Long did not become Primate of Armagh till the summer of 1584; so that, unless that title is anticipated—the *Discourse* was not published till 1606, and so possibly may have had additions or modifications—the date cannot be earlier than that year; and it certainly cannot be much later, as there is good reason for maintaining that in 1588, if not before, Spenser was well settled at Kilcolman; it was probably that very year. We learn from a speech which Briskett's reports "M. Edmond Spenser late your Lordship's (Lord Arthur Grey of Wilton) Secretary" as making, that *The Faerie Queene* was now well advanced:

"For sure I am that it is not unknown unto you that I have already undertaken a work tending to the same effect [a setting forth of Moral Philosophy] which is in heroical verse under the title of a *Faerie Queene* to represent all the moral virtues. . . . Which work, as I have already well entered into, if God shall please to spare me life that I may finish it according to my mind, your wish, M. Briskett, will be in some sort accomplished though perhaps not so effectually as you could desire."

I think we may find ground for supposing that the whole of Book I. and a good half of Book II. were written before he went to Ireland. The identification of Braggadochio with the Duke of Anjou is generally accepted; now, it was early in 1580 that the Duke of Anjou caused so much annoyance, and excited so much disgust; and it is in the early cantos of Book II. of *The Faerie Queene* that Braggadochio is held up to contempt. Moreover, and this fact has, I think, hitherto escaped notice, it is in Canto ix. of Book II. that we first have scenes and allusions that belong to Ireland and Irish experiences. In Stanza 6 we have the first mention of Arthegall, who unquestionably stands for Lord Arthur Grey of Wilton, the special hero of Book V. In Stanza 13 we have certainly a ghastly Irish idyll, painted from the life—such an idyll as he had seen with his own eyes in Glenmalure and elsewhere, and as his *View of the Present State of Ireland* abundantly illustrates. In Stanza 16 he speaks in a simile of "the fens of

Allen," and the gnats that swarm from them at eventide. And yet again, in Stanza 24 he thus describes a part of the House of Temperance:

" Of hewen stone the porch was fairly wrought,  
Stone more of value and more smooth and fine  
Than jet or marble far from Ireland brought."

Certainly in or by 1589 the first three books were finished, and in that year, as we gather from *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* (=Spenser's Return)—a poem originally written in 1591 when he was once again domiciled at Kilcolman—he went with Raleigh to England to have them printed and published.

Undoubtedly, the reception of his masterpiece greatly cheered and encouraged him. Even Harvey joined in the chorus of praise and delight that arose in its honour. And with a spirit refreshed and renewed the Prince of Poets—such was the title bestowed on him—set himself to the continuation of his splendid task; and, enjoying comparative quiet in the interval between two great rebellions, he succeeded in producing three more books in the years 1591, '92, '93 and part of '94. The great domestic event, contemporary with these compositions, was his falling in love with the lady whom, not, it would seem, without some rebuffs and despondencies, he at last won to be his wife. And in the Sixth Book of *The Faerie Queene* he so far gives way to his private rapture as to introduce his *fiancée* into the midst of the legend of Sir Calidore. His love-suit and its anxieties, we learn, had somewhat interfered with the progress of his poem. But at last the lady accepted his devotion, and presently we hear that the second three books were completed, and that the work was, after a breathing space, to be continued with renewed energy and spirit; see *Amoretti* lxxx., which was certainly written before the *Epithalamion*, the song that celebrates his marriage, June 11, 1594.

Two years later, *i.e.*, in 1596, Spenser again visited London, and these second three books were published, the first three re-issued with them. No other part of his vast, too vast, design was ever to be completed. What leisure for poetising he had in London must have been fully occupied with his *Hymns to Heavenly Love and Beauty*, his *Prothalamion*, and his memorable prose work *A View of the Present State of Ireland*, on which he evidently spent much labour and care.



And when he returned to Ireland, the clouds of another rebellion were rapidly gathering. In such deepening darkness it must have been difficult to see to write, so to speak. Housed in an old castle of the Desmonds, and conspicuously representing the detestable scheme of English colonisation, he was exposed to no common danger. The woods that then grew round Kilcolman were rife with bitter enemies biding their time. He must often have seen their threatening looks and heard their furious curses. No wonder he found it hard to go on singing of the Fairy Queen, or to sing of anything. Two more cantos and two stanzas of a third seem to be all he produced after 1594, which—how procured by the publisher we do not know—were first printed in the first folio edition of *The Faerie Queene* in 1609, appearing “both for matter and form” . . . “to be parcel of some following Book . . . under the legend of Constaney.”

The composition of *The Faerie Queene*, then, as we have it, extends over a period of some fifteen years, *i.e.*, from 1579 to 1594; and with the English history of this time it very closely associates itself. It is, in fact, a prolonged pæan to the glory of England. Had it been completed, the overthrow of the Spanish Armada would have received its special celebration. Lords Howard, and Essex, and Hunsdon, and other great sailors, and soldiers, and statesmen were all to have a place in his gorgeous pageant. In so much of it as was completed, the Earl of Leicester, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Arthur Grey of Wilton, Sir Francis Walsingham, and many more of contemporary note and fame move before us “larger than human,” transfigured and glorified. The Red Cross Knight himself,—what is he, both in his strength and in his weakness but the idealised Englishman of Spenser’s century? Spenser lived in the midst of events of great magnitude and of absorbing interest, and in the midst of men that were equal to occasions so fateful and supreme; and even in the soarings of his fancy he could not escape from the excitements and intensities of which the life of the time consisted. He could take up no other themes than the great world in which he found himself provided. Neither in his head nor his heart was there room for any other story than the Elizabethan, with all its terrible hazards, its strange surprises, its brilliant achievements. He was fascinated and possessed by it. And so, as we have seen, England becomes to him a land of fairy, wrapt in a golden mist of chivalry and

romance, populous with knight-errants of divine purpose and indomitable prowess.

Strangely enough, *The Faerie Queene* has not yet received any adequate exploration from this point of view, though there can be little doubt such a study of it would amply reward the student, casting fresh light on well-known persons and situations, or, at all events, presenting them in unfamiliar attitudes and aspects. To the moral allegory, some attention has been given, but to the historical very little. Years ago Sir Walter Scott, reviewing in the *Quarterly Review* Todd's Edition of Spenser, expressed his regret that these historical allusions had not been more carefully studied, Upton alone having given them any recognition. "The ingenuity of a commentator," he writes, "would have been most usefully employed in deciphering what 'for avoiding of jealous opinions and misconstructions' our author did not choose to leave open to the contemporary reader." Of course such a study is quite distinct from the purely poetic enjoyment of *The Faerie Queene*, and is not necessary to any one who cares merely for the melody of its verse or for its exquisite fancifulness. But no one who wishes to appreciate the work of Spenser in its entirety, to understand his art as fully as may be, and to consider his mind as well as his art, no one who wishes thoroughly to survey and comprehend one of the masterpieces of English literature from all points of view, can afford to neglect a field of investigation so large and so fruitful. Only he who so explores *The Faerie Queene* will recognise how solidly it is based upon actuality and fact. It may seem to be one of the most purely aerial of poems, to be but an estate in cloudland, and to appertain altogether to the skies; but in very truth its foundations are firmly planted in the England of Spenser's time, and its fine-woven parapets and heaven-piercing pinnacles are not mere whiffs and shapes of mist, but concrete things, however delicately refined and veiled. This dreamer of dreams was assuredly a very practical and efficient member of the workaday world; and his visions are not so unreal and unsubstantial as a careless reader might think, are not mere airy nothings, but, indeed, subtilised and spiritual expressions of present and instant realities. They are the idealisations of actual men and actual deeds; and in them we see, as in a glass, the great Elizabethan age in all its fervent, eager movement, with all its hopes and fears, its passions of love and of hate, its anathemas and its adorations,

It was certainly Spenser's design to make our great war with Spain a central event of his poem, though such a design was not to be carried out, and probably, had Spenser's circumstances been much more favourable, could not have been carried out, at least with any adequateness. But he undoubtedly set it before him. He distinctly announces it in the 11th Canto of the First Book, when about to describe the battle between St. George and the dragon, he invokes the Muse to gently come into his "feeble breast." And in his sonnet addressed to Lord Howard of Effingham, one of those prefixed to *The Faerie Queene*, he seems to anticipate this promised performance—to write as if it was actually executed in the first three Books, and the Conqueror of the Armada were already duly celebrated.

Upton conjectured that Marinell in some sort represented this famous Lord Howard, but such an identification is scarcely satisfactory. More probably Spenser sanguinely pictures what was so vividly conceived and confidently intended as actually performed. Of his purpose there can be no question. Essex, too, was, and was to be celebrated. But the supreme figure of his poem is she whose name is perpetually on the lips of contemporary poetry, the great queen whom her people idolised, and whom our own time, in spite of many fierce, and even virulent attacks, regards still as one of the greatest English Sovereigns. Under one form or another Queen Elizabeth is almost omnipresent throughout *The Faerie Queene*. Gloriana, Belphebe, Britomartis, Mercilla—each is none other than Queen Elizabeth.

"In that Fairy Queen," writes Spenser to Raleigh, "I mean glory in my general intention, but in my particular, I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our sovereign the Queen, and her kingdom in Fairy land. *And yet in some places else I do otherwise shadow her.* For, considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royal Queen or Empress, the other of a most virtuous and beautiful Lady, this latter part in some places I do express in Belphebe, fashioning her name according to your own excellent concept of Cynthia, Phoebe and Cynthia being both names of Diana."

Thus, that there is a correspondence between Belphebe and Queen Elizabeth, is no idle conjecture of an over-curious commentator. But, on the other hand, the correspondence must not be pushed too far; we must not insist on identity in all actions and respects. Spenser does not surrender himself to a mere imitation or reflection of a certain set of facts. He retains the right of variation or of addition. In other words,

the correspondences between his personæ and living people are not servile; they are general rather than particular.

Queen Elizabeth's arch-enemy, Philip II. of Spain, is more than once suggested or presented to Spenser's readers, though probably his completer portrait was to have been given in the Books that were never written. Unquestionably he is denoted by Gerioneo in the Fifth Book—a Book remarkable for its many unmistakable, and scarcely at all disguised historical allusions. The rhyming argument of Canto X. runs thus:—

Prince Arthur takes the Enterprise  
For Belgee for to fight.  
Gerioneo's Seneschall  
He slayes in Belge's right.

Evidently "Gerioneo's Seneschall" is the Spanish commander in the low countries. And Prince Arthur here, as elsewhere, though perhaps not always, signifies the Earl of Leicester. If it shocks us that such a very second-rate character as Robert Dudley should have served as the original of Spenser's Prince Arthur, we must remember that Spenser saw that handsome but not high-natured nobleman with different eyes from ours, from a very different standpoint, in a very different atmosphere. And so, when in Canto XII. we are told how—

Arte gall doth Sir Burbon aide,  
And blames for changing shield;  
He with the great Grantorto fights,  
And slaieth him in field,

the references to Henri Quatre and his change of religion are made sufficiently obvious to the most careless reader. The connection of Duessa and Mary Queen of Scots in Canto IX. was so patent as to give extreme annoyance to James VI. of Scotland. We learn from a letter to Lord Burghley from the English ambassador at Edinburgh that great offence was conceived by the King against Edmund Spenser for publishing in print in the second part of *The Faerie Queene* (i.e. in the second three books, published—1596), "some dishonourable effects," as the King deemed, against himself and his mother deceased.

Thus it is clear, in respect of Spenser's material, that, largely as he borrowed from books—especially from the Classics and from the Italians—he borrowed yet more largely from contemporary society and history, and that in his great poem in a very full and special sense he mirrors the events



and the personages of his own age. But, of course, such historical interpretations are quite distinct from poetical studies. Obviously, the first duty of a poem is to be poetical, not historical, or ethical, or metaphysical.

Beyond question, what moved Spenser to write was a genuine poetic impulse. As we have seen, his mind was indeed profoundly interested in the great movements of his time; he was a thoroughly intelligent and devoted Protestant; he admired and cultivated "the new learning" with rare ability and fervent delight; he was penetrated and pervaded by a passionate patriotism. But in addition to all these incitements and motives he was actuated by a real creative instinct. He sang because he must, not only because people listened, and there was so much to say. His heart was hot within him; and while he was thus musing, the fire kindled, and at the last he "spake with his tongue." He sang, not because he was learned—an epithet often assigned him by his contemporaries<sup>1</sup>—or an intense votary of the Reformation or the Renaissance, but because his imagination longed for outward embodiment, because it must needs give birth to its divine conceptions, because it insisted on relief and deliverance. In other words, Spenser's poetry is a true incarnation of a poetical spirit, not the elaborate effort of a partisan, literary, political, religious.

It is his inexhaustible freshness and abundance of fancy, combined with his astonishing dominion over language and over rime and rhythm, that has won for Spenser his distinguishing title of "the Poets' Poet." The material he uses is sometimes prosaic enough, as especially in the Second Book, in his description of the House of Alma, otherwise the human body, in Canto IX., or in his versification of Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of the Britons* in the following Canto; but under any and all circumstances, whether he is happy in his immediate subject or not, whatever are the strange tasks he sets himself, or ponderous burdens he undertakes, he never ceases to be a poet, and it can never be forgotten by any capable and appreciative reader that he is a poet. In most great poets there is a certain vein of prose which "crops up" from time to time. No one is wise at all hours, says an old Latin adage; certainly, it is true that no one is poetical at all hours. Instead of flying and soaring according to their

<sup>1</sup> Dryden too remarks: "No man was ever born with a greater genius than Spenser, or had more knowledge to support it."

proper form of movement, we see poets walking, or even crawling, *i.e.*, their speech, in Horace's phrase, becomes "pedestrian."<sup>1</sup> Now, whatever may be Spenser's deficiencies and faults, it seems true that no one ever lived more constantly and fully in the world of imagination than he,—that, though others may have risen higher, no one ever sank out of his empyrean and touched the gross earth less frequently or fatally. "Of all the poets," writes Hazlitt, "he is the most poetical." Whatever we may think of his Fairy land in other respects, there can be no question that it is a province of poetry.

Spenser created a new world, which, from its first appearance in the firmament of literature, had a special charm and fascination for his brother artists, who, generation after generation, delighted to wander in it.

There are several traces in Shakespeare's Plays of his familiarity with Spenser's Poems, and personally they must have been well acquainted, meeting often no doubt at the house of their common friend Lord Essex. Not, however, to insist on imperfectly ascertained relations, no less a person than Milton declared Spenser was his "poetical father"; and without any such declaration we should confidently have inferred this spiritual sonship, so evident is Spenser's influence on Milton's earlier poetry. In the *Areopagitica* also Milton speaks of "our sage and serious Spenser whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus and Aquinas." Dryden and Pope are by no means poets of the Spenserian type; yet both of them testify their debt and their admiration. With the revival of the imagination in the last century arose a yet warmer enthusiasm for Spenser. Thomson's lines in his *Summer* are highly appreciative as well as discriminating:—

Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,  
The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son,  
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song  
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground.

Certainly on what is best of Thomson's work, as on *The Castle of Indolence*, the influence of Spenser is very deeply impressed. Gray found the perusal of Spenser one of his best incentives and excitements, when he wished to cultivate the poetical mood. The air of *The Faerie Queene* seemed to arouse and invigorate his often languid faculties. To Wordsworth,

<sup>1</sup> See Hor. *Ep.* 2, i. 251; *Sat.* 2. vi. 17; *A.P.* 95.



Byron, Shelley, Keats, that same air was scarcely less delightful and scarcely less benign.

Amongst our poets Wordsworth was perhaps one of the least susceptible to literary impressions; and yet we see with what grateful joy he submitted himself to the sweet influence of Spenser. Probably the first lines Keats wrote were headed *In imitation of Spenser*. Possibly the power of Spenser over him at that time was to a large extent indirect, that is, was exercised through intermediate writers; but to the end of his life, acting indirectly or directly, it was a determining force. A last century writer, one Dr. Sewall, made the memorable remark that "more poets have sprung from Spenser than all other English writers."

Thus, whatever Spenser's defects, however true it may be that he is wanting in humour, that in archaising his grammar and his vocabulary he "writ no language, that his characters lack at times human interest, and whatever else Zoiluses or even well-meaning and generous critics may urge against him, it remains that to highly sensitive natures he is a poet of exceptional and of sovereign charm, of an inspiration that is singularly full and overflowing, so that—

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars  
Repairing in their urns draw golden light.

In spite of all his superabundance of fantasy, his want of human substance, and his epic confusions in *The Faerie Queene*, Spenser securely holds one of the chief thrones of English poetry; and around no one of our poetic kings is there gathered a court more remarkable for its selectness, its culture, and its devotion; and on him, as we have mentioned, has been conferred by right divine the significant "style" of the Poets' Poet. As we have seen, from Drayton and Raleigh and many another Elizabethan down to Wordsworth and Keats and many another singer of the nineteenth century, all the poets, with scarcely an exception, rise up and call him blessed. For three hundred years now he has been one of the supreme inspiring influences of our literature. If his work is not perfect, yet it suggests a sense of perfection, that is, it brings vividly before us one visited and possessed by visions of rare loveliness, and striving with no common cunning and no common success to embody them worthily and immortally. And, whatever its imperfection or imperfections as a whole, it contains pictures and passages of incomparable finish and

beauty, pictures and passages as nearly perfect as anything that has proceeded from human pen. "The heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb" will remain to the end of time one of the fairest and sweetest figures to be found in books. He who could create so exquisite a being was unquestionably and beyond all protest an artist of the highest order, even though he failed to accomplish any other like achievement. But indeed *The Faerie Queene* abounds in stanzas and in passages of surpassing beauty, and in signs and tokens of a nature haunted and inspired by the very spirit of grace and loveliness.

The Text and Glossary here used are those of Dr. R. Morris, by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

JOHN W. HALES.

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To

*The most high, mightie, and magnificent*

*Empresse,*

*Renowned for pietie, vertue, and all gracious government,*

*ELIZABETH,*

*by the grace of God,*

*Queene of England, Fraunce, and Ireland,*

*and of Virginia,*

*Defendour of the Faith, etc.,*

*Her most humble servaunt*

*EDMUND SPENSER,*

*doth, in all humilitie,*

*dedicate, present, and consecrate*

*these his labours,*

*To live with the eternitie of her fame.*



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Biblical stories - everything happened -  
to be interpreted during  
century

Introduction to first 3 books  
in 1590 - that's all

Levels of Bible

historical  
moral

Theological - plus

anagogical - mystical level. deeply going



Did S know Dante?

## A LETTER OF THE AUTHORS,

Expounding his whole intention in the course of this worke :  
which, for that it giveth great light to the reader, for  
the better understanding is hereunto annexed.

To the Right Noble and Valorous

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT.

Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes, and Her Maiesties  
Liefetenaunt of the County of Cornewayll.

*Novelty plays Biblical stories*  
Sir, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I have entituled the Faery Queene, being a continued Allegory, or darke conceit, I haue thought good, as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded,) to discover unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or by accidents, therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline: Which for that I conceived should be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter then for profite of the ensample, I chose the historie of King Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of envy, and suspition of present time. In which I have followed all the antique Poets historicall; first Homere, who in the Persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good governour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis: then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Aeneas: after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando: and lately Tasso dissevered them againe, and

*imp. reference in poem's meaning to*  
*not with nature*  
*apostrophe note*

Jerusalem Delivered

formed both parts in two persons, namely that part which they in Philosophy call Ethice, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo; the other named Politice in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellent Poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of politticke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king.

To some, I know, this Methodo will seeme displeasaunt, which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus cloudily enwrapped in Allegoricall devises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their shoves, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgement, formed a Commune welth, such as it should be; but the other in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a government, such as might best be: So much more profitable and gratious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure: whome I conceive, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queene, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seeke her out; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet, in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia, (Phæbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana). So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular; which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I

make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: Of which these three bookes contain three.

The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whome I expresse Holynes: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperaunce: The third of Britomartis, a Lady Knight, in whome I picture Chastity. But, because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. For the Methode of a Poet historical is not such, as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thrusteth into the midst, even where it most concerneth him, and there recoursing to the thinges fore-paste, and divining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all. Sidne

The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii. dayes; uppon which xii. severall dayes, the occasions of the xii. severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii. severall knights, are in these xii. books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownishe younge man, who falling before the Queene of Faeries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that hee might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feaste should happen: that being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen Castle, who then suffred them not to yssew; and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that explot. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him, that unlesse that armour which she brought, would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, vi. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise; which being forthwith put upon him, with dewe

*furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And estesoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge Courser, he went forth with her on that adventure : where beginneth the first booke, viz.*

*A gentle knight was pricking on the playne, etc.*

*The second day there came in a Palmer, bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whose Parents he complained to have bene slayn by an Enchaunteresse called Acrasia ; and therefore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure ; which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same Palmer : which is the beginning of the second booke, and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile Enchaunter, called Busirane, had in hand a most faire Lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that Lady, presently tooke on him that adventure. But being unable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his loue.*

*But by occasion hereof many other adventures are intermedled ; but rather as Accidents then intendments : As the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphebe, the lasciviousnes of Hellenora, and many the like.*

*Thus much, Sir, I have briefly overronne to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the History ; that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused. So, humbly craving the continuance of your honorable favour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leave.*

23. January 1589,  
Yours most humbly affectionate,  
Ed. Spenser.



## VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR

### *A Vision upon this conceipt of the Faery Queene*

ME thought I saw the grave where Laura lay,  
Within that Temple where the vestall flame  
Was wont to burne; and passing by that way  
To see that buried dust of living fame,  
Whose tumber faire love, and fairer vertue kept,  
All suddainly I saw the Faery Queene:  
At whose approach the soule of Petrarke wept,  
And from thenceforth those graces were not seene;  
For they this Queene attended, in whose steed  
Oblivion laid him downe on Lauras herse.  
Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,  
And grones of buried ghostes the heavens did perse:  
Where Homers spright did tremble all for grieft,  
And curst th'accesse of that celestiall theife.

### *Another of the same*

The prayse of meaner wits this worke like profit brings,  
As doth the Cuckoes song delight when Philumena sings.  
If thou hast formed right true vertues face herein,  
Vertue her selfe can best discerne to whom they written bin.  
If thou hast beauty praysd, let her sole lookes divine  
Judge if ought therein be amis, and mend it by her eine.  
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperaunce her dew,  
Behold her Princely mind aright, and write thy Queene anew.  
Meane while she shall perceive, how far her vertues sore  
Above the reach of all that live, or such as wrote of yore:  
And thereby will excuse and favour thy good will;  
Whose vertue can not be exprest, but by an Angels quill.  
Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,  
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy device.

W. R.

*To the learned Shepheard*

Collyn, I see, by thy new taken taske,  
 Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,  
 That leades thy muse in haughty verse to maske,  
 And loath the layes that longs to lowly swaynes;  
 That lifts thy notes from Shepheardes unto kinges:  
 So like the lively Larke that mounting singes.

Thy lovely Rosolinde seemes now forlorne,  
 And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight:  
 Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,  
 Those prety pypes that did thy mates delight;  
 Those trusty mates, that loved thee so well;  
 Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave thee the bell.

Yet, as thou earst with thy sweete roundelayes  
 Didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers;  
 So moughtst thou now in these refyned layes  
 Delight the daintie eares of higher powers:  
 And so mought they, in their deepe skanning skill,  
 Alow and grace our Collyns flowing quyll.

And faire befall that *Faery Queene* of thine,  
 In whose faire eyes love linckt with vertue sittes;  
 Enfusing, by those bewties fyers devyne,  
 Such high conceites into thy humble wittes,  
 As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes  
 From rustick tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy *Redcrosse knight* with happy hand  
 Victorious be in that faire Ilands right,  
 Which thou dost vayle in Type of Faery land,  
 Elizas blessed field, that *Albion* hight:  
 That shieldes her friendes, and warres her mightie foes,  
 Yet still with people, peace, and plentie flowes.

But (jolly shepheard) though with pleasing style  
 Thou feast the humour of the Courtly trayne,  
 Let not concept thy settled sence beguile,  
 Ne daunted be through envy or disdaine.  
 Subject thy dome to her Empyring spright,  
 From whence thy Muse, and all the world, takes light.

HOBYNOLL.



Fayre Thamis streame, that from Ludds stately towne  
Runst paying tribute to the Ocean seas,  
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne  
Be silent, whyle this Bryttane Orpheus playes.  
Nere thy sweet bankes there lives that sacred crowne,  
Whose hand strowes Palme and never-dying bayes:  
Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring sowne,  
Present her with this worthy Poets prayes;  
For he hath taught hye drifts in shepeherdes weedes,  
And deepe conceites now singes in *Faeries* deeds. R. S.

Grave Muses, march in triumph and with prayes;  
Our Goddesse here hath given you leave to land;  
And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces  
Bow downe his brow unto her sacred hand.  
Deserte findes dew in that most princely doome,  
In whose sweete brest are all the Muses bredde:  
So did that great Augustus erst in Roome  
With leaves of fame adorne his Poets hedde.  
Faire be the guerdon of your *Faery Queene*,  
Even of the fairest that the world hath seene! H. B.

When stout Achilles heard of Helens rape,  
And what revenge the States of Greece devisd,  
Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,  
In womans weedes him selfe he then disguisde;  
But this devise Ulysses soone did spy,  
And brought him forth the chaunce of warre to try.

When Spencer saw the fame was spredd so large,  
Through Faery land, of their renowned Queene,  
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,  
As in such haughty matter to be seene,  
To seeme a shepeheard then he made his choice;  
But Sydney heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as Ulysses brought faire Thetis sonne  
From his retired life to menage armes,  
So Spencer was by Sydney's speeches wonne  
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes;  
For well he knew, his Muse would soone by tyred  
In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as Achilles, in those warlike frayes,  
 Did win the palme from all the Grecian Peeres,  
 So Spenser now, to his immortall prayse,  
 Hath wonne the Laurell quite from all his feres.  
 What though his taske exceed a humaine witt,  
 He is excus'd, sith Sidney thought it fitt.

W. L.

To looke upon a worke of rare devise  
 The which a workman setteth out to view,  
 And not to yield it the deserved prise  
 That unto such a workmanship is dew,  
 Doth either prove the judgement to be naught,  
 Or els doth shew a mind with envy fraught.

To labour to command a peece of worke,  
 Which no man goes about to discommend,  
 Would raise a jealous doubt, that there did lurke  
 Some secret doubt whereto the prayse did tend;  
 For when men know the goodnes of the wyne,  
 'Tis needlesse for the hoast to have a sygne.

Thus then, to shew my judgement to be such  
 As can discerne of colours blacke and white,  
 As alls to free my minde from envies tuch,  
 That never gives to any man his right,  
 I here pronounce this workmanship is such  
 As that no pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore;  
 Not for to shew the goodness of the ware;  
 But such hath beene the custome heretofore,  
 And customes very hardly broken are;  
 And when your tast shall tell you this is trew,  
 Then looke you give your hoast his utmost dew.   IGNOTO.

## VERSES

ADDRESSED, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FAERIE QUEENE,  
TO VARIOUS NOBLEMEN, &c.

*To the Right honourable Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord high  
Chauncelor of England, &c.*

THOSE prudent heads, that with their counsels wise  
Whylom the pillours of th' earth did sustaine,  
And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannise  
And in the neck of all the world to rayne,  
Oft from those grave affaires were wont abstaine,  
With the sweet Lady Muses for to play:  
So Ennius the elder Africane,  
So Maro oft did Cæsars cares allay.  
So you, great Lord, that with your counsell sway  
The burdeine of this kingdom mightily,  
With like delightes sometimes may eke delay  
The rugged brow of carefull Policy,  
And to these ydle rymes lend litle space,  
Which for their titles sake may find more grace.

*To the most honourable and excellent Lord the Earle of Essex.  
Great Maister of the Horse to her Highnesse, and knight  
of the Noble order of the Garter, &c.*

Magnificke Lord, whose vertues excellent,  
Doe merit a most famous Poets witt  
To be thy living praises instrument,  
Yet doe not sdeigne to let thy name be writt  
In this base Poeme, for thee far unfitt:  
Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby;  
But when my Muse, whose fethers, nothing flitt,  
Doe yet but flagg, and lowly learne to fly,  
With bolder wing shall dare alofte to sty  
To the last praises of this Faery Queene;  
Then shall it make more famous memory  
Of thine Heroicke parts, such as they beene:  
Till then, vouchsafe thy noble countenaunce  
To these first labours needed furtheraunce.

*To the Right Honourable the Earle of Oxenford, Lord high  
Chamberlayne of England, &c.*

Receive, most Noble Lord, in gentle gree,  
The unripe fruit of an unready wit;  
Which by thy countenance doth crave to bee  
Defended from foule Envies poisonous bit.  
Which so to doe may thee right well besit,  
Sith th' antique glory of thine auncestry  
Under a shady vele is therein writ,  
And eke thine owne long living memory,  
Succeeding them in true nobility:  
And also for the love which thou doest beare  
To th' Heliconian ymps, and they to thee;  
They unto thee, and thou to them, most deare:  
Deare as thou art unto thy selfe, so love  
That loves and honours thee, as doth behove.

*To the right honourable the Earle of Northumberland*

The sacred Muses have made alwaies clame  
To be the Nourses of nobility,  
And Registres of everlasting fame,  
To all that armes professe and chevalry.  
Then, by like right the noble Progeny,  
Which them succeed in fame and worth, are tyde  
T' embrace the service of sweete Poetry,  
By whose endèvours they are glorifide;  
And eke from all, of whom it is envide,  
To patronise the authour of their praise,  
Which gives them life, that els would soone have dide,  
And crownes their ashes with immortall baies.  
To thee, therefore, right noble Lord, I send  
This present of my paines, it to defend.

*To the Right Honourable the Earle of Ormond and Ossory*

Receive, most noble Lord, a simple taste  
Of the wilde fruit which salvage soyl hath bred;  
Which, being through long wars left almost waste,  
With brutish barbarisme is overspredd:

And, in so faire a land as may be redd,  
 Not one Parnassus nor one Helicone,  
 Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,  
 But where thy selfe hast thy brave mansione:  
 There, in deede, dwel faire Graces many one,  
 And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits;  
 And in thy person, without paragone,  
 All goodly bountie and true honour sits.  
 Such, therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,  
 Receive, dear Lord, in worth, the fruit of barren field.

*To the right honourable the Lord Ch. Howard, Lord high Admiral  
 of England, knight of the noble order of the Garter, and one  
 of her Majesties privie Counsel, &c.*

And ye, brave Lord, whose goodly personage  
 And noble deeds, each other garnishing,  
 Make you ensample to the present age  
 Of th' old Heroes, whose famous ofspring  
 The antique Poets wont so much to sing;  
 In this same Pageaunt have a worthy place,  
 Sith those huge castles of Castilian King,  
 That vainly threatned kingdomes to displace,  
 Like flying doves ye did before you chace;  
 And that proud people, woxen insolent  
 Through many victories, didst first deface:  
 Thy praises everlasting monument  
 Is in this verse engraven semblably,  
 That it may live to all posterity.

*To the most renowned and valiant Lord, the Lord Grey of Wilton,  
 knight of the Noble order of the Garter, &c.*

Most Noble Lord, the pillor of my life,  
 And Patrone of my Muses pupillage;  
 Through whose large bountie, poured on me rife  
 In the first season of my feeble age,  
 I now doe live, bound yours by vassalage;  
 Sith nothing ever may redeeme, nor reave  
 Out of your endlesse debt, so sure a gage,  
 Vouchsafe in worth this small guift to receave,

## The Faerie Queene

Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave  
 Of all the rest that I am tyde t' account:  
 Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weave  
 In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso Mount,  
 And roughly wrought in an unlearned Looome:  
 The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favorable doome.

*To the right noble and valorous knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord  
 Wardein of the Stanneryes, and lieftenaunt of Cornewaile*

To thee, that art the sommers Nightingale,  
 Thy souveraine Goddesses most deare delight,  
 Why doe I send this rusticke Madrigale,  
 That may thy tunefull eare unseason quite?  
 Thou onely fit this Argument to write,  
 In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her bowre,  
 And dainty love learnd sweetly to endite.  
 My rimes I know unsavory and sowre,  
 To tast the streames that, like a golden showre,  
 Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy love's praise;  
 Fitter, perhaps, to thonder Martiall stowre,  
 When so thee list thy lofty Muse to raise:  
 Yet, till that thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne,  
 Let thy faire Cinthias praises be thus rudely showne.

*To the right honourable the Lord Burleigh, Lord high  
 Treasurer of England*

To you, right noble Lord, whose carefull brest  
 To menage of most grave affaires is bent;  
 And on whose mightie shoulders most doth rest  
 The burdein of this kingdomes government,  
 As the wide compasse of the firmament  
 On Atlas mighty shoulders is upstayd,  
 Unfitly I these ydle rimes present,  
 The labor of lost time, and wit unstayd:  
 Yet if their deeper sence be inly wayd,  
 And the dim vele, with which from commune vew  
 Their fairer parts are hid, aside be layd,  
 Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.  
 Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receave,  
 And wipe their faults out of your censure grave. E. S.



*To the right honourable the Earle of Cumberland*

Redoubted Lord, in whose corageous mind  
 The flowre of chevalry, now bloosming faire,  
 Doth promise fruite worthy the noble kind  
 Which of their praises have left you the haire;  
 To you this humble present I prepare,  
 For love of vertue and of Martiall praise;  
 To which though nobly ye inclined are,  
 As goodlie well ye shew'd in late assaies,  
 Yet brave ensample of long passed daies,  
 In which trew honor yee may fashioned see,  
 To like desire of honor may ye raise,  
 And fill your mind with magnanimitee.  
 Receive it, Lord, therefore, as it was ment,  
 For honor of your name and high descent. E. S.

*To the right honourable the Lord of Hunsdon, high Chamberlaine  
 to her Majesty*

Renowned Lord, that, for you worthinesse  
 And noble deeds, have your deserved place  
 High in the favour of that Emperesse,  
 The worlds sole glory and her sexes grace:  
 Here eke of right have you a worthie place,  
 Both for your nearnes to that Faerie Queene  
 And for your owne high merit in like cace:  
 Of which, apparaunt prooffe was to be seene,  
 When that tumultuous rage and fearfull deepe  
 Of Northerne rebels ye did pacify,  
 And their disloiall powre defaced clene,  
 The record of enduring memory.  
 Live, Lord, for ever in this lasting verse,  
 That all posteritie thy honor may reherse. E. S.

*To the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurst, one of her Majesties  
 privie Counsell*

In vain I thinke, right honourable Lord,  
 By this rude rime to memorize thy name,  
 Whose learned Muse hath writ her owne record  
 In golden verse, worthy immortal fame:

Thou much more fit (were leasure to the same)  
 Thy gracious Soverains praises to compile,  
 And her imperiall Majestie to frame  
 In loftie numbers and heroicke stile.  
 But, sith thou maist not so, give leave a while  
 To baser wit his power therein to spend,  
 Whose grosse defaults thy daintie pen may file,  
 And unadvised oversights amend.  
 But evermore vouchsafe it to maintaine  
 Against vile Zoilus backbitings vaine.

*To the right honourable Sir Fr. Walsingham, knight, principall  
 Secretary to her Majesty, and one of her honourable privy  
 Counsell*

That Mantuane Poetes incompared spirit,  
 Whose girland now is set in highest place,  
 Had not Mecænas, for his worthy merit,  
 It first advaunst to great Augustus grace,  
 Might long perhaps have lien in silence bace,  
 Ne bene so much admir'd of later age.  
 This lowly Muse, that learns like steps to trace,  
 Flies for like aide unto your Patronage,  
 That are the great Mecænas of this age,  
 As wel to al that civil artes professe,  
 As those that are inspir'd with Martial rage,  
 And craves protection of her feeblenesse:  
 Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayse  
 In bigger tunes to sound your living prayse. E. S.

*To the right noble Lord and most valiaunt Captaine, Sir John  
 Norris, knight, Lord president of Mounster*

Who ever gave more honourable prize  
 To the sweet Muse then did the Martiall crew,  
 That their brave deeds she might immortalize  
 In her shril tromp, and sound their praises dew?  
 Who then ought more to favour her than you,  
 Moste noble Lord, the honor of this age,  
 And Precedent of all that armes ensue?  
 Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,

Tempred with reason and advizement sage,  
 Hath fild sad Belgicke with victorious spoile;  
 In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous gage;  
 And lately shakt the Lusitanian soile.  
 Sith, then, each where thou hast dispredd thy fame,  
 Love him that hath eternized your name. E. S.

*To the right honourable and most vertuous Lady the Countesse of  
 Penbroke*

Remembraunce of that most Heroicke spirit,  
 The hevens pride, the glory of our daies,  
 Which now triumpheth, through immortall merit  
 Of his brave vertues, crownd with lasting baies  
 Of hevenlie blis and everlasting praies;  
 Who first my Muse did lift out of the flore,  
 To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies;  
 Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore  
 His goodly image, living evermore  
 In the divine resemblaunce of your face;  
 Which with your vertues ye embellish more,  
 And native beauty deck with hevenlie grace:  
 For his, and for your owne especial sake,  
 Vouchsafes from him this token in good worth to take.  
 E. S.

*To the most vertuous and beautifull Lady, the Lady Carew*

Ne may I, without blot of endlesse blame,  
 You, fairest Lady, leave out of this place;  
 But with remembraunce of your gracious name,  
 Wherewith that courtly garland most ye grace  
 And deck the world, adorne these verses base.  
 Not that these few lines can in them comprise  
 Those glorious ornaments of heavenly grace,  
 Wherewith ye triumph over feeble eyes,  
 And in subdued harts do tyranyse;  
 For thereunto doth need a golden quill,  
 And silver leaves, them rightly to devise;  
 But to make humble present of good will:  
 Which, whenas timely meanes it purchase may,  
 In ampler wise it selfe will forth display. E. S.

*To all the gracious and beautifull Ladies in the Court*

The Chian Peincter, when he was requirde  
To pourtraict Venus in her perfect hew,  
To make his worke more absolute, desird  
Of all the fairest Maides to have the vew.  
Much more me needs, to draw the semblant trew  
Of beauties Queene, the worlds sole wonderment,  
To sharpe my sence with sundry beauties vew,  
And steale from each some part of ornament.  
If all the world to seeke I overwent,  
A fairer crew yet no where could I see  
Then that brave court doth to mine eie present,  
That the worlds pride seemes gathered there to bee.  
Of each a part I stole by cunning thefte:  
Forgive it me, faire Dames, sith lesse ye have not left.

E. S.

## THE FIRST BOOKE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED  
CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE

- I. Lo! I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske,  
As time her taught, in lowly Shephards weeds,  
Am now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,  
For trumpets sterne to change mine Oaten reeds,  
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds;  
Whose praises having slept in silence long,  
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds  
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng:  
Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my song.
- II. Helpe then, O holy virgin! chiefe of nyne,  
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will;  
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne  
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still.  
Of Faerie knights, and fayrest Tanaquill,  
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long  
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,  
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:  
O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong!
- III. And thou, most dreaded impe of highest Jove,  
Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart  
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,  
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart;  
Lay now thy deadly Heben bowe apart,  
And with thy mother mylde come to mine ayde;  
Come, both; and with you bring triumphant Mart,  
In loves and gentle jollities arraid,  
After his murderous spoyles and bloudie rage allayd.

- iv. And with them eke, O Goddess heavenly bright!  
 Mirrour of grace and Majestie divine,  
 Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light  
 Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth shine,  
 Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,  
 And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,  
 To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,  
 The argument of mine afflicted stile:  
 The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest dread, a-while!

literal level - asking <sup>more</sup> help in <sup>united</sup> story  
 moral - wants to write tale full  
 of virtue  
~~allegory~~ Q Eliz. is his queen to be  
 honoured by poem  
 allegorical Q is goddess



## CANTO I

The Patrone of true Holinesse  
 Foule Errour doth defeate:  
 Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,  
 Doth to his home entreate.

- ere is  
 our  
 hero
- Sidney  
 Plots - horse
- grimaces about following rules
- rong  
 at sad  
 night
- in good faith
- Character of Red C  
 from here on -  
 solid fella
- Statement of Plot
- chivalric
- i. A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,  
 Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,  
 Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,  
 The cruell markes of many' a bloody felde;  
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield.  
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt, *-lack of self discipline*  
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:  
 Full jolly knight he seemed, and faire did sitt,  
 As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.
  - ii. And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore,  
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,  
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,  
 And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:  
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,  
 For sovaine hope which in his helpe he had.  
 Right faithfull true he was in deede and word, *Character of Red C*  
 But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;  
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.
  - iii. Upon a great adventure he was bond, *Statement of Plot*  
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,  
 (That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery lond)  
 To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have, *chivalric*  
 Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:  
 And ever as he rode his hart did earne  
 To prove his puissance in battell brave  
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,  
 Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.
  - iv. A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,  
 Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,  
 Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
- pp on  
 est

## The Faerie Queene

*simple  
pleas imagery  
to dem self*  
*miracle plays  
in st. q. miracle*  
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;  
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw  
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,  
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;  
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,  
And by her, in a line, a milkewhite lambe she lad.

*simple statement  
point with  
implications  
of good  
lineage*  
v. So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,  
She was in life and every vertuous lore;  
And by descent from Royall lynage came  
Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of yore  
Their scepters stretcht from East to Westernne shore,  
And all the world in their subjection held;  
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore  
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;  
Whom to avenge she had this Knight from far compeld.

*re-mains  
mon-  
thro to their  
midget  
it rains*  
*sense of  
proportion*  
vi. Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,  
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,  
Or wearied with bearing of her bag  
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past.  
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,  
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine  
Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,  
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;  
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

*over  
under  
big  
tall*  
vii. Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,  
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,  
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;  
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,  
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,  
Not perceable with power of any starr:  
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,  
With footing worne, and leading inward farr.  
Faire harbour that them seems, so in they entered ar.

*be  
beauty  
first*  
viii. And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,  
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,  
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,  
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell ský.  
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy.  
The sayling Pine; the Cedar proud and tall;

The vine-propp Elme; the Poplar never dry;  
 The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all;  
 The Aspine good for staves; the Cypresse funerall;

- ix. The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours  
 And Poets sage; the Firre that weepeth still:  
 The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours;  
 The Eugh, obedient to the benders will;  
 The Birch for shaftes; the Sallow for the mill;  
 The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;  
 The warlike Beech; the Ash for nothing ill;  
 The fruitfull Olive; and the Platane round;  
 The carver Holme; the Maple seeldom inward sound.

- x. Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,  
 Untill the blustering storme is overblowne;  
 When, weening to returne whence they did stray,  
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,  
 But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,  
 Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,  
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:  
 So many pathes, so many turnings seene,  
 That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

- xi. At last resolving forward still to fare,  
 Till that some end they finde, or in or out,  
 That path they take that beaten seemd most bare,  
 And like to lead the labyrinth about;  
 Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,  
 At length it brought them to a hollowe cave  
 Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout  
 Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,  
 And to the Dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he gave.

- xii. "Be well aware," quoth then that Ladie milde,  
 "Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:  
 The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,  
 Breedes dreadfull doubts. Oft fire is without smoke,  
 And perill without show: therefore your stroke,  
 Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made."  
 "Ah Ladie," (sayd he) "shame were to revoke  
 The forward footing for an hidden shade:  
Vertue gives her selfe light through darknesse for to wade."

XIII. "Yea but" (quoth she) "the perill of this place  
 I better wot then you: though nowe too late  
 To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,  
 Yet wisdomes warnes, whilst foot is in the gate,  
 To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.  
 This is the wandring wood, this *Errours* den,  
 A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:  
 Therefore I read beware." "Fly, fly!" (quoth then  
 The fearefull Dwarfe) "this is no place for living men."

XIV. But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,  
 The youthfull Knight could not for aught be staide;  
 But forth unto the darksom hole he went,  
 And looked in: his glistening armor made  
 A litle glooming light, much like a shade;  
 By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,  
 Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,  
 But th' other halfe did womans shape retaine,  
 Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

XV. And, as she lay upon the durtie ground,  
 Her huge long taile her den all overspred,  
 Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,  
 Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred  
 A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,  
 Sucking upon her poisonous dugs; each one  
 Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored:  
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,  
 Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

XVI. Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,  
 And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile  
 About her cursed head; whose folds displaid  
 Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.  
 She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,  
 Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;  
For light she hated as the deadly bale,  
 Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,  
 Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

XVII. Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he leapt  
 As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,  
 And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept

From turning backe, and forced her to stay:  
 Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,  
 And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,  
 Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay;  
 Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst:  
 The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst

- xviii. Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd;  
 Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,  
 And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd  
 With doubled forces high above the ground:  
 Tho, wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,  
 Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine  
 All suddenly about his body wound,  
 That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.  
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine!

- xix. His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,  
 Cride out, "Now, now, Sir knight, shew what ye bee;  
 Add faith unto your force, and be not faint;  
 Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee."  
 That when he heard, in great perplexitie,  
 His gall did grate for grieve and high disdaine;  
 And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,  
 Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,  
 That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

- xx. Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw  
 A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,  
 Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,  
 Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke  
 His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe.  
 Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,  
 With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,  
 And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:  
 Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

- xxi. As when old father Nilus gins to swell  
 With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale  
 His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,  
 And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:  
 But, when his later spring gins to avale,  
 Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there breed



1 gross Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male  
And partly femall, of his fruitful seed;  
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswher may no man reed

xxii. The same so sore annoyed has the knight,  
That, welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,  
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight:  
Whose corage when the feend perceivd to shrinken,  
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke  
Her fruitfull cursed spawn of serpents small,  
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,  
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,  
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

xxiii. As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,  
When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west,  
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,  
Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best;  
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,  
All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,  
That from their noyance he no where can rest;  
But with his clownish hands their tender wings  
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

xxiv. Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame  
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,  
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,  
Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,  
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;  
And stroke at her with more then manly force,  
That from her body, full of filthie sin,  
He raft her hatefull heade without remorse:  
A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed from her corse.

xxv. Her scattered brood, soone as their Parent deare  
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,  
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare  
Gathred themselves about her body round,  
Weening their wonted entrance to have found  
At her wide mouth; but being there withstood,  
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,  
And sucked up their dying mothers bloud,  
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.



xxvi. That detestable sight him much amazde,  
 To see th' unkindly Impes, of heaven accurst,  
 Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,  
 Having all satisfide their bloody thirst,  
 Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,  
 And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end  
 Of such as drunke her life the which them nurst!  
 Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,  
 His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should  
 contend.

xxvii. His Lady, seeing all that chaunst from farre,  
 Approcht in hast to greet his victorie;  
 And saide, " Faire knight, borne under happie starre,  
 Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye,  
 Well worthie be you of that Armory,  
 Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,  
 And proov'd your strength on a strong enemie,  
Your first adventure: many such I pray,  
 And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may!"

xxviii. Then mounted he upon his Steede againe, *back where they began*  
 And with the Lady backward sought to wend.  
 That path he kept which beaten was most plaine,  
Ne ever would to any byway bend,  
 But still did follow one unto the end,  
 The which at last out of the wood them brought.  
 So forward on his way (with God to frend)  
 He passed forth, and new adventure sought:  
 Long way he traveled before he heard of ought.

xxix. At length they chaunst to meet upon the way  
 An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,  
 His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,  
 And by his belt his booke he hanging had:  
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,  
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,  
 Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad;  
 And all the way he prayed as he went,  
 And often knockt his breast, as one that did repent.

xxx. He faire the knight saluted, louting low,  
 Who faire him quited, as that courteous was;

man  
asked for  
desc. of  
education's

And after asked him, if he did know  
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.  
"Ah! my dear sonne," (quoth he) "how should, alas!  
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,  
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,  
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?  
With holy father sits not with such thinges to mell.

kn. the  
fold of  
more moun-  
should  
smile  
reading off  
the page

xxxI. "But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,  
And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,  
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,  
That wasteth all this countrie, farre and neare."  
"Of such," (saide he,) "I chiefly doe inquere,  
And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,  
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare;  
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,  
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space."

have to find  
dy say  
keep now

xxxII. "Far hence" (quoth he) "in wastfull wilderness  
His dwelling is, by which no living wight  
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse."  
"Now," (saide the Ladie,) "draweth toward night,  
And well I wote, that of your later fight  
Ye all forwearied be; for what so strong,  
But, wanting rest, will also want of might?  
The Sunne, that measures heaven all day long,  
At night doth baite his steedes the Ocean waves emong.

to  
priests  
place  
to sleep

xxxIII. "Then with the Sunne take, Sir, your timely rest,  
And with new day new worke at once begin:  
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best."  
"Right well, Sir knight, ye have advised bin,"  
Quoth then that aged man: "the way to win  
Is wisely to advise; now day is spent:  
Therefore with me ye may take up your In  
For this same night." The knight was well content;  
So with that godly father to his home they went.

desc. church  
place

xxxIV. A little lowly Hermitage it was,  
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,  
Far from resort of people that did pas  
In traveill to and froe: a little wyde  
There was an holy chappell edifyde,

Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say  
His holy thinges each morne and eventyde:  
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,  
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

xxxv. Arrived there, the litle house they fill,  
Ne looke for entertainment where none was;  
Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will:  
The noblest mind the best contentment has.  
With faire discourse the evening so they pas;  
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,  
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas:  
He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore  
He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

xxxvi. The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast;  
And the sad humor loading their eyeliddes,  
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast  
Sweet slombring dew, the which to sleep them biddes.  
Unto their lodgings then his guesstes he riddes:  
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,  
He to his studie goes; and there amidides  
His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,  
He seekes out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy minds.

xxxvii. Then choosing out few words most horrible,  
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame;  
With which, and other spelles like terrible,  
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame;  
And cursd heven; and spake reprochful shame  
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light:  
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name  
Great Gorgon, prince of darkness and dead night;  
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

xxxviii. And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd  
Legions of Sprights, the which, like litle flies  
Fluttering about his ever-damned hedd,  
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,  
To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies.  
Of those he chose out two, the falsest two,  
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;  
The one of them he gave a message too,  
The other by him selfe staide, other worke to doo.

xxxix. He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,  
 And through the world of waters wide and deepe,  
 To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.  
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,  
 And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,  
 His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed  
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe  
 In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,  
 Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

xl. Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,  
 The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yvory,  
 The other all with silver overcast;  
 And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye, -  
 Watching to banish Care their enemy,  
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.  
 By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,  
 And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe  
 In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.

xli. And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,  
 A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,  
 And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,  
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne  
 Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne.  
 No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cries,  
 As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,  
 Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet lyes  
 Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

xlII. The Messenger approaching to him spake;  
 But his waste wordes retourn'd to him in vaine:  
 So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.  
 Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,  
 Whereat he gan to stretch; but he againe  
 Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.  
 As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine  
 Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,  
 He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

xlIII. The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,  
 And threatned unto him the dreaded name  
 Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,

And, lifting up his lompish head, with blame  
 Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.  
 "Hether" (quoth he,) "me Archimago sent,  
 He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,  
 He bids thee to him send for his intent  
 A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

XLIV. The God obayde; and, calling forth straight way  
 A diverse Dreame out of his prison darke,  
 Delivered it to him, and downe did lay  
 His heavie head, devoide of careful carke;  
 Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.  
 He, backe returning by the Yvorie dore,  
 Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke;  
 And on his little winges the dreame he bore  
 In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

XLV. Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,  
 Had made a Lady of that other Spright, *lady made of other sprits*  
 And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,  
 So lively and so like in all mens sight,  
 That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:  
 The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,  
 Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.  
 Her all in white he clad, and over it  
 Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.\*

XLVI. Now, when that ydle dreame was to him brought,  
 Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,  
 Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,  
 And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,  
 In sort as he him schooled privily:  
 And that new creature, borne without her dew,  
 Full of the makers guyle, with usage sly  
 He taught to imitate that Lady trew,  
 Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew

XLVII. Thus, well instructed, to their worke they haste;  
 And, comming where the knight in slomber lay,  
 The one upon his hardie head him plaste,  
 And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play,  
 That night his manly hart did melt away,  
 Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy.



Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,  
And to him playnd, how that false winged boy  
Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne Dame Pleasures toy.

XLVIII. And she her selfe, of beautie soveraigne Queene,  
Fayre Venus, seemde unto his bed to bring  
Her, whom he, waking, evermore did weene  
To bee the chastest flowre that aye did spring  
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,  
Now a loose Leman to vile service bound:  
And eke the Graces scemed all to sing,  
*Hymen Io Hymen!* dauncing all around;  
Whylst freshest Flora her with Yvie girlond crownd.

XLIX. In this great passion of unwonted lust,  
Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,  
He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust  
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his.  
Lo! there before his face his Ladie is,  
Under blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke;  
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,  
With gentle blandishment and lovely looke,  
Most like that virgin true which for her knight him took.

L. All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,  
And half enraged at her shameless guise,  
He thought have slaine her in his fierce desight;  
But hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,  
He stayde his hand; and gan himselfe advise  
To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.  
Wringing her hands, in wemens pitteous wise,  
Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth  
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

LI. And sayd, " Ah Sir, my liege Lord, and my love,  
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,  
And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,  
Or the blind God that doth me thus amate,  
For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?  
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.  
Die is my dew; yet rew my wretched state,  
You, whom my hard avenging destinie  
Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently.



LII. "Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave  
 My fathers kingdom"—There she stopt with teares;  
 Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave,  
 And then againe begonne; "My weaker yeares,  
 Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,  
 Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde:  
 Let me not die in languor and long teares."  
 "Why, Dame," (quoth he,) "what hath ye thus dismayd?  
 What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?"

LIII. "Love of your selfe," she saide, "and deare constraint,  
 Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night  
 In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,  
 Whiles you in carelessse sleepe are drowned quight."  
 Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight  
 Suspect her truth: yet since no' untruth he knew,  
 Her fawning love with foule disdainefull spight  
 He would not shend; but said, "Deare dame, I rew,  
 That for my sake unknowne such grieve unto you grew.

LIV. "Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;  
 For all so deare as life is to my hart,  
 I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound:  
 Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,  
 Where cause is none; but to your rest depart."  
 Not all content, yet seemd she to appease  
 Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,  
 And fed with words that could not chose but please:  
 So, slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

LV. Long after lay he musing at her mood,  
 Much griev'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,  
 For whose defence he was to shed his blood.  
 At last, dull wearines of former fight  
 Having yrockt asleepe his irkesome spright,  
 That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine  
 With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:  
 But, when he saw his labour all was vaine,  
 With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe.

## CANTO II

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts  
 The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:  
 Into whose stead faire falshood steps,  
 And workes him woefull ruth.

i. By this the Northerne wagoner had set  
 His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre  
 That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,  
 But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre  
 To al that in the wide deepe wandring arre;  
 And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill  
 Had warned once, that Phœbus fiery carre  
 In hast was climbing up the Easterne hill,  
 Full envious that night so long his roome did fill:

ii. When those accursed messengers of hell,  
 That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright,  
 Came to their wicked maister, and gan tel  
 Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding night:  
 Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might  
 Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine,  
 And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright:  
 But, when he saw his threatning was but vaine,  
 He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes againe.

iii. Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,  
 And that false other Spright, on whom he spred  
 A seeming body of the subtile aire,  
 Like a young Squire, in loves and lusty-hed  
 His wanton daies that ever loosely led,  
 Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:  
 Those twoo he tooke, and in a secrete bed,  
 Covered with darkenes and misdeeming night,  
 Them both together laid to joy in vaine delight.

iv. Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull hast  
 Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights  
 And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast;

Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,  
 As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,  
 And to him calls; "Rise, rise! unhappy Swaine,  
 That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights  
 Have knit themselves in Venus shameful chaine:  
 Come, see where your false Lady doth her honor staine."

- v. All in amaze he suddenly up start  
 With sword in hand, and with the old man went;  
 Who soone him brought into a secret part,  
 Where that false couple were full closely ment  
 In wanton lust and leud embracement:  
 Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire;  
 The eie of reason was with rage yblent,  
 And would have slaine them in his furious ire,  
 But hardly was restrained of that aged sire.
- vi. Retourning to his bed in torment great,  
 And bitter anguish of his guilty sight,  
 He could not rest; but did his stout heart eat,  
 And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,  
 Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night.  
 At last faire Hesperus in highest skie  
 Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawning light;  
 Then up he rose, and clad him hastily:  
 The dwarfe him brought his steed; so both away do fly.
- vii. Now when the rosy fingred Morning faire,  
 Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,  
 Had spred her purple robe through deawy aire,  
 And the high hils Titan discovered,  
 The royall virgin shooke off drousy-hed;  
 And, rising forth out of her baser bowre,  
 Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,  
 And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each howre:  
 Then gan she wail and weepe to see that woeful stowre.
- viii. And after him she rode, with so much speede  
 As her slowe beast could make; but all in vaine,  
 For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,  
 Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,  
 That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine:  
 Yet she her weary limbes would never rest;

lady  
part  
But every hil and dale, each wood and plaine,  
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,  
He so ungently left her, whome she loved best.

old man  
admirer's  
self  
ix. But subtill Archimago, when his guests  
He saw divided into double parts,  
And Una wandring in woods and forrests,  
Th' end of his drift, he praised his divelish arts,  
That had such might over true meaning harts:  
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,  
How he may worke unto her further smarts;  
For her he hated as the hissing snake,  
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

tells of  
uses  
available  
x. He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;  
For by his mighty science he could take  
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,  
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make:  
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,  
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell;  
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,  
And oft would flie away. O! who can tell  
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of Magick spel?

becomes  
h.  
xi. But now seemde best the person to put on  
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:  
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,  
And silver shield; upon his coward brest  
A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest  
A bounch of heares discoloured diversly.  
Full jolly knight he seemde, and wel address;  
And when he sate upon his courser free,  
Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him to be.

recounted  
at kn.  
meets  
hills  
without  
fault  
xii. But he, the knight whose semblaunt he did beare,  
The true Saint George, was wandred far away,  
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare:  
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.  
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way  
A faithlesse Sarazin, all armde to point,  
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay  
→ Sans foy; full large of limbe and every joint  
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

- XIII. Hee had a faire companion of his way,  
 A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,  
 Purpled with gold and pearle of rich assay;  
 And like a Persian mitre on her hed  
 Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,  
 The which her lavish lovers to her gave.  
 Her wanton palfrey all was overspred  
 With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,  
 Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses brave.
- XIV. With faire disport, and courting dalliaunce,  
 She intertaine her lover all the way;  
 But, when she saw the knight his speare advaunce,  
 She soone left off her mirth and wanton play,  
 And bad her knight addresse him to the fray,  
 His foe was nigh at hand. He, pricke with pride  
 And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,  
 Forth spurred fast: adowne his coursers side  
 The red blood trickling staine the way, as he did ride.
- XV. The knight of the Redcrosse, when him he spide  
 Spurring so hote with rage despiteous,  
 Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride.  
 Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,  
 That, daunted with their forces hideous,  
 Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand;  
 And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,  
 Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,  
 Doe backe rebutte, and ech to other yealdeth land.
- XVI. As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,  
 Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,  
 Their horned fronts so fierce on either side  
 Doe meete, that, with the terror of the shooke,  
 Astonied, both stand sencelesse as a blocke,  
 Forgetfull of the hanging victory:  
 So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,  
 Both staring fierce, and holding idely  
 The broken reliques of their former cruelty.
- XVII. The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,  
 Snatched his sword, and fiercely to him flies;  
 Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:



Each others equall puissaunce envies,  
 And through their iron sides with cruell spies  
 Does seeke to perce; repining courage yields  
 No foote to foe: the flashing fier flies,  
 As from a forge, out of their burning shields;  
 And streams of purple bloud new die the verdant fields.

xviii. "Curse on that Cross," (quoth then the Sarazin,) "That keepes thy body from the bitter fitt!"  
 Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,  
 Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt:  
 But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,  
 And hide thy head." Therewith upon his crest  
 With rigor so outrageous he smitt,  
 That a large share it hewd out of the rest,  
 And glauncing downe his shield from blame him fairly blest.

xix. Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark  
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive;  
 And at his haughty helmet making mark,  
 So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,  
 And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe alive,  
 With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kis,  
 Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive  
 With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,  
 Whither the soules doe fly of men that live amis.

xx. The Lady, when she saw her champion fall  
 Like the old ruines of a broken towre,  
 Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,  
 But from him fled away with all her powre;  
 Who after her as hastily gan scowre,  
 Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away  
 The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure.  
 Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay;  
 For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

xxi. Shee turning backe, with ruefull countenance,  
 Cride, "Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show  
 On silly Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,  
 And to your mighty wil!" Her humblesse low,  
 In so ritche weedes, and seeming glorious show,  
 Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart;



And said, "Deare dame, your sudden overthrow  
Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,  
And tel both who ye be, and who that tooke your part."

xxii. Melting in teares, then gan shee thus lament,  
"The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre  
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,  
Before that angry heavens list to lowre,  
And fortune false betraide me to thy powre,  
Was (O! what now availeth that I was?)  
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,  
He that the wide West under his rule has,  
And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth pas.

xxiii. "He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,  
Betrothed me unto the onley haire  
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage:  
Was never Prince so faithfull and so faire,  
Was never Prince so meeke and debonaire;  
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,  
My dearest Lord fell from high honors staire  
Into the hands of hys accursed fone,  
And cruelly was slaine; that shall I ever mone.

xxiv. "His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,  
Was afterward, I know not how, convaide,  
And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death  
When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,  
O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid!  
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,  
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,  
A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind  
With love long time did languish, as the stricken hind.

xxv. "At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin  
To meete me wandring; who perforce me led  
With him away, but yet could never win  
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soveraigne dread.  
There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,  
Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sans foy,  
The eldest of three brethren; all three bred  
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sans joy;  
And twixt them both was born the bloody bold Sans loy.

xxvi. "In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,  
 Now miserable I, Fidessa dwell,  
 Craving of you, in pittie of my state,  
 To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well."  
 He in great passion al this while did dwell,  
 More busying his quicke eies her face to view,  
 Then his dull eares to heare what shee did tell;  
 And said, "faire lady, hart of flint would rew  
 The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

xxvii. "Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,  
 Having both found a new friend you to aid,  
 And lost an old foe that did you molest;  
 Better new friend then an old foe is said."  
 With chaunge of chear the seeming simple maid  
 Let fal her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,  
 And yeelding soft, in that she nought gainsaid,  
 So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,  
 And shee coy lookes: so dainty, they say, maketh derth.

xxviii. Long time they thus together traveled;  
 Til, weary of their way, they came at last  
 Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred  
 Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast;  
 And their greene leaves, trembling with every blast,  
 Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:  
 The fearefull shepheard, often there aghast,  
 Under them never sat, ne wont there sound  
 His mery oaten pipe, but shund th' unlucky ground.

xxix. But this good knight, soone as he them can spie,  
 For the coole shade him thither hastily got:  
 For golden Phœbus, now ymounted hie,  
 From fiery wheelles of his faire chariot  
 Hurl'd his beame so scorching cruell hot,  
 That living creature mote it not abide;  
 And his new Lady it endured not.  
 There they alight, in hope themselves to hide  
 From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

xxx. Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,  
 With goodly purposes, there as they sit;  
 And in his falsed fancy he her takes

To be the fairest wight that lived yit;  
Which to expresse he bends his gentle wit:  
And, thinking of those braunches greene to frame  
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,  
He pluckt a bough; out of whose rifte there came  
Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same

xxxI. Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,  
Crying, "O! spare with guilty hands to teare  
My tender sides in this rough rynd embard;  
But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare  
Least to you hap that happened to me heare,  
And to this wretched Lady, my deare love;  
O, too deare love, love bought with death too deare!"  
Astonde he stood, and up his heare did hove;  
And with that suddein horror could no member move.

xxxII. At last whenas the dreadfull passion  
Was overpast, and manhood well awake,  
Yet musing at the straunge occasion,  
And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake:  
"What voice of damned Ghost from Limbo lake,  
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,  
Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,  
Sends to my doubtful eares these speaches rare,  
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood to  
spare?"

xxxIII. Then, groning deep; "Nor damned Ghost," (quoth he,)  
"Nor guileful sprite to thee these words doth speake;  
But once a man, Fradubio, now a tree;  
Wretched man, wretched tree! whose nature weake  
A cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,  
Hath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,  
Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,  
And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines;  
For though a tree I seme, yet cold and heat me paines."

xxxIV. "Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree."  
Quoth then the Knight; "by whose mischievous arts  
Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see?  
He oft finds med'cine who his grieve imparts,  
But double griefs afflict concealing harts,

As raging flames who striveth to suppressse."  
 "The author then," (said he) "of all my smarts,  
 Is one Duessa, a false sorceresse,  
 That many errant knights hath brought to wretchednesse.

xxxv. "In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott  
 The fire of love, and joy of chevalree,  
 First kindled in my brest, it was my lott  
 To love this gentle Lady, whome ye see  
 Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree;  
 With whome, as once I rode accompanye,  
 Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,  
 That had a like faire Lady by his syde;  
 Lyke a faire Lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde.

xxxvi. "Whose forged beauty he did take in hand  
 All other Dames to have exceeded farre:  
 I in defence of mine did likewise stand,  
 Mine, that did then shine as the Morning starre.  
 So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre,  
 In which his harder fortune was to fall  
 Under my speare: such is the dye of warre.  
 His Lady, left as a prise martiall,  
 Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

xxxvii. "So doubly lov'd of ladies, unlike faire,  
 Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,  
 One day in doubt I cast for to compare  
 Whether in beauties glorie did excede:  
 A Rosy girlond was the victors meede.  
 Both seemde to win, and both seemed won to bee,  
 So hard the discord was to be agreeede.  
Eræliissa was as faire as faire mote bee,  
 And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

xxxviii. "The wicked witch, now seeing all this while  
 The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,  
 What not by right she cast to win by guile;  
 And by her hellish science raisd streight way  
 A foggy mist that overcast the day,  
 And a dull blast, that breathing on her face  
 Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,  
 And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace:  
 Then was she fayre alone, when none was faire in place.

xxxix. "Then cride she out, 'Fye, fye! deformed wight,  
 Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine  
 To have before bewitched all mens sight:  
 O! leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine.'  
 Her loathly visage viewing with disdaine,  
 Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,  
 And would have kild her; but with faigned paine  
 The false witch did my wrathful hand withhold:  
 So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

xl. "Thensforth I tooke Duessa for my Dame,  
 And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,  
 Ne ever wist but that she was the same;  
 Till on a day (that day is everie Prime,  
 When Witches wont do penance for their crime,)  
 I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,  
 Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:  
 A filthy foule old woman I did vew,  
 That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

xli. "Her neather partes misshapen, monstrous,  
 Were hidd in water, that I could not see;  
 But they did seeme more foule and hideous,  
 Then womans shape man would beleeve to bee.  
 Thensforth from her most beastly companie  
 I gan refraine, in minde to slipp away,  
 Soone as appeard safe opportunitie:  
 For danger great, if not assured decay,  
 I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

xlII. "The divelish hag by chaunges of my cheare  
 Perceiv'd my thought; and, drownd in sleepe night,  
 With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmeare  
 My body all, through charmes and magicke might,  
 That all my senses were bereaved quight:  
 Then brought she me into this desert waste,  
 And by my wretched lovers side me pight;  
 Where now, enclosed in wooden wals full faste,  
 Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies we waste."

xlIII. "But how long time," said then the Elfin knight,  
 "Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?"  
 "We may not chaunge," (quoth he,) "this evill plight,



Till we be bathed in a living well:  
 That is the terme prescribed by the spell."  
 "O! how," sayd he, "mote I that well out find,  
 That may restore you to your wonted well?"  
 "Time and suffised fates to former kynd  
 Shall us restore; none else from hence may us unbynd."

XLIV. The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,  
 Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,  
 And knew well all was true. But the good knight,  
 Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment;  
 When all this speech the living tree had spent,  
 The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,  
 That from the blood he might be innocent,  
 And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:  
 Then, turning to his Lady, dead with feare her fownd.

XLV. Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,  
 As all unweeting of that well she knew;  
 And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare  
 Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew,  
 And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hew,  
 At last she up gan lift: with trembling cheare  
 Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew)  
 And oft her kist. At length, all passed feare,  
 He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.



*More truth in plain Nature - the Lion (of Judah)*

## CANTO III

Forsaken Truth long seeks her love,  
And makes the Lyon mylde;  
Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals  
In hand of leachour vylde.

- oe  
is  
re
- i. NOUGHT is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,  
That moves more deare compassion of mind,  
Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse  
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.  
I, whether lately through her brightnes bynd,  
Or through alleageance, and fast fealty.  
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,  
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,  
When such I see, that all for pittie I could dy.
- ust  
unite  
ouple
- ii. And now it is ~~em~~passioned so deepe,  
For fairest Unas sake, of whom I sing,  
That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,  
To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,  
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,  
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,  
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,  
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,  
And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches shayre.
- th/  
seeks  
knight
- iii. Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while  
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,  
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,  
In wilderness and wastfull deserts strayd,  
To seeke her knight; who, subtilly betrayd  
Through that late vision which th' Enchaunter wrought,  
Had her abandond. She, of nought affrayd,  
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;  
Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.
- iv. One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,  
From her unhastie beast she did alight;  
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay

*prettier  
+  
odily*  
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight:  
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,  
And layd her stole aside. Her angels face,  
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady place;  
Did ever mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

*had  
lion  
eats her  
comes  
passive*  
v. It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood  
A ramping Lyon rushed suddeinly,  
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.  
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,  
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,  
To have attonce devourd her tender corse;  
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,  
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,  
And, with the sight amazd, forgot his furious forse.

*in  
cries*  
vi. In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,  
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,  
As he her wronged innocence did weet.  
O, how can beautie maister the most strong,  
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!  
Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,  
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,  
Her hart gan melt in great compassion;  
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

*ady:  
why  
ft/her*  
✓ vii. "The Lyon, Lord of everie beast in field,"  
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,  
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,  
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late  
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:  
But he, my Lyon, and my noble Lord,  
How does he find in cruell hart to hate  
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord  
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?"

*in  
as ks  
at  
ady*  
viii. Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,  
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;  
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,  
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood:  
With pittie calmd downe fell his angry mood.  
At iast, in close hart shutting up her payne,

Arose the virgin, borne of heavenly brood,  
 And to her snowy Palfrey got agayne,  
 To seeke her strayed Champion if she might attayne.

- ix. The Lyon would not leave her desolate,  
 But with her went along, as a strong gard  
 Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate  
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:  
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;  
 And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,  
 With humble service to her will prepad:  
 From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,  
 And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.
- x. Long she thus traueiled through deserts wyde,  
 By which she thought her wandering knight shold pas,  
 Yet never shew of living wight espyde;  
 Till that at length she found the troden gras,  
 In which the tract of peoples footing was,  
 Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore:  
 The same she followes, till at last she has  
 A damzel spyde, slow footing her before,  
 That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.
- xi. To whom approaching she to her gan call,  
 To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand;  
 But the rude wench her answerd nought at all:  
 She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand;  
 Till, seeing by her side the Lyon stand,  
 With suddeine feare her pitcher downe she threw,  
 And fled away: for never in that land  
 Face of fayre Lady she before did vew,  
 And that dredd Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.
- xii. Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,  
 As if her life upon the wager lay;  
 And home she came, whereas her mother blynd  
 Sate in eternall night: nought could she say;  
 But, suddeine catching hold, did her dismay  
 With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:  
 Who, full of ghaftly fright and cold affray,  
 Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there  
 Dame Una, weary Dame, and entrance did requere:

xiii. Which when none yielded, her unruly Page  
 With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,  
 And let her in; where, of his cruell rage  
 Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,  
 Shee found them both in darksome corner pent;  
 Where that old woman day and night did pray  
 Upon her beads, devoutly penitent:  
 Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,  
 And thrise nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to say.

xiv. And to augment her painefull penaunce more,  
 Thrise every weeke in ashes shee did sitt,  
 And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,  
 And thrise three times did fast from any bitt:  
 But now, for feare her beads she did forgett:  
 Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,  
 Faire Una framed words and count'naunce fitt;  
 Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,  
 That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

xv. The day is spent; and commeth drowsie night,  
 When every creature shrowded is in sleepe.  
 Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,  
 And at her feete the Lyon watch doth keepe:  
 In stead of rest she does lament and weepe,  
 For the late losse of her deare loved knight,  
 And sighes, and grones, and evermore does steepe  
 Her tender brest in bitter teares all night;  
 All night she thinks too long, and often looks for light

xvi. Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye  
 Above the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,  
 And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye  
 One knocked at the dore, and in would fare:  
 He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,  
 That ready entraunce was not at his call;  
 For on his backe a heavy load he bare  
 Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,  
 Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall.

xvii. He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiefe,  
 Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,  
 And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,

Which given was to them for good intents:  
 The holy Saints of their rich vestiments  
 He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,  
 And spoild the Priests of their habiliments;  
 Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,  
 Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

xviii. And all that he by right or wrong could find,  
 Unto this house he brought, and did bestow  
 Upon the daughter of this woman blind,  
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,  
 With whom he whoredome usd, that few did know,  
 And fed her fatt with feast of offerings,  
 And plenty, which in all the land did grow:  
 Ne spared he to give her gold and rings;  
 And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

xix. Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he bett,  
 Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,  
 The Lyon frayed them, him in to lett.  
 He would no lenger stay him to advize,  
 But open breakes the dore in furious wize,  
 And entring is, when that disdainfull beast,  
 Encountring fierce, him suddein doth surprize;  
 And, seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,  
 Under his Lordly foot him proudly hath suppress.

xx. Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,  
 His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand;  
 Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,  
 And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty land  
 Dronke up his life; his corse left on the strand.  
 His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night,  
 Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand  
 The heavie hap which on them is alight;  
 Affraid least to themselves the like mishappen might.

xxi. Now when broad day the world discovered has,  
 Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke;  
 And on their former journey forward pas,  
 In waies unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,  
 With paines far passing that long wandring Greeke,  
 That for his love refused deitye.



Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,  
 Still seeking him, that from her still did flye;  
 Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nye.

xxii. Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twayne,  
 That blind old woman, and her daughter dear,  
 Came forth; and, finding Kirkrapine there slayne,  
 For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,  
 And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare:  
 And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,  
 Then forth they ran, like two amazed deare,  
 Halfe mad through malice and revenging will,  
 To follow her that was the causer of their ill.

xxiii. Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,  
 With hollow houlung, and lamenting cry;  
 Shamefully at her rayling all the way,  
 And her accusing of dishonesty,  
 That was the flowre of faith and chastity:  
 And still, amidst her rayling, she did pray  
 That plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery,  
 Might fall on her, and follow all the way,  
 And that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

xxiv. But, when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,  
 Shee backe retourned with some labour lost;  
 And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,  
 A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,  
 Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost;  
 But subtill Archimag, that Una sought  
 By traynes into new troubles to have taste:  
 Of that old woman tidings he besought,  
 If that of such a Lady shee could tellen ought.

xxv. Therewith she gan her passion to renew,  
 And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,  
 Saying, that harlott she too lately knew,  
 That causd her shed so many a bitter teare;  
 And so forth told the story of her feare.  
 Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,  
 And after for that Lady did inquere;  
 Which being taught, he forward gan advaunce  
 His fair enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed launce.



- xxvi. Ere long he came where Una traveild slow,  
And that wilde champion wayting her besyde;  
Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst not show  
Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde  
Unto an hil; from whence when she him spyde,  
By his like seeming shield her knight by name  
She weend it was, and towards him gan ride:  
Approaching nigh she wist it was the same;  
And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee  
came:
- xxvii. And weeping said, " Ah, my long lacked Lord,  
Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight?  
Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,  
Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might,  
That should as death unto my deare heart light:  
For since mine eie your joyous sight did mis,  
My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,  
And eke my night of death the shadow is;  
But welcome now, my light, and shining lampe of blis!"
- xxviii. He thereto meeting said, " My dearest Dame,  
Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,  
To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,  
As you to leave that have me loved stil,  
And chose in Faery court, of meere goodwil,  
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth.  
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skil  
To bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,  
Then I leave you, my lief, yborn of heavenly berth.
- xxix. " And sooth to say, why I left you so long,  
Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place;  
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong  
To many knights did daily worke disgrace;  
But knight he now shall never more deface:  
Good cause of mine excuse, that mote ye please  
Well to accept, and evermore embrace  
My faithfull service, that by land and seas  
Have vowd you to defend. Now then, your plaint  
appease."
- xxx. His lovely words her seemd due recompence  
Of all her passed paines: one loving howre

For many yeares of sorrow can dispençe;  
 A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.  
 Shee has forgott how many a woeful stowre  
 For him she late endurd; she speakes no more  
 Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre  
 To looken backe; his eies be fixt before.  
 Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyl'd so sore.

xxxI. Much like, as when the beaten marinere,  
 That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,  
 Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare;  
 And long time having tand his tawney hide  
 With blustering breath of Heaven, that none can bide,  
 And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound;  
 Soone as the port from far he has espide,  
 His chearfull whistle merily doth sound,  
 And Nereus crownes with cups; his mates him pledg  
 around.

xxxII. Such joy made Una, when her knight she found;  
 And eke th' enchaunter joyous seemde no lesse  
 Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground  
 His ship far come from watrie wilderness;  
 He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth blesse.  
 So forth they past; and all the way they spent  
 Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,  
 In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment;  
 Who told her all that fell, in journey as she went.

xxxIII. They had not ridden far, when they might see  
 One pricking towards them with hastie heat,  
 Full strongly armd, and on a courser free  
 That through his fiersnesse fomed all with sweat,  
 And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,  
 When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side:  
 His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat  
 Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde;  
 And on his shield Sansloy in bloody lines was dyde.

xxxIV. When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,  
 And saw the Red-crosse which the knight did beare,  
 He burnt in fire; and gan eftsoones prepare  
 Himselfe to batteill with his couched speare.

Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,  
 To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele:  
 But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,  
 That hope of new good hap he gan to feele;  
 So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron heele.

xxxv. But that proud Paynim forward came so ferce  
 And full of wrath, that, with his sharphead speare,  
 Through vainly crossed shield he quite did perce;  
 And, had his staggering steed not shronke for feare,  
 Through shield and body eke he should him beare:  
 Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,  
 That from his saddle quite he did him beare.  
 He, tombling rudely downe, to ground did rush,  
 And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

xxxvi. Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,  
 He to him lept, in minde to reave his life,  
 And proudly said; "Lo! there the worthie meed  
 Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife:  
 Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,  
 In peace may passen over Lethe lake;  
 When mourning altars, purged with enimies life,  
 The black infernall Furies doen aslake:  
 Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from thee  
take."

xxxvii. Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,  
 Till Una cride, "O! hold that heavie hand,  
 Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place:  
 Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand  
 Now at thy mercy: Mercy not withstand;  
 For he is one the truest knight alive,  
 Though conquered now he lye on lowly land;  
 And, whilst him fortune favourd, fayre did thrive  
 In bloudy field; therefore, of life him not deprive."

xxxviii. Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage,  
 But, rudely rending up his helmet, would  
 Have slayne him straight; and when he sees his age,  
 And hoarie head of Archimago old,  
 His hasty hand he doth amased hold,  
 And halfe ashamed wondred at the sight:

*sld man*  
 For the old man well knew he, though untold,  
 In charmes and magick to have wondrous might,  
 Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to fight:

*woe*  
 xxxix. And said, " Why Archimago, lucklesse syre,  
 What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,  
 That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre?  
 Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,  
 In stead of foe to wound my friend amis? "  
 He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,  
 And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his  
 The cloude of death did sit. Which doen away,  
 He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay:

*lady*  
 xl. But to the virgin comes; who all this while  
 Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see  
 By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,  
 For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:  
 Yet is she now in more perplexitie,  
 Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,  
 From whom her booteth not at all to flie:  
 Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,  
 Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

*bad night lost steel for molesting luck.*  
 xli. But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw  
 And high disdaine, whenas his souveraine Dame  
 So rudely handled by her foe he saw,  
 With gaping jawes full greedy at him came,  
 And, ramping on his shield, did weene the same  
 Have reft away with his sharp rending clawes:  
 But he was stout, and lust did now inflame  
 His corage more, that from his griping pawes  
 He hath his shield redeemed, and forth his swerd he  
 drawes.

*kills some*  
 xlii. O! then, too weake and feeble was the forse  
 Of salvage beast his puissance to withstand;  
 For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,  
 As ever wielded speare in warlike hand,  
 And feates of armes did wisely understand.  
 Eft soones he perced through his chaufed chest  
 With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,  
 And launcht his Lordly hart: with death opprest  
 He ror'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

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XLIII. Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid  
 From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?  
 Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope dismaid,  
 Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill:  
 He now, Lord of the field, his pride to fill,  
 With foule reproches and disdaineful spight  
 Her vildly entertaines; and, will or nill,  
 Beares her away upon his courser light:  
 Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more of might.

XLIV. And all the way, with great lamenting paine,  
 And piteous plaintes, she filleth his dull eares,  
 That stony hart could riven have in twaine;  
 And all the way she wetts with flowing teares;  
 But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.  
 Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,  
 But followes her far off, ne ought he feares  
 To be partaker of her wondring woe;  
 More mild in beastly kind then that her beastly foe.

her son  
 Saved by the noble savage

## CANTO IV

To sinfull hous of Pryde Duessa  
 Guydes the faithfull knight;  
 Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansjoy  
 Doth chaleng him to fight.

- I. YOUNG knight whatever, that dost armes professe,  
 And through long labours hunttest after fame,  
 Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,  
 In choice, and chaunge of thy deare-loved Dame;  
 Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,  
 And rash misweening doe thy hart remove:  
 For unto knight there is no greater shame  
 Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love:  
 That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly prove.
- II. Who, after that he had faire Una lorne,  
 Through light misdeeming of her loialtie;  
 And false Duessa in her sted had borne,  
 Called Fidess', and so supposd to be,  
 Long with her traveild; till at last they see  
 A goodly building bravely garnished;  
 The house of mightie Prince it seemd to be,  
 And towards it a broad high way that led,  
 All bare through peoples feet which thether traveiled.
- III. Great troupes of people traveild thetherward  
 Both day and night, of each degree and place;  
 But few returned, having scaped hard,  
 With balefull beggery, or foule disgrace;  
 Which ever after in most wretched case,  
 Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.  
 Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace,  
 For she is wearie of the toilsom way,  
 And also night consumed is the lingring day.
- IV. A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,  
 Which cunningly was without mortar laid,  
 Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor thick



And golden foile all over them displaid,  
 That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid:  
 High lifted up were many loftie towres,  
 And goodly galleries far over laid,  
 Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres:  
 And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

v. It was a goodly heape for to behould,  
 And spake the praises of the workmans witt;  
 But full great pittie, that so faire a mould  
 Did on so weake foundation ever sitt:  
 For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt  
 And fall away, it mounted was full hie,  
 That every breath of heaven shaken itt:  
 And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,  
 Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

vi. Arrived there, they passed in forth right;  
 For still to all the gates stood open wide:  
 Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight,  
 Cald Malvenú, who entrance none denide:  
 Thence to the hall, which was on every side  
 With rich array and costly arras dight.  
 Infinite sortes of people did abide  
 There waiting long, to win the wished sight  
 Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

vii. By them they passe, all gazing on them round,  
 And to the Presence mount; whose glorious vew  
 Their frayle amazed senses did confound:  
 In living Princes court none ever knew  
 Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew;  
 Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride,  
 Like ever saw. And there a noble crew  
 Of Lords and Ladies stood on every side,  
 Which with their presence fayre the place much beautifide,

viii. High above all a cloth of State was spred,  
 And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;  
 On which there sate, most brave embellished  
 With royall robes and gorgeous array,  
 A mayden Queene that shone as Titans ray,  
 In glistring gold and perelesse pretious stone;

Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay  
 To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,  
 As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone:

ix. Exceeding shone, like Phoebus fayrest childe,  
 That did presume his fathers fyrie wayne,  
 And flaming mouthes of steedes, unwonted wilde,  
 Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne;  
 Proud of such glory and advancement vayne,  
 While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,  
 He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,  
 And, rapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the skyen  
 With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to shyne.

x. So proud she shyned in her princely state,  
 Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdayne,  
 And sitting high, for lowly she did hate:  
 Lo! underneath her scornefull feete was layne  
 A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne;  
 And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,  
 Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,  
 And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight;  
 For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

xi. Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,  
 And sad Prosperina, the Queene of helle;  
 Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas  
 That parentage, with pride so did she swell;  
 And thundring Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell  
 And wield the world, she claymed for her syre,  
 Or if that any else did Jove excell;  
 For to the highest she did still aspyre,  
 Or, if ought higher were than that, did it desyre.

xii. And proud Lucifera men did her call,  
 That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd to be;  
 Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,  
 Ne heritage of native soveraintie;  
 But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie  
 Upon the scepter which she now did hold:  
 Ne ruld her Realme with lawes, but pollicie,  
 And strong advizement of six wisards old,  
 That, with their counsels bad, her kingdome did uphold.

- XIII. Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,  
And false Duessa, seeming Lady fayre,  
A gentle Husher, Vanitie by name,  
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire:  
So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre  
Of her high throne; where they, on humble knee  
Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,  
Why they were come her roiall state to see,  
To prove the wide report of her great Majestee.
- XIV. With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,  
She thancked them in her disdainefull wise:  
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shoue  
Of Princesse worthy; scarce them bad arise.  
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise  
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:  
Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guise;  
Some prancke their ruffes; and others trimly dight  
Their gay attyre; each others greater pride does spight.
- XV. Goodly they all that knight doe entertayne,  
Right glad with him to have increast their crew;  
But to Duess' each one himselfe did payne  
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew,  
For in that court whylome her well they knew:  
Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd  
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,  
And that great Princesse too exceeding prowde,  
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.
- XVI. Suddein upriseth from her stately place  
The roiall Dame, and for her coche doth call:  
All hurtlen forth; and she, with princely pace,  
As faire Aurora in her purple pall  
Out of the East the dawning day doth call.  
So forth she comes; her brightnes brode doth blaze.  
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,  
Doe ride each other upon her to-gaze:  
Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eies amaze.
- XVII. So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,  
Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,  
That seemed as fresh as Flora in her prime;

And strove to match, in roiall rich array,  
 Great Junoes golden chayre; the which, they say,  
 The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride  
 To Joves high hous through heavens bras-paved way,  
 Drawne of fayre Pecoocks, that excell in pride,  
 And full of Argus eyes their tayles dispredden wide.

✓ XVIII. But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,  
 On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde,  
 Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,  
 With like conditions to their kindes applyde:  
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,  
 Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of sin;  
 Upon a slouthfull Asse he chose to ryde,  
 Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,  
 Like to an holy Monck, the service to begin.

XIX. And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,  
 That much was worne, but therein little redd;  
 For of devotion he had little care,  
 Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies dedd:  
 Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hedd,  
 To looken whether it were night or day.  
 May seeme the wayne was very evill ledd,  
 When such an one had guiding of the way,  
 That knew not whether right he went, or else astray.

XX. From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,  
 And greatly shunned manly exercise;  
 From everie worke he chalenged essoyne,  
 For contemplation sake: yet otherwise  
 His life he led in lawlesse riotise,  
 By which he grew to grievous malady;  
 For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,  
 A shaking fever raignd continually.  
 Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

XXI. And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,  
 Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne.  
 His belly was upblowne with luxury,  
 And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne;  
 And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne  
 With which he swallowed up excessive feast,

For want whereof poore people oft did pyne:  
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,  
He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

xxii. In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad,  
For other clothes he could not ware for heate;  
And on his head an yvie girland had,  
From under which fast trickled downe the sweat.  
Still as he rode he somewhat still did eat,  
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,  
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat  
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can:  
In shape and life more like a monster then a man.

xxiii. Unfit he was for any worldly thing,  
And eke unhable once to stirre or go;  
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,  
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,  
That from his frend he seeldome knew his fo.  
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,  
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,  
Which by misdiet daily greater grew.  
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

xxiv. And next to him rode lustfull Lechery  
Upon a bearded Gote, whose rugged heare,  
And whally eies (the signe of gelosy,)  
Was like the person selfe whom he did beare:  
Who rough, and blacke, and filthy, did appeare,  
Unseemely man to please faire Ladies eye;  
Yet he of Ladies oft was loved deare,  
When fairer faces were bid standen by:  
O! who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

xxv. In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,  
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse;  
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,  
Full of vaine follies and new fanglenesse:  
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,  
And learned had to love with secret lookes;  
And well could daunce, and sing with ruefulnesse;  
And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes,  
And thousand other waies to bait his fleshly hookes.



xxvi. Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,  
 And lusted after all that he did love;  
 Ne would his looser life be tide to law,  
 But joyd weake wemens hearts to tempt, and prove,  
 If from their loyall loves he might them move:  
 Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain  
 Of that foule evill, which all men reprove,  
 That rotts the marrow, and consumes the braine.  
 Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

xxvii. And greedy Avarice by him did ride,  
 Uppon a Camell loaden all with gold:  
 Two iron coffers hong on either side,  
 With precious metall full as they might hold;  
 And in his lap an heap of coine he told;  
 For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,  
 And unto hell him selfe for money sold:  
 Accursed usury was all his trade,  
 And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

xxviii. His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste;  
 And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware;  
 Ne scarce good morsell all his life did taste,  
 But both from backe and belly still did spare,  
 To fill his bags, and richesse to compare:  
 Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none  
 To leave them to; but thorough daily care  
 To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,  
 He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

xxix. Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice;  
 Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store;  
 Whose need had end, but no end covetise;  
 Whose welth was want, whose plenty made him pore;  
 Who had enough, yett wished ever more;  
 A vile disease: and eke in foote and hand  
 A grievous gout tormented him full sore,  
 That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand.  
 Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.

xxx. And next to him malicious Envy rode  
 Uppon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw  
 Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,



That all the poison ran about his chaw;  
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw  
At neighbours welth, that made him ever sad,  
For death it was, when any good he saw;  
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;  
But when he heard of harme he waxed wondrous glad.

xxxI. All in a kirtle of discoloured say  
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies;  
And in his bosome secretly there lay  
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile uptyes  
In many folds, and mortall sting implies.  
Still as he rode he gnasht his teeth to see  
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse;  
And grudged at the great felicitie  
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companee.

xxxII. He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,  
And him no lesse, that any like did use;  
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,  
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse.  
So every good to bad he doth abuse;  
And eke the verse of famous Poets witt  
He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues  
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt.  
Such one vile Envy was, that fite in row did sitt.

xxxIII. And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,  
Upon a Lion, loth for to be led;  
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,  
The which he brandisheth about his hed:  
His eies did hurle forth sparckes fiery red,  
And stared sterne on all that him beheld;  
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded;  
And on his dagger still his hand he held,  
Trembling through hasty rage when choler in him sweld.

xxxIV. His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood  
Which he had split, and all to rags yrent,  
Through unadvised rashnes woxen wood;  
For of his hands he had no government,  
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:  
But, when the furious fitt was overpast,

His cruel facts he often would repent;  
 Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast  
 How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

xxxv. Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath:  
 Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,  
 Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,  
 Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,  
 And fretting griefe, the enemy of life:  
 All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,  
 The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,  
 The shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire.  
 Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

xxxvi. And, after all, upon the wagon beame,  
 Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,  
 With which he forward lasht the laesy teme,  
 So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.  
 Huge routs of people did about them band,  
 Showing for joy; and still before their way  
A foggy mist had covered all the land;  
 And, underneath their feet, all scattered lay  
 Dead sculls and bones of men whose life had gone astray.

xxxvii. So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,  
 To take the solace of the open aire,  
 And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport:  
 Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,  
 The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire  
 Of proud Lucifer, as one of the traine:  
 But that good knight would not so nigh reparaire,  
 Him selfe estraunging from their joyaunce vaine,  
 Whose fellowship seemd far unfitt for warlike swaine.

xxxviii. So, having solaced themselves a space  
 With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,  
 They backe retourned to the princely Place;  
 Whereas an érrant knight in armes ycled,  
 And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red,  
 Was writt *Sausjoy*, they new arrived find:  
 Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy hed,  
 He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,  
 And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

- xxxix. Who, when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy  
 He spide with that same Faery champions page,  
 Bewraying him that did of late destroy  
 His eldest brother; burning all with rage,  
 He to him lept, and that same envious gage  
 Of victors glory from him snacht away:  
 But th' Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,  
 Disdained to loose the meed he wonne in fray;  
 And, him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.
- xl. Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,  
 Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,  
 And clash their shields, and shake their swerds on hy,  
 That with their sturre they troubled all the traine;  
 Till that great Queene, upon eternall paine  
 Of high displeasure that ensewen might,  
 Commaunded them their fury to refraine;  
 And, if that either to that shield had right,  
 In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.
- xli. " Ah dearest Dame," quoth then the Paynim bold,  
 " Pardon the error of enraged wight,  
 Whome great grieve made forgett the raines to hold  
 Of reasons rule, to see this recreaunt knight,  
 No knight, but treachour full of false despight  
 And shameful treason, who through guile hath slayn  
 The prowest knight that ever field did fight,  
 Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn?)  
 Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heap disdayn.
- xlII. " And, to augment the glorie of his guile,  
 His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe!  
 Is there possessed of the traytour vile;  
 Who reapes the harvest sownen by his foe,  
 Sownen in bloodie field, and bought with woe:  
 That brothers hand shall dearely well requight,  
 So be, O Queene! you equall favour showe."  
 Him litle answerd th' angry Elfin knight;  
 He never meant with words, but swords, to plead his right:
- xlIII. But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge  
 His cause in combat the next day to try:  
 So been they parted both, with harts on edge

To be aveng'd each on his enemy.  
 That night they pas in joy and jollity,  
 Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;  
 For Steward was excessive Gluttony,  
 That of his plenty poured forth to all:  
 Which doen, the Chamberlain, Slowth, did to rest them call.

XLIV. Now whenas darkesome night had all displayed  
 Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye;  
 The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd,  
 Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,  
 To muse on meanes of hoped victory.  
 But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace  
 Arrested all that courtly company,  
 Uprose Duessa from her resting place,  
 And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

XLV. Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fitt,  
 Fore-casting how his foe he might annoy;  
 And him amoves with speeches seeming fitt:  
 "Ah deare Sansjoy, next dearest to Sansfoy,  
 Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new joy;  
 Joyous to see his ymage in mine eye,  
 And greevd to thinke how foe did him destroy,  
 That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;  
 Lo! his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I flye."

XLVI. With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,  
 And bad say on the secrete of her hart:  
 Then, sighing soft; "I learne that litle sweet  
 Oft tempred is," (quoth she,) "with muchell smart:  
 For since my brest was launcht with lovely dart  
 Of deare Sansfoy, I never joyed howre,  
 But in eternall woes my weaker hart  
 Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,  
 And for his sake have felt full many an heavie stowre.

XLVII. "At last, when perils all I weened past,  
 And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,  
 Into new woes unweeting I was cast  
 By this false faytor, who unworthie ware  
 His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull snare  
 Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave:

Me, silly maid, away with him he bare,  
 And ever since hath kept in darksome cave,  
For that I would not yeeld that to Sansfoy I gave.

XLVIII. "But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,  
 And to my loathed life now shewes some light,  
 Under your beames I will me safely shrowd  
 From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:  
 To you th' inheritance belongs by right  
 Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his love.  
 Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright,  
 Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above  
 From wandering Stygian shores, where it doth endlesse  
 move."

XLIX. Thereto said he, "Faire Dame, be nought dismaid  
 For sorrowes past; their grieve is with them gone:  
 Ne yet of present perill be affraid,  
 For needlesse feare did never vantage none;  
 And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.  
 Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,  
 Though greeved ghost for vengeance deep do grone:  
 He lives that shall him pay his dewties last,  
 And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast."

"O! but I feare the fickle freakes," (quoth shee)  
 "Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field."  
 "Why, dame," (quoth he) "what oddes can ever bee,  
 Where both doe fight alike, to win or yeld?"  
 "Yea, but," (quoth she) "he beares a charmed shield,  
 And eke enchaunted armes; that none can perce,  
 Ne none can wound the man that does them wield."  
 "Charmd or enchaunted," answered he then ferce,  
 "I no whitt reck; ne you the like need to reherce."

LI. "But, faire Fidessa sithens fortunes guile,  
 Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,  
 Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while,  
 Till morrow next that I the Elfe subdew,  
 And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew."  
 "Ah me! that is a double death," (she said)  
 "With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew,  
 Where ever yet I be, my secret aide  
 Shall follow you." So, passing forth, she him obaid.

## CANTO V

The faithfull knight in equall field  
 Subdewes his faithlesse foe;  
 Whom false Duessa saves, and for  
 His cure to hell does goe.

- I. THE noble hart that harbours vertuous thought,  
 And is with childe of glorious great intent,  
 Can never rest, untill it forth have brought  
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent:  
 Such restlesse passion did all night torment  
 The flaming corage of that Faery knight,  
 Devizing how that doughtie turnament  
 With greatest honour he atchieven might:  
 Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.
- II. At last, the golden Orientall gate  
 Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre;  
 And Phœbus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,  
 Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre,  
 And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy ayre.  
 Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streight way,  
 He started up, and did him selfe prepayre  
 In sunbright armes, and battailous array;  
 For with that Pagan proud he combatt will that day.
- III. And forth he comes into the commune hall;  
 Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,  
 To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.  
 There many Minstrales maken melody,  
 To drive away the dull melancholy;  
 And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord  
 Can tune their timely voices cunningly;  
 And many Chroniclers, that can record  
 Old loves, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.
- IV. Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,  
 In woven maile all armed warily;  
 And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin



Does care for looke of living creatures eye.  
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,  
And daintie spices fetch from furthest Ynd,  
To kinde heat of corage privily;  
And in the wine a solemne oth thy bynd  
T' observe the sacred lawes of armes that are assynd.

v. At last forth comes that far renowned Queene:  
With royall pomp and princely majestie  
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,  
And placed under stately canapee,  
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.  
On th' other side in all mens open vew  
Duesssa placed is, and on a tree  
Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody hew;  
Both those the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

vi. A shrilling trompett sowned from on hye,  
And unto battaill bad them selves addresse:  
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,  
And burning blades about their heades doe blesse,  
The instruments of wrath and heavinesse.  
With greedy force each other doth assayle,  
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse  
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle:  
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and fraile.

vii. The Sarazin was stout and wondrous strong,  
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great;  
For after blood and vengeance he did long:  
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,  
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat;  
For all for praise and honour he did fight.  
✠ Both stricken stryke, and beaten both doe beat,  
That from their shields forth flyeth fire light,  
And hewen helmets deepe shew marks of eithers might.

viii. So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right.  
As when a Gryfon, seized of his pray,  
A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,  
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,  
That would his rightfull ravine rend away:  
With hideous horror both together smight,

And souce so sore that they the heavens affray;  
 The wise Southsayer, seeing so sad sight,  
 Th' amazed vulgar telles of warres and mortall fight.

- ix. So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right,  
 And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:  
 The cruell steele so greedily doth bight  
 In tender flesh, that streames of blood down flow;  
 With which the armes, that earst so bright did show,  
 Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.  
 Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,  
 Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,  
 That victory they dare not wish to either side.
- x. At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,  
 His suddein eye flaming with wrathfull fyre,  
 Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:  
 Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,  
 And said; "Ah! wretched sonne of wofull syre,  
 Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,  
 Whylest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre?  
 And, sluggish german, doest thy forces slake  
 To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?"
- xi. "Goe, caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,  
 And soone redeeme from his long-wandring woe:  
 Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message make,  
 That I his shield have quit from dying foe."  
 Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,  
 That twise he reeled, readie twice to fall:  
 End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho  
 The lookers on; and lowd to him gan call  
 The false Duessa, "Thine the shield, and I, and all!"
- xii. Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,  
 Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake;  
 And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,  
 The creeping deadly cold away did shake:  
 Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,  
 Of all attonce he cast avengd to be,  
 And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,  
 That forced him to stoupe upon his knee:  
 Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

- xiii. And to him said; "Goe now, proud Miscreant,  
Thyselfe thy message do to german deare;  
Alone he, wandering, thee too long doth want:  
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare."  
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,  
Him to have slaine; when lo! a darkesome clowd  
Upon him fell: he no where doth appeare,  
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,  
But answer none receives; the darknes him does shrowd.
- xiv. In haste Duessa from her place arose,  
And to him running said; "O! prowest knight,  
That ever Ladie to her love did chose,  
Let now abate the terroure of your might,  
And quench the flame of furious despight,  
And bloodie vengeance: lo! th' infernall powres,  
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,  
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres:  
The conquest yours; I yours; the shield, and glory yours."
- xv. Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye  
He sought all round about, his thirsty blade  
To bathe in blood of faithlesse enemy;  
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade.  
He standes amazed how he thence should fade:  
At last the trumpets Triumph sound on hie;  
And running Heralds humble homage made,  
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,  
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.
- xvi. Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene;  
And falling her before on lowly knee,  
To her makes present of his service seene:  
Which she accepts with thankses and goodly gree,  
Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree:  
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,  
Whom all the people followe with great glee,  
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,  
That all the ayre it fills, and flyes to heaven bright.
- xvii. Home is he brought, and layd in sumptous bed,  
Where many skilfull leaches him abide  
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.

In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,  
 And softly gan embalme on everie side:  
 And all the while most heavenly melody  
 About the bed sweet musicke did divide,  
 Him to beguile of grieve and agony;  
 And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

xviii. As when a wearie traveler, that strays  
 By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,  
 Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,  
 Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile,  
 Which, in false grieve hyding his harmefull guile,  
 Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares;  
 The foolish man, that pities all this while  
 His mournefull plight, is swallowed up unwares,  
 Forgetfull of his owne that mindes an others cares.

xix. So wept Duessa untill eventyde,  
 That shyning lampes in Joves high house were light;  
 Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,  
 But comes unto the place where th' Hethen knight,  
 In slombring swownd, nigh voyd of vitall spright,  
 Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:  
 Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,  
 To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,  
 But to the Easterne coast of heaven makes speedy way:

xx. Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,  
 That Phœbus chearefull face durst never vew,  
 And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,  
 She findes forth comming from her darksome mew,  
 Where she all day did hide her hated hew.  
 Before the dore her yron charet stood,  
 Already harnessed for journey new,  
 And cole blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,  
 That on their rusty bits did champ as they were wood.

xxi. Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright,  
 Adorn'd with gold and jewels shining cleare,  
 She greatly grew amazed at the sight,  
 And th' unacquainted light began to feare,  
 For never did such brightnes there appeare;  
 And would have backe retyred to her cave,

Untill the witches speach she gan to heare,  
 Saying; " Yet, O thou dreaded Dame! I crave  
 Abyde, till I have told the message which I have."

xxii. She stayd; and foorth Duessa gan proceede:  
 " O! thou most auncient Grandmother of all,  
 More old then Jove, whom thou at first didst breede,  
 Or that great house of Gods cælestiall,  
 Which wast begot in Dæmogorgons hall,  
 And sawst the secrets of the world unmade,  
 Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall,  
 With Elfin sword most shamefully betrade?  
 Lo! where the stout Sansjoy doth sleepe in deadly shade.

xxiii. " And him before, I saw with bitter eyes  
 The bold Sansfoy shrinck underneath his speare:  
 And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,  
 Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,  
 That whylome was to me too dearely deare.  
 O! what of gods then boots it to be borne,  
 If old Aveugles sonnes so evill heare?  
 Or who shall not great Nightes children scorne,  
 When two of three her Nephewes are so fowle forlorne?

xxiv. " Up, then! up, dreary Dame, of darknes Queene!  
 Go, gather up the reliques of thy race;  
 Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene  
 That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,  
 And can the children of fayre light deface."  
 Her feeling speaches some compassion mov'd  
 In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:  
 Yet pittie in her heart was never prov'd  
 Till then, for evermore she hated, never lov'd:

xxv. And said, " Deare daughter, rightly may I rew  
 The fall of famous children borne of mee,  
 And good successes which their foes ensew:  
 But who can turne the stream of destinee,  
 Or breake the chayne of strong necessitce,  
 Which fast is tyde to Joves eternall seat?  
 The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,  
 And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:  
To make one great by others losse is bad excheat.



xxvi. "Yet shall they not escape so freely all,  
 For some shall pay the price of others guilt;  
 And he the man that made Sansfoy to fall,  
 Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.  
 But what art thou, that telst of Nephews kilt?"  
 "I, that do seeme not I, Duessa ame,"  
 Quoth she, "how ever now, in garments gilt  
 And gorgeous gold arrayd, I to thee came,  
 Duessa I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame."

xxvii. Then, bowing downe her aged backe, she kist  
 The wicked witch, saying, "In that fayre face  
 The false resemblaunce of Deceit, I wist,  
 Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace  
 It carried, that I scarce in darksome-place  
 Could it discern, though I the mother bee  
 Of falsehood, and roote of Duessaes race.  
 O welcome, child! whom I have longd to see,  
 And now have seene unwares. Lo! now I goe with thee."

xxviii. Then to her yron wagon she betakes,  
 And with her beares the fowle welfavoured witch.  
 Through mirkesome aire her ready way she makes:  
 Her twyfold Teme, of which two blacke as pitch,  
 And two were browne, yet each to each unlich,  
 Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp  
 Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to twitch;  
 Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would champ,  
 And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

xxix. So well they sped, that they be come at length  
 Unto the place whereas the Paynim lay,  
 Devoid of outward sence and native strength,  
 Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day,  
 And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.  
 His cruell wounds, with cruddy bloud congeald,  
 They binden up so wisely as they may,  
 And handle softly, till they can be heald:  
 So lay him in her charett, close in night conceald.

xxx. And, all the while she stood upon the ground,  
 The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,  
 As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,



With which her yron wheelles did them affray,  
And her darke griesly looke them much dismay:  
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,  
With drery shriekes did also her bewray;  
And hungry wolves continually did howle  
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

xxxI. Thence turning backe in silence softe they stole,  
And brought the heavy corse with easy pace  
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole.  
By that same hole an entraunce, darke and bace,  
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,  
Descends to hell: there creature never past,  
That backe retourned without heavenly grace;  
But dreadfull Furies, which their chaines have brast,  
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

xxxII. By that same way the direfull dames doe drive  
Their mournfull charett, fild with rusty blood,  
And downe to Plutoes house are come bilive:  
Which passing through, on every side them stood  
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,  
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide  
With stony eies; and all the hellish brood  
Of feends infernall flockt on every side,  
To gaze on erthly wight that with the Night durst ride.

xxxIII. They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,  
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,  
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,  
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,  
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,  
Cursing high Jove, the which them thither sent.  
The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,  
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment  
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

xxxIV. Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus  
His three deformed heads did lay along,  
Curled with thousand adders venomous,  
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:  
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,  
And felly gnarre, untill Dayes enemy

Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong,  
 And suffered them to passen quietly;  
 For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

xxxv. There was Ixion turned on a wheele,  
 For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to sin;  
 And Sisypheus an huge round stone did reele  
 Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;  
 There thristy Tantalus hong by the chin;  
 And Tityus fed a vulture on his maw;  
 Typhœus joynts were stretched on a gin;  
 Theseus condemned to endlesse slouth by law;  
 And fifty sisters water in leke vessels draw.

xxxvi. They all, beholding worldly wights in place,  
 Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,  
 To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,  
 Till they be come unto the furthest part;  
 Where was a Cave ywrought by wondrous art.  
 Deepe, darke, uneasy, doleful, comfortlesse.  
 In which sad Aesculapius far apart  
 Emprisond was in chaines remedillesse;  
 For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

xxxvii. Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,  
 That wont in charett chace the foming bore:  
 He all his Peeres in beauty did surpas,  
 But Ladies love as losse of time forbore:  
 His wanton stepdame loved him the more;  
 But, when she saw her offred sweets refusd,  
 Her love she turnd to hate, and him before  
 His father fierce of treason false accusd,  
 And with her gealous termes his open eares abusd:

xxxviii. Who, all in rage, his Sea-god syre besought  
 Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast.  
 From surging gulf two Monsters streight were brought,  
 With dread whereof his chacing steedes aghast  
 Both charett swifte and huntsman overcast:  
 His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,  
 Was quite dismembered, and his members chast  
 Scattered on every mountaine as he went,  
 That of Hippolytus was lefte no moniment.

xxxix. His cruell step-dame, seeing what was donne,  
 Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end,  
 In death avowing th' innocence of her sonne.  
 Which hearing, his rash syre began to rend  
 His heare, and hasty tong that did offend:  
 Tho, gathering up the reliques of his smart,  
 By Dianes meanes, who was Hippolyts frend,  
 Them brought to Aesculape, that by his art  
 Did heale them all againe, and joyned every part.

xl. Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain  
 When Jove avizd, that could the dead revive,  
 And fates expired could renew again,  
 Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,  
 But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,  
 With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:  
 Where, long remaining, he did alwaies strive  
 Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,  
 And slake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

xli. There auncient Night arriving did alight  
 From her high weary wayne, and in her armes  
 To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight:  
 Whome having softly disaraid of armes,  
 Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,  
 Beseeching him with prayer and with praise,  
 If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,  
 A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,  
 He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

xlII. " Ah Dame," (quoth he) "thou temptest me in vaine,  
 To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew,  
 And the old cause of my continued paine  
 With like attempt to like end to renew.  
 Is not enough, that, thrust from heaven dew,  
 Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay,  
 But that redoubled crime with vengeance new  
 Thou biddest me to eeke? Can Night defray  
 The wrath of thundring Jove, that rules both night and  
 day?"

xlIII. " Not so," (quoth she) " but, sith that heavens king  
 From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,

Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing;  
 And fearest not that more thee hurten might,  
 Now in the powre of everlasting Night?  
 Goe to then, O thou far renowned sonne  
 Of great Apollo! shew thy famous might  
 In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne  
 Great pains, and greater praise, both never to be donne."

XLIV. Her words prevaild: And then the learned leach  
 His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,  
 And all things els the which his art did teach:  
 Which having seene, from thence arose away  
 The mother of dredd darknesse, and let stay  
 Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure;  
 And, backe retourning, took her wonted way  
 To ronne her timely race, whilst Phœbus pure  
 In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

XLV. The false Duessa, leaving noyous Night,  
 Returned to stately pallace of Dame Pryde:  
 Where when she came, she found the Faery knight  
 Departed thence; albee his woundes wyde  
 Not throughly heald unready were to ryde.  
 Good cause he had to hasten thence away;  
 For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spyde  
 Where in a dungeon deepe huge nombers lay  
 Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayled night and day:

XLVI. A ruefull sight as could be seene with eie;  
 Of whom he learned had in secret wise  
 The hidden cause of their captivitie;  
 How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,  
 Through wastfull Pride and wanton Riotise,  
 They were by law of that proud Tyrannesse,  
 Provokt with Wrath and Envyes false surmise,  
 Condemned to that Dongeon mercillesse,  
 Where they should live in wo, and dye in wretchednesse.

XLVII. There was that great proud king of Babylon,  
 That would compell all nations to adore,  
 And him as onely God to call upon;  
 Till, through celestiall doome thrown out of dore,  
 Into an Oxe he was transformd of yore.

There also was king Cræsus, that enhaunst  
 His hart too high through his great richesse store;  
 And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst  
 His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altares daunst.

- XLVIII. And them long time before, great Nimrod was,  
 That first the world with sword and fire warrayd;  
 And after him old Ninus far did pas  
 In princely pomp, of all the world obayd.  
 There also was that mightie Monarch layd  
 Low under all, yet above all in pride,  
 That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,  
 And would as Ammons sonne be magnified,  
 Till, scornd of God and man, a shamefull death he dide.
- XLIX. All these together in one heape were throwne,  
 Like carkases of beastes in butchers stall.  
 And in another corner wide were strowne  
 The Antique ruins of the Romanes fall:  
 Great Romulus, the Grandsyre of them all;  
 Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus;  
 Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hanniball;  
 Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius;  
 High Cæsar, great Pompey, and fiers Antonius.
- L. Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,  
 Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke;  
 The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt  
 With sonnes own blade her fowle reproches spoke:  
 Fayre Sthenobœa, that her selfe did choke  
 With wilfull chord for wanting of her will;  
 High minded Cleopatra, that with stroke  
 Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill;  
 And thousands moe the like that did that dongeon fill.
- LI. Besides the endlesse routes of wretched thralles,  
 Which thither were assembled day by day  
 From all the world, after their wofull falles,  
 Through wicked pride and wasted welthes decay.  
 But most of all, which in that dongeon lay,  
 Fell from high Princes courtes, or Ladies bowres,  
 Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,  
 Consumed had their goods and thriftlesse howres,  
 And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy stowres.

- LII. Whose case whenas the careful Dwarfe had tould,  
And made ensample of their mournfull sight  
Unto his Maister, he no lenger would  
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,  
But earely rose; and, ere that dawning light  
Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,  
He by a privy Posterne tooke his flight,  
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde;  
For, doubtlesse, death ensewd if any him descryde.
- LIII. Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way,  
For many corses, like a great Lay-stall,  
Of mured men, which therein strowed lay  
Without remorse or decent funerall;  
Which al through that great Princesse pride did fall,  
And came to shamefull end. And them besyde,  
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,  
A Donghill of dead carcasses he spyde;  
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pryde.



## CANTO VI

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace  
 Fayre Una is releast:  
 Whom salvage nation does adore,  
 And learnes her wise beheast.

- I. As when a ship, that flyes fayre under sayle,  
 An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,  
 That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,  
 The Marriner yet halfe amazed stares  
 At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares  
 To joy at his foolhappie oversight:  
 So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares  
 The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,  
 Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.
- II. Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed  
 The fayre Duess' had forst him leave behind;  
 And yet more sad, that Una, his deare dreed,  
 Her truth hath staynd with treason so unkind:  
 Yet cryme in her could never creature find;  
 But for his love, and for her own selfe sake,  
 She wandred had from one to other Ynd,  
 Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,  
 Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtake:
- III. Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,  
 Led her away into a forest wilde;  
 And, turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,  
 With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,  
 And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde.  
 Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes  
 Her to persuade that stubborne fort to yilde:  
 For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,  
 That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.
- IV. With fawning wordes he courted her a while;  
 And, looking lovely and oft sighing sore,  
 Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile:

But wordes, and lookes, and sighes she did abhore;  
 As rock of Diamond stedfast evermore.  
 Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,  
 He snatcht the vele that hong her face before:  
 Then gan her beautie shyne as brightest skye,  
 And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitye.

- v. So when he saw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,  
 And subtile engines bett from batteree;  
 With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,  
 Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,  
 And win rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.  
 Ah heavens! that doe this hideous act behold,  
 And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,  
 How can ye vengeance just so long withhold,  
 And hurle not flashing flames upon that Paynim bold?
- vi. The pitteous mayden, carefull, comfortlesse,  
 Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking cryes,  
 The last vaine helpe of wemens great distresse,  
 And with loud plaintes importuneth the skyes,  
 That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes;  
 And Phœbus, flying so most shamefull sight,  
 His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,  
 And hydes for shame. What witt of mortal wight  
 Can now devise to quitt a thrall from such a plight?
- vii. Eternall providence, exceeding thought,  
 Where none appeares can make her selfe a way.  
 A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,  
 From Lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.  
 Her shrill outcryes and shrieks so loud did bray,  
 That all the woodes and forestes did resownd:  
 A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away  
 Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,  
 Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd:
- viii. Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voice,  
 In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,  
 And ran towards the far rebownded noyce,  
 To weet what wight so loudly did lament.  
 Unto the place they come incontinent:  
 Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,

A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,  
Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde,  
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

- ix. The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place,  
There find the virgin, doolfull, desolate,  
With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbred face,  
As her outrageous foe had left her late;  
And trembling yet through feare of former hate.  
All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,  
And gin to pittie her unhappie state:  
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,  
In their rude eyes unworthie of so wofull plight.
- x. She, more amazd, in double dread doth dwell;  
And every tender part for feare does shake.  
As when a greedy Wolfe, through hunger fell,  
A seely Lamb far from the flock does take,  
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,  
A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,  
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake;  
Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim  
With chaunge of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim.
- xi. Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart,  
Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move, she had;  
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,  
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;  
Their frowning forheades, with rough hornes yclad,  
And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay;  
And, gently grenning, shew a semblance glad  
To comfort her; and, feare to put away,  
Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obay.
- xii. The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet committ  
Her single person to their barbarous truth;  
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,—  
Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th.  
They, in compassion of her tender youth,  
And wonder of her beautie soverayne,  
Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth;  
And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,  
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance  
fayne.

- xiii. Their harts she ghesseeth by their humble guise,  
And yieldees her to extremitie of time:  
So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,  
And walketh forth without suspect of crime.  
They, all as glad as birdes of joyous Pryme,  
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,  
Shouting, and singing all a shepherds ryme;  
And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,  
Do worship her as Queene with olive girlond croud.
- xiv. And all the way their merry pipes they sound,  
That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring;  
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,  
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.  
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;  
Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out  
To weet the cause, his weake steps governing  
And aged limbs on cypresse stadle stout;  
And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about.
- xv. Far off he wonders what them makes so glad;  
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,  
Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad:  
They, drawing nigh, unto their God present  
That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent.  
The God himselve, vewing that mirrhour rare,  
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent:  
His owne fayre Dryope now he thinkes not faire,  
And Pholoe fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.
- xvi. The woodborne people fall before her flat,  
And worship her as Goddesses of the wood;  
And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not what  
To thinke of wight so fayre, but gazing stood  
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood:  
Sometimes dame Venus selfe he seemes to see;  
But Venus never had so sober mood:  
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,  
But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.
- xvii. By vew of her he ginneth to revive  
His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse;  
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,

How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this;  
 And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse  
 A gentle Hynd, the which the lovely boy  
 Did love as life, above all worldly blisse;  
 For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after joy,  
 But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild annoy.

- xviii. The wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadryades,  
 Her to behold do thither runne apace;  
 And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades  
 Flocke all about to see her lovely face;  
 But, when they vewed have her heavenly grace,  
 They envy her in their malicious mind,  
 And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace:  
 But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,  
 And henceforth nothing faire but her on earth they find.
- xix. Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky mayd  
 Did her content to please their feeble eyes,  
 And long time with that salvage people stayd,  
 To gather breath in many miseryes.  
 During which time her gentle wit she plyes  
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,  
And made her th' Image of Idolatryes;  
 But when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne  
 From her own worship, they her Asse would worship fayn.
- xx. It fortun'd, a noble warlike knight  
 By just occasion to that forrest came  
 To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right  
 From whence he tooke his wel deserved name:  
 He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,  
 And fild far landes with glorie of his might:  
 Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,  
 And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right;  
 But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.
- xxi. A Satyres sonne, yborne in forrest wyld,  
 By straunge adventure as it did betyde,  
 And there begotten of a Lady myld,  
 Fayre Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde;  
 That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde  
 To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,

Who had more joy to raunge the forrest wyde,  
 And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,  
 Then serve his Ladies love, and waste in pleasures vayne.

xxii. The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne,  
 And could not lacke her lovers company;  
 But to the woods she goes, to serve her turne,  
 And seeke her spouse that from her still does fly,  
 And followes other game and venery:  
 A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to finde;  
 And, kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,  
 The loyall linkes of wedlocke did unbinde,  
 And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

xxiii. So long in secret cabin there he held  
 Her captive to his sensuall desyre,  
 Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,  
 And bore a boy unto that salvage syre:  
 Then home he suffred her for to retyre,  
 For ransome leaving him the late-borne childe;  
 Whom, till to ryper yeares he gan aspyre,  
 He nouselled up in life and manners wilde,  
 Emongst wilde beastes and woods, from lawes of men  
 exilde.

xxiv. For all he taught the tender ymp was but  
 To banish cowardize and bastard feare:  
 His trembling hand he would him force to put  
 Upon the Lyon and the rugged Beare;  
 And from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare;  
 And eke wyld roring Buls he would him make  
 To tame, and ryde their backes, not made to beare;  
 And the Robuckes in flight to overtake,  
 That everie beast for feare of him did fly, and quake.

xxv. Thereby so fearlesse and so fell he grew,  
 That his own syre, and maister of his guise,  
 Did often tremble at his horrid vew;  
 And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise  
 The angry beastes not rashly to despise,  
 Nor too much to provoke; for he would learne  
 The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,  
 (A lesson hard) and make the Libbard sterne  
 Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.



- xxvi. And for to make his powre approved more,  
 Wyld beastes in yron yokes he would compell,  
 The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,  
 The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell,  
 The Antelope, and Wolfe both fiers and fell;  
 And them constraine in equall teme to draw.  
 Such joy he had their stubborne harts to quell,  
 And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,  
 That his beheast they feared as a tyrans law.
- xxvii. His loving mother came upon a day  
 Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne;  
 And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,  
 After his sportes and cruell pastime donne;  
 When after him a Lyonesse did runne,  
 That roaring all with rage did lowd requere  
 Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:  
 The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,  
 And lull in rugged armes withouten childish feare.
- xxviii. The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,  
 And turning backe gan fast to fly away;  
 Untill, with love revokt from vaine affright,  
 She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,  
 And then to him these womanish words gan say:  
 "Ah Satyrane, my dearling and my joy,  
 For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;  
 To dally thus with death is no fit toy:  
 Go, find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy."
- xxix. In these and like delightes of bloody game  
 He trayned was, till ryper years he raught;  
 And there abode, whylst any beast of name  
 Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not taught  
 To feare his force: and then his courage haught  
 Desyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,  
 And far abroad for strange adventures sought;  
 In which his might was never overthrowne;  
 But through al Faery lond his famous worth was blown.
- xxx. Yet evermore it was his maner faire,  
 After long labours and adventures spent,  
 Unto those native woods for to repaire,

To see his syre and ofspring auncient.  
 And now he thither came for like intent;  
 Where he unwares the fairest Una found,  
 Straunge Lady in so straunge habiliment,  
 Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,  
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

xxxI. He wondred at her wisdom hevenly rare,  
Whose like in womens witt he never knew;  
 And, when her curteous deeds he did compare,  
 Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,  
 Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,  
 And joyd to make prooffe of her cruelty  
 On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse and so trew:  
 Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,  
 And learnd her discipline of faith and verity.

xxxII. But she, all vowd unto the Redcrosse Knight,  
 His wandring perill closely did lament,  
 Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight;  
 But her deare heart with anguish did torment,  
 And all her witt in secret counsels spent,  
 How to escape. At last in privy wise  
 To Satyrane she shewed her intent;  
 Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise,  
 How with that pensive Maid he best might thence arise.

xxxIII. So on a day, when Satyres all were gone  
 To do their service to Sylvanus old,  
 The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,  
 He led away with corage stout and bold.  
 Too late it was to Satyres to be told,  
 Or ever hope recover her againe:  
 In vaine he seekes that having cannot hold.  
 So fast he carried her with carefull paine,  
 That they the woods are past, and come now to the  
 plaine.

xxxIV. The better part now of the lingring day  
 They traveild had, whenas they far espide  
 A weary wight forwandring by the way;  
 And towards him they gan in haste to ride,  
 To weete of newes that did abroad betide,  
 Or tidings of her knight of the Redcrosse;

But he them spying gan to turne aside  
For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned losse:  
More greedy they of newes fast towards him do crosse.

xxxv. A silly man, in simple weeds forworne,  
And soild with dust of the long dried way;  
His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,  
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,  
As he had traveild many a sommers day  
Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde,  
And in his hand a Jacobs staffe, to stay  
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind  
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

xxxvi. The knight, approching nigh, of him inquerd  
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;  
But warres, nor new adventures, none he herd.  
Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew,  
Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,  
That in his armour bare a croslet red?  
“Ay me! Deare dame,” (quoth he) “well may I rew  
To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red;  
These eies did see that knight both living and eke ded.”

xxxvii. That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,  
That suddein cold did ronne through every vaine,  
And stony horroure all her sences fild  
With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.  
The knight her lightly reared up againe,  
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:  
Then, wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine  
The further processe of her hidden grieve:  
The lesser pangs can beare who had endur'd the chief.

xxxviii. Then gan the Pilgrim thus: “I chaunst this day,  
This fatall day that shall I ever rew,  
To see two knights, in travell on my way,  
(A sory sight) arraung'd in batteill new,  
Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathfull hew.  
My feareful flesh did tremble at their strife,  
To see their blades so greedily imbrow,  
That, dronke with blood, yet thirsted after life:  
What more? the Redcrosse knight was slain with  
Paynim knife.”

xxxix. "Ah! dearest Lord," (quoth she) "how might that bee,  
 And he the stoutest knight that ever wonne?"  
 "Ah! dearest dame," (quoth hee) "how might I see  
 The thing that might not be, and yet was donne?"  
 "Where is," (said Satyrane) "that Paynims sonne,  
 That him of life, and us of joy, hath refte?"  
 "Not far away," (quoth he) "he hence doth wonne,  
 Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left  
 Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steel  
 were cleft."

xl. Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast,  
 Whiles Una, with huge heavinesse opprest,  
 Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;  
 And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,  
 Whereas that Pagan proud him selfe did rest  
 In secret shadow by a fountaine side:  
 Even he it was, that earst would have suppress  
 Faire Una; whom when Satyrane espide,  
 With foule reprochfull words he boldly him defide.

xli. And said; "Arise, thou cursed Miscreant,  
 That hast with knightlesse guile, and trecherous train,  
 Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt  
 That good knight of the Redcrosse to have slain:  
 Arise, and with like treason now maintain  
 The guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield."  
 The Sarazin, this hearing, rose amain,  
 And, catching up in hast his three-square shield  
 And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

xlII. And, drawing nigh him, said; "Ah! misborn Elfe,  
 In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent  
 Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe:  
 Yet ill thou blamest me for having blent  
 My name with guile and traiterous intent:  
 That Redcrosse knight, perdie, I never slew;  
 But had he beene where earst his armes were lent,  
 Th' enchaunter vaine his errour should not rew:  
 But thou his errour shalt, I hope, now proven trew."

xlIII. Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,  
 To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile

Each other, bent his enemy to quell,  
That with their force they perst both plate and maile,  
And made wide furrowes in their fleshs fraile,  
That it would pittie any living eie.  
Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile,  
But floods of blood could not them satisfie:  
Both hongred after death; both chose to win, or die.

XLIV. So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,  
That, fainting, each themselves to breathen lett,  
And, ofte refreshed, battell oft renewe.  
As when two Bores, with rancling malice mett,  
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely frett;  
Til breathlesse both themselves aside retire,  
Where foming wrath their cruell tuskes they whett,  
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may respire,  
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

XLV. So fiersly, when these knights had breathed oncc,  
They gan to fight retourne, increasing more  
Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,  
With heaped strokes more hugely then before;  
That with their drery wounds, and bloody gore,  
They both, deformed, scarsely could bee known.  
By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,  
Led with their noise which through the aire was thrown,  
Arriv'd wher they in erth their fruitles blood had sown.

XLVI. Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin  
Espide, he gan revive the memory  
Of his leud lusts, and late attempted sin,  
And lefte the doubtfull battell hastily,  
To catch her, newly offred to his eie;  
But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, staid,  
And sternely bad him other businesse plie  
Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted Maid:  
Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter speaches said.

XLVII. " O foolish faeries sonne! what fury mad  
Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate?  
Were it not better I that Lady had  
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?  
Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate,

To love another: Lo! then, for thine ayd,  
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate."  
So they to fight; the whiles the royall Mayd  
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afrayd.

- XLVIII. But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing told,  
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay  
In secret shadow all this to behold;  
And much rejoyced in their bloody fray:  
But, when he saw the Damsell passe away,  
He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,  
In hope to bring her to her last decay.  
But for to tell her lamentable cace,  
And eke this battels end, will need another place.



## CANTO VII

The Redcrosse knight is captive made  
 By Tyaunt proud opprest:  
 Prince Arthure meets with Una great-  
 ly with those newes distrest.

- I. WHAT man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,  
 As to discry the crafty cunning traine,  
 By which deceipt doth maske in visour faire,  
 And cast her coulours, died deepe in graine,  
 To seeme like truth, whose shape she well can faine,  
 And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,  
 The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?  
 Great maistresse of her art was that false Dame,  
 The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes name.
- II. Who when, returning from the drery Night,  
 She fownd riot in that perilous hous of Pryde,  
 Where she had left the noble Redcrosse knight,  
 Her hoped pray, she would no lenger byde,  
 But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.  
 Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate  
 To reste him selfe foreby a fountaine syde,  
 Disarmed all of yron-coted Plate;  
 And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.
- III. Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes  
 His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,  
 Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,  
 Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd  
 Doe chaunt sweet musick to delight his mynd.  
 The witch approching gan him fayrely greet,  
 And with reproch of carelesnes unkynd  
 Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,  
 With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony  
 sweet.
- IV. Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,  
 And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous shade,

Which shielded them against the boyling heat,  
 And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,  
 About the fountaine like a girlond made;  
 Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,  
 Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade:  
 The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,  
 Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

v. The cause was this: one day, when Phœbe fayre  
 With all her band was following the chace,  
 This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre,  
 Satt downe to rest in midst of the race:  
 The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,  
 And badd the waters, which from her did flow,  
 Be such as she her selfe was then in place.  
 Thenceforth her waters wexed dull and slow,  
And all that drinke thereof do faint and feeble grow.

vi. Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was;  
 And lying downe upon the sandie graile,  
 Dronke of the streame, as cleare as christall glas:  
 Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,  
 And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle.  
 His chaunged powres at first them selves not felt;  
 Till crudled cold his corage gan assayle,  
 And cheareful blood in fayntnes chill did melt,  
 Which like a fever fit through all his bodie swelt.

vii. Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,  
 Pourd out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,  
 Both careless of his health, and of his fame;  
 Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,  
 Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,  
 That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,  
 And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith astownd,  
 Upstartd lightly from his looser make,  
 And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

viii. But ere he could his armour on him dight,  
 Or gett his shield, his monstrous enemy  
 With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,  
 An hideous Geaunt, horrible and hye,  
 That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye;

The ground eke groned under him for dreed:  
His living like saw never living eye,  
Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed  
The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

- ix. The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,  
And blustering Æolus his boasted syre;  
Who with his breath, which through the world doth pas,  
Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,  
And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,  
That she conceiv'd; and trebling the dew time  
In which the wombes of women doe expyre,  
Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slyme,  
Puft up with emptie wynd, and fild with sinfull cryme.
- x. So growen great, through arrogant delight  
Of th' high descent whereof he was yborne,  
And through presumption of his matchlesse might,  
All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.  
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,  
And left to losse; his stalking steps are stayde  
Upon a snaggy Oke, which he had torne  
Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made  
His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde.
- xi. That, when the knight he spyde, he gan advaunce  
With huge force and insupportable mayne,  
And towards him with dreadfull fury prounce;  
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine  
Did to him pace sad battaile to darrayne,  
Disarmd, disgraste, and inwardly dismayde;  
And eke so faint in every joynt and vayne,  
Through that fraile fountain which him feeble made,  
That scarsely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.
- xii. The Geaunt strooke so maynly mercillesse,  
That could have overthrowne a stony towre;  
And, were not hevenly grace that did him blesse,  
He had beene pouldred all as thin as flowre:  
But he was wary of that deadly stowre,  
And lightly lept from underneath the blow:  
Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,  
That with the winde it did him overthrow,  
And all his sences stound that still he lay full low.

- xiii. As when that divelish yron Engin, wrought  
 In deepest Hell, and framd by Furies skill,  
 With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,  
 And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,  
 Conceiveth fyre, the heavens it doth fill  
 With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,  
 That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,  
 Through smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smoke;  
 That th' only breath him daunts, who hath escapt the  
 stroke.
- xiv. So daunted when the Geaunt saw the knight,  
 His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,  
 And him to dust thought to have battred quight,  
 Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye,  
 "O great Orgoglio! greatest under skye,  
 O! hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake;  
 Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,  
 But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,  
 And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy Leman take."
- xv. He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,  
 To gayne so goodly guerdon as she spake:  
So willingly she came into his armes,  
Who her as willingly to grace did take,  
 And was possessed of his newfound make,  
 Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse,  
 And, ere he could out of his swowne awake,  
 Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,  
 And in a Dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.
- xvi. From that day forth Duessa was his deare,  
 And highly honoured in his haughtie eye:  
 He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,  
 And triple crowne set on her head full hye,  
 And her endowd with royall majesty.  
 Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,  
 And peoples hartes with awfull terror tye,  
 A monstrous beast ybredd in filthy fen  
 He chose, which he had kept long time in darksom den.
- xvii. Such one it was, as that renowmed Snake  
 Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,  
 Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake:

Whose many heades, out budding ever new,  
Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew.  
But this same Monster much more ugly was,  
For seven great heads out of his body grew,  
An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,  
And all embrewd in blood his eyes did shine as glas.

xviii. His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,  
That to the hous of heavenly gods it raught:  
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,  
The everburning lamps from thence it braught,  
And proudly threw to ground, as things of naught;  
And underneath his filthy feet did tread  
The sacred thinges, and holy heastes foretaught.  
Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold head  
He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

xix. The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall  
Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,  
And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,  
When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed;  
His mightie Armour, missing most at need;  
His silver shield, now idle, maisterlesse;  
His poynant speare that many made to bleed,  
The rueful moniments of heavinesse;  
And with them all departes to tell his great distresse.

xx. He had not travaild long, when on the way  
He wofull Lady, wofull Una, met,  
Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,  
Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let:  
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,  
And saw the signes that deadly tydings spake,  
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,  
And lively breath her sad brest did forsake;  
Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and quake.

xxi. The messenger of so unhappie newes  
Would faine have dyde: dead was his hart within,  
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes.  
At last, recovering hart, he does begin  
To rubb her temples, and to chaufe her chin,  
And everie tender part does tosse and turne:

So hardly he the flitted life does win  
 Unto her native prison to retourne;  
 Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and mourne:

- xxii. "Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,  
 That doe this deadly spectacle behold,  
 Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,  
 Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,  
 Sith cruell fates the carefull threds unfould,  
 The which my life and love together tyde?  
 Now let the stony dart of sencelesse cold  
 Perce to my hart, and pas through everie side,  
 And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hyde.
- xxiii. "O lightsome day! the lampe of highest Jove,  
 First made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,  
 When darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove,  
 Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,  
 And shut up heavens windowes shyning wyde;  
 For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,  
 And late repentance which shall long abyde:  
 Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,  
 But seeled up with death shall have their deadly meed."
- xxiv. Then downe againe she fell unto the ground,  
 But he her quickly reared up againe:  
 Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,  
 And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine.  
 At last when life recover'd had the raine,  
 And over-wrestled his strong enemy,  
 With foltring tong, and trembling everie vaine,  
 "Tell on," (quoth she) "the wofull Tragedy,  
 The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye.
- xxv. "Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,  
 And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost dart:  
 Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight  
 Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:  
 Who hath endur'd the whole can beare ech part.  
 If death it be, it is not the first wound  
 That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.  
 Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;  
 If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have found."



- xxvi. Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare;  
The subtil traines of Archimago old;  
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre,  
Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold;  
The wretched payre transformd to treën mould;  
The house of Pryde, and perilles round about;  
The combat which he with Sansjoy did hould;  
The lucklesse conflict with the Gyaunt stout,  
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.
- xxvii. She heard with patience all unto the end,  
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,  
Which greater grew the more she did contend,  
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;  
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay;  
For greater love, the greater is the losse.  
Was never Lady loved dearer day  
Then she did love the knight of the Redcrosse,  
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.
- xxviii. At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,  
She up arose, resolving him to find  
Alive or dead; and forward forth doth pas,  
All as the Dwarfe the way to her assynd;  
And evermore, in constant carefull mind,  
She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale.  
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,  
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale,  
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a vale.
- xxix. At last she chaunced by good hap to meet  
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,  
Together with his Squyre, arayed meet:  
His glitterand armour shined far away,  
Like glauncing light of Phoebus brightest ray;  
From top to toe no place appeared bare,  
That deadly dint of steele endanger may.  
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,  
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most  
pretious rare.
- xxx. And in the midst thereof one pretious stone  
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,  
Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,

Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,  
 And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:  
 Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong  
 In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights,  
 Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong  
 Of mother perle; and buckled with a golden tong.

xxxI. His haughtie Helmet, horrid all with gold,  
 Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bredd:  
 For all the crest a Dragon did enfold  
 With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd  
 His golden winges: his dreadfull hideous hedd,  
 Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw  
 From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,  
 That suddeine horreur to faint hartes did show;  
 And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

xxxII. Upon the top of all his loftie crest,  
 A bounch of heares discoloured diversly,  
 With sprinckled pearle and gold full richly drest,  
 Did shake, and seemd to daunce for jollity,  
 Like to an almond tree ymounted hye  
 On top of greene Selinis all alone,  
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;  
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one  
 At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne.

xxxIII. His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,  
 Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene;  
 Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,  
 Such earthly mettals soon consumed beene,  
 But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene  
 It framed was, one massy entire mould,  
 Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines keene,  
 That point of speare it never percen could,  
 Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

xxxIV. The same to wight he never wont disclose,  
 But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,  
 Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,  
 Or when the flying heavens he would affray;  
 For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,  
 That Phœbus golden face it did attaint,

As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;  
And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faynt,  
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts constraint.

xxxv. No magicke arts hereof had any might,  
Nor bloody wordes of bold Enchaunters call;  
But all that was not such as seemd in sight  
Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall:  
And when him list the raskall routes appall,  
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,  
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;  
And, when him list the prouder lookes subdew,  
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

xxxvi. Ne let it seeme that credence this exceeds;  
For he that made the same was knowne right well  
To have done much more admirable deedes.  
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell  
All living wightes in might of magicke spell:  
Both shield and sword, and armour all he wrought  
For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell;  
But, when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought  
To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if sought:

xxxvii. A gentle youth, his dearely loved Squire,  
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,  
Whose harmeful head, thrise heated in the fire,  
Had riven many a brest with pikehead square:  
A goodly person, and could menage faire  
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bitt,  
Who under him did trample as the aire,  
And chaft that any on his backe should sitt:  
The yron rowels into frothy fume he bitt.

xxxviii. Whenas this knight nigh to the Lady drew,  
With lovely court he gan her enttaine;  
But, when he heard her answers loth, he knew  
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine;  
Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,  
Faie feeling words he wisely gan display,  
And for her humor fitting purpose faine,  
To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray,  
Wherewith enmovd, these bleeding words she gan to say.

xxxix. "What worlds delight, or joy of living speach,  
 Can hart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep,  
 And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?  
 The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,  
 And in my heart his yron arrow steep,  
 Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale.  
 Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keep,  
 Then rip up grieve where it may not availle:  
 My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and waile."


xl. "Ah Lady deare," quoth then the gentle knight,  
 "Well may I ween your grieve is wondrous great;  
 For wondrous great grieve groneth in my spright,  
 Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.  
 But, woefull Lady, let me you intrete,  
 For to unfold the anguish of your hart:  
Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,  
And counsell mitigates the greatest smart:  
Found never help who never would his hurts impart."


xli. "O but," (quoth she) "great greife will not be tould,  
 And can more easily be thought then said."  
 "Right so," (quoth he) "but he that never would  
 Could never: will to might gives greatest aid."  
 "But grieve," (quoth she) "does greater grow displaid,  
 If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire."  
 "Despaire breeds not," (quoth he) "where faith is staid."  
 "No faith so fast," (quoth she) "but flesh does paire."  
 "Flesh may empaire," (quoth he) "but reason can repaire."

xlII. His goodly reason, and well guided speach,  
 So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,  
 That her perswaded to disclose the breach  
 Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought;  
 And said; "Faie Sir, I hope good hap hath brought  
 You to inquere the secrets of my grieve,  
 Or that your wisdom will direct my thought,  
 Or that your prowess can me yield reliefe:  
 Then, heare the story sad, which I shall tell you brieve.


xlIII. "The forlorne Maiden, whom your eies have seene  
 The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries, *m*  
 Am th' onely daughter of a King and Queene,

Whose parents deare, whiles equal destinies  
 Did ronne about, and their felicities  
 The favourable heavens did not envy,  
 Did spred their rule through all the territories,  
 Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,  
 And Gehons golden waves doe wash continually:

XLIV. “Till that their cruell cursed enemy,  
 An huge great Dragon, horrible in sight,   
 Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,  
 With murderous ravine, and devouring might,  
 Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight:  
 Themselves, for feare into his jawes to fall,  
 He forst to castle strong to take their flight;  
 Where, fast embard in mighty brasen wall,  
 He has them now fowr years besieged to make them thrall

XLV. “Full many knights, adventurous and stout,  
 Have enterpriz’d that Monster to subdew:  
 From every coast that heaven walks about  
 Have thither come the noble Martial crew.  
 That famous harde atchievements still pursew;  
 Yet never any could that girland win,  
 But all still shronke, and still he greater grew:   
 All they, for want of faith, or guilt of sin,  
 The pitteous pray of his fiers cruelty have bin.

XLVI. “At last, yled with far reported praise,  
 Which flying fame throughout the world had spred,  
 Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did raise,  
 That noble order hight of maidenhed,  
 Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,  
 Of Gloriane, great Queene of glory bright,  
 Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red;  
 There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,  
 That Parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

XLVII. “Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was faire and good)  
 There for to find a fresh unproved knight;   
 Whose manly hands imbrawd in guilty blood  
 Had never beene, ne ever by his might  
 Had throwne to ground the unregarded right:  
 Yet of his prowesse prooffe he since hath made



(I witnes am) in many a cruell fight;  
 The groning ghosts of many one dismaide  
 Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

XLVIII. "An ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,  
 His biting sword, and his devouring speare,  
 Which have endured many a dreadful stowre,  
 Can speake his prowesse that did earst you beare,  
 And well could rule; now he hath left you heare  
To be the record of his ruefull losse,  
 And of my dolefull disaventurous deare.  
 O! heavie record of the good Redcrosse,  
 Where have yee left your lord that could so well you  
 tosse?

XLIX. "Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,  
 That he my captive langour should redeeme:  
 Till, all unweeting, an Enchaunter bad  
 His sence abused, and made him to misdeeme  
 My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,  
 That rather death desire then such despight.  
 Be judge, ye heavens, that all things right esteeme,  
 How I him lov'd, and love with all my might.  
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

L. "Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,  
 To wander where wilde fortune would me lead,  
 And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,  
 Where never foote of living wight did tread,  
 That brought not backe the balefull body dead:  
 In which him chaunced false Duessa meete,  
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread;  
 Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming sweete,  
 Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeete.

LI. "At last, by subtile sleights she him betraid  
 Unto his foe, a Gyaunt huge and tall;  
 Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,  
 Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall  
 The monster mercilesse him made to fall,  
 Whose fall did never foe before behold:  
 And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched thrall,  
 Remedilesse for aie he doth him hold.  
 This is my cause of grieve, more great then may be told."



- LII. Ere she had ended all she gan to faint:  
But he her comforted, and faire bespake:  
“ Certes, Madame, ye have great cause of plaint;  
That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake:  
But be of cheare, and comfort to you take;  
For till I have acquitt your captive knight,  
Assure your selfe I will you not forsake.” //
- His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse spright,  
So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding ever right.

## CANTO VIII

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,  
 Brings Arthure to the fight:  
 Who slayes the Gyaunt, wounds the beast,  
 And strips Duessa quight.

- I. Av me! how many perils doe enfold  
 The righteous man, to make him daily fall,  
 Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,  
 And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.  
 Her love is firme, her care continuall,  
 So oft as he, through his own foolish pride  
 Or weakness, is to sinfull bands made thrall:  
 Els should this Redcrosse knight in bands have dyde,  
 For whose deliverance she this Prince doth thither guyd.
- II. They sadly traveild thus, untill they came  
 Nigh to a castle builded strong and hye:  
 Then cryde the Dwarfe, "Lo! yonder is the same,  
 In which my Lord, my liege, doth lucklesse ly  
 Thrall to that Gyaunts hatefull tyranny:  
 Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay."  
 The noble knight alighted by and by  
 From loftie steed, and badd the Ladie stay,  
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.
- III. So with his Squire, th' admirer of his might,  
 He marched forth towardses that castle wall,  
 Whose gates he fownd fast shutt, ne living wight  
 To warde the same, nor answeere commers call.  
 Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,  
 Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold  
 And tasselles gay. Wyde wonders over all  
 Of that same hornes great virtues weren told,  
 Which had approved bene in uses manifold.
- IV. Was never wight that heard that shrilling sownd,  
 But trembling feare did feel in every vaine: †  
 Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,

And Ecchoes three aunswer'd it selfe againe:  
No false enchauntment, nor deceitfull traine,  
Might once abide the terror of that blast,  
 But presently was void and wholly vaine:  
 No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,  
 But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.

v. The same before the Geaunts gate he blew,  
 That all the castle quaked from the grownd,  
 And every dore of freewill open flew.  
 The Gyaunt selfe, dismaied with that sounde,  
 Where he with his Duessa dalliaunce fownd,  
 In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,  
 With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,  
 And staggering steps, to weet what suddein stowre  
 Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded  
 powre.

vi. And after him the proud Duessa came,  
 High mounted on her many headed beast,  
 And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,  
 And every head was crowned on his creast,  
 And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.  
 That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild  
 Upon his manly arme he soone adrest,  
 And at him fiersly flew, with corage fild,  
 And eger greedinesse through every member thirld.

vii. Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight, ~~and~~  
 Inflamd with scornefull wrath and high disdaine,  
 And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,  
 All armd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,  
 Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.  
 But wise and wary was that noble Pere;  
 And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,  
 Did fayre avoide the violence him nere:  
 It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts to beare.

viii. Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might:  
 The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,  
 Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,  
 Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway  
 So deeply dinted in the driven clay,  
 That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw.

The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,  
 Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,  
 And trembling with strange feare did like an erthquake  
 show.

- ix. As when almightie Jove, in wrathfull mood,  
 To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,  
 Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food  
 Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,  
 Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;  
 The fiers threeforked engin, making way,  
 Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,  
 And all that might his angry passage stay;  
 And, shooting in the earth, castes up a mount of clay.
- x. His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,  
 He could not rearen up againe so light,  
 But that the Knight him at advantage fownd;  
 And, whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight  
 Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright  
He smott off his left arme, which like a block  
 Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might:  
 Large streames of blood out of the truncked stock  
 Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riven rocke.
- xi. Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,  
 And eke impatient of unwonted payne,  
 He loudly brayd with beastly yelling sownd,  
 That all the fieldes rebellowed againe.  
 As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine  
 An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,  
 Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,  
 And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing:  
 The neighbor woods arownd with hollow murmur ring.
- xii. That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw  
 The evil stownd that daungerd her estate,  
 Unto his aide she hastily did draw  
 Her dreadfull beast; who, swolne with blood of late,  
 Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,  
 And threatned all his heades like flaming brandes.  
 But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,  
 Encountring fiers with single sword in hand;  
 And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

- xiii. The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight,  
And fiers disdaine to be affronted so,  
Enforst her purple beast with all her might,  
That stop out of the way to overthrow,  
Scorning the let of so unequall foe:  
But nathemore would that corageous swayne  
To her yeeld passage gainst his Lord to goe,  
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,  
And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.
- xiv. Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,  
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;  
Death and despeyre did many thereof sup,  
And secret poyson through their inner partes,  
Th' eternall bale of heavie wounded harts:  
Which, after charmes and some enchauntments said,  
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes:  
Therewith his sturdie corage soon was quayd,  
And all his sences were with suddēin dread dismayd.
- xv. So downe he fell before the cruell beast,  
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,  
That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest:  
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.  
That when the carefull knight gan well advise,  
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,  
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise;  
For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,  
To see his loved Squyre into such thraldom brought:
- xvi. And, high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,  
Stroke one of those deformed heades so sore,  
That of his puissaunce proud ensample made:  
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,  
And that misformed shape misshaped more.  
A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wownd,  
That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,  
And overflowed all the field arownd,  
That over shoes in blood he waded on the grownd.
- xvii. Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,  
That to have heard great horror would have bred;  
And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long trayne,

Through great impatience of his grieved hed,  
 His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted  
 Would have cast downe, and trodd in durty myre,  
 Had not the Gyaunt soone her succoured;  
 Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick yre,  
 Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the knight retyre.

xviii. The force, which wont in two to be disperst,  
 In one alone left hand he now unites,  
 Which is through rage more strong then both were erst;  
 With which his hideous club aloft he dites,  
 And at his foe with furious rigor smites,  
 That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrow.  
 The stroke upon his shield so heaueie lites,  
 That to the ground it doubleth him full low:  
What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous blow?

xix. And in his fall his shield, that covered was,  
 Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew;  
The light whereof, that heuens light did pas,  
Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,  
 That eye mote not the same endure to vew.  
 Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring eye,  
 He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew  
 His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye  
 For to have slain the man, that on the ground did lye.

xx. And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amazd  
 At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,  
Became stark blind, and all his sences dazd,  
 That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,  
 And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield.  
 Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,  
 Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,  
 Unto the Gyaunt lowdly she gan call;  
 "O! helpe, Orgoglio; helpe! or els we perish all."

xxi. At her so pitteous cry was much amooov'd  
 Her champion stout; and for to ayde his frend,  
 Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd,  
 But all in vaine, for he has redd his end  
In that bright shield, and all their forces spend  
 Them selves in vaine: for, since that glauncing sight,



He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend.  
 As where th' Almightyes lightning brond does light,  
 It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the sences quight.

xxii. Whom when the Prince, to batteill new addrest  
 And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did see,  
 His sparkling blade about his head he blest,  
 And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,  
 That downe he tombled; as an aged tree,  
 High growing on the top of rocky clift,  
 Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh hewen be;  
 The mightie trunck, halfe rent with ragged rift,  
 Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

xxiii. Or as a Castle, reared high and round,  
 By subtile engins and malicious slight  
 Is undermined from the lowest ground,  
 And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,  
 At last downe falles; and with her heaped hight  
 Her hastie ruine does more heavie make,  
 And yields it selfe unto the victours might:  
 Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake  
 The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

xxiv. The knight, then lightly leaping to the pray,  
 With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,  
 That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,  
 All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,  
 Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store.  
 But, soone as breath out of his brest did pas,  
 That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,  
 Was vanisht quite; and of that monstrous mas  
 Was nothing left, but like an emptie blader was.

xxv. Whose grievous fall when false Duessa spyde,  
 Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,  
 And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde:  
 Such percing grieve her stubborne hart did wound,  
 That she could not endure that dolefull stound  
 But leaving all behind her fled away:  
 The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd around,  
 And, by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,  
 So brought unto his Lord as his deserved pray.

- xxvi. The roiall Virgin which beheld from farre,  
 In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,  
 The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,  
 Came running fast to greet his victorie,  
 With sober gladnesse and myld modestie;  
 And with sweet joyous cheare him thus bespake:  
 "Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,  
 That with your worth the world amazed make,  
 How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer for my sake?"
- xxvii. "And you, fresh budd of vertue springing fast,  
 Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths dore,  
 What hath poore Virgin for such perill past  
 Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore  
My simple selfe, and service evermore:  
 And he that high does sit, and all things see  
 With equall eye, their merites to restore,  
 Behold what ye this day have done for mee,  
 And what I cannot quite requite with usuree.
- xxviii. "But sith the heavens, and your faire handeling,  
 Have made you master of the field this day,  
 Your fortune maister eke with governing,  
 And, well begonne, end all so well, I pray!  
 Ne let that wicked woman scape away;  
For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,  
 My dearest Lord, and deepe in dongeon lay,  
 Where he his better dayes hath wasted all:  
 O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call!"
- xxix. Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squire,  
 That scarlot whore to keepen carefully;  
 Whyles he himselfe with greedie great desyre  
 Into the Castle entred forcibly,  
 Where living creature none he did espye.  
 Then gan he lowdly through the house to call,  
 But no man car'd to answere to his crye:  
There raignd a solemne silence over all:  
 Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or hall.
- xxx. At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came  
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,  
 That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,

And guyde his wearie gate both too and fro,  
For his eye sight him fayled long ygo;  
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,  
The which unused rust did overgrow:  
Those were the keyes of every inner dore;  
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

xxxI. But very uncouth sight was to behold,  
How he did fashion his untoward pace;  
For as he forward moovd his footing old,  
So backward still was turnd his wrinckled face:  
Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,  
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.  
This was the auncient keeper of that place,  
And foster father of the Gyaunt dead;  
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

xxxII. His reverend heares and holy gravitee  
The knight much honord, as beseemed well;  
And gently askt, where all the people bee,  
Which in that stately building wont to dwell:  
Who answerd him full soft, *he could not tell*.  
Again he askt, where that same knight was layd,  
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissaunce fell  
Had made his caytive thrall: againe he sayde,  
*He could not tell*; ne ever other answere made.

xxxIII. Then asked he, which way he in might pas?  
*He could not tell*, againe he answered.  
Thereat the courteous knight displeased was,  
And said; " Old syre, it seemes thou hast not red  
How ill it sits with that same silver hed,  
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:  
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed  
With natures pen, in ages grave degree,  
Aread in graver wise what I demaund of thee."

xxxIV. His answere likewise was, *he could not tell* :  
Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance,  
Whenas the noble Prince had marked well,  
He ghest his nature by his countenance,  
And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.  
Then, to him stepping, from his arme did reach  
Those keyes, and made himselfe free enturance.

Each dore he opened without any breach,  
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.

xxxv. There all within full rich arayd he found,  
With royall arras, and resplendent gold,  
And did with store of every thing abound,  
That greatest Princes presence might behold.  
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)  
With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,  
Which there were slaine as sheepe out of the fold,  
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew;  
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

xxxvi. And there beside of marble stone was built  
An Altare, carv'd with cunning ymagerie,  
On which trew Christians blood was often spilt,  
And holy Martyres often doen to dye  
With cruell malice and strong tyranny:  
Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the stone,  
To God for vengeance cryde continually;  
And with great grieve were often heard to grone,  
That hardest heart would bleede to hear their piteous  
mone.

xxxvii. Through every rowme he sought, and everie bowr,  
But no where could he find that wofull thrall:  
At last he came unto an yron doore,  
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all  
Emongst that bounch to open it withall;  
But in the same a little grate was pight,  
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call  
With all his powre, to weet if living wight  
Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

xxxviii. Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce  
These pitteous plaintes and dolours did resound:  
"O! who is that, which bringes me happy choyce  
Of death, that here lye dying every stound,  
Yet live perforce in balefull darkenesse bound?  
For now three Moones have changed thrice their hew,  
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,  
Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew.  
O! welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings  
trew."

xxxix. Which when that Champion heard, with percing point  
Of pittie deare his hart was thrilled sore;  
And trembling horreur ran through every joynt,  
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore;  
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore  
With furious force and indignation fell;  
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,  
But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,  
That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

xl. But nether darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,  
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,  
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)  
But that with constant zeale and corage bold,  
After long paines and labors manifold,  
He found the meanes that Prisoner up to reare;  
Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold  
His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare;  
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreere.

xli. His sad dull eies, deepe sunck in hollow pits,  
Could not endure th' unwonted sunne to view;  
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,  
And empty sides deceived of their dew,  
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;  
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs  
Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,  
Were clene consum'd; and all his vitall powres  
Decayd, and all his flesh shronk up like withered flowers.

xlII. Whome when his Lady saw, to him she ran  
With hasty joy: to see him made her glad,  
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,  
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.  
Tho, when her well of teares she wasted had,  
She said; "Ah dearest Lord! what evill starre  
On you hath frownd, and poud his influence bad,  
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,  
And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth marre?"

xlIII. "But welcome now, my Lord in wele or woe,  
Whose presence I have lackt too long a day:  
And fie on Fortune, mine avowed foe,



Whose wrathful wreakes them selves doe now alay;  
 And for these wronges shall treble penaunce pay  
 Of treble good: good growes of evils priefe."  
 The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,  
 Had no delight to treaten of his grieve;  
 His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

XLIV. "Faيرة Lady," then said that victorious knight,  
 "The things, that grievous were to doe, or beare.

Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;  
 Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare: -

But th' only good that growes of passed feare  
 Is to be wise, and ware of like again.

This daies ensample hath this lesson deare  
 Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,  
 That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

XLV. "Henceforth, Sir knight, take to you wonted strength,  
 And maister these mishaps with patient might.

Loe! where your foe lies stretcht in monstrous length;

And loe! that wicked woman in your sight,  
 The roote of all your care and wretched plight,

Now in your powre, to let her live, or die."

"To doe her die," (quoth Una) "were despight,

And shame t'avenge so weake an enemy;

But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly."

XLVI. So, as she bad, that witch they disaraid,

And robd of roiall robes, and purple pall,

And ornaments that richly were displaid;

Ne spared they to strip her naked all.

Then, when they had despoild her tire and call,

Such as she was their eies might her behold,

That her misshaped parts did them appall:

A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,

Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

XLVII. Her crafty head was altogether bald,

And, as in hate of honorable eld,

Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald;

Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,

And her sowre breath abhominably smeld;

Her dried dugs, lyke bladders lacking wind,



Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld;  
Her wrizled skin, as rough as maple rind,  
So scabby was that would have loathd all womankind.

XLVIII. Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,  
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write;  
But at her rompe she growing had behind  
A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight;  
And eke her feete most monstrous were in sight;  
For one of them was like an Eagles claw,  
With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight;  
The other like a beares uneven paw,  
More ugly shape yet never living creature saw.

XLIX. Which when the knights beheld amazd they were,  
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.  
“Such then,” (said Una,) “as she seemeth here,  
Such is the face of falshood: such the sight  
Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light  
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.”  
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,  
And all her filthy feature open showne,  
They let her goe at will, and wander waies unknowne

L. Shee, flying fast from heavens hated face,  
And from the world that her discovered wide,  
Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,  
From living eies her open shame to hide,  
And lurkt in rocks and caves, long unespide.  
But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,  
Did in that castle afterwards abide,  
To rest them selves, and weary powres repaire;  
Where store they fownd of al that dainty was and rare.

## CANTO IX

His loves and lignage Arthure tells:  
 The knights knitt friendly hands:  
 Sir Trevisan flies from Despeyre,  
 Whom Redcros knight withstands.

- i. O GOODLY golden chayne, wherewith yfere  
The vertues linked are in lovely wize;  
 And noble mindes of yore allyed were,  
 In brave poursuitt of chevalrous emprise,  
 That none did others safety despize,  
 Nor aid envy to him in need that stands;  
 But friendly each did others praise devize,  
 How to advaunce with favourable hands,  
 As this good Prince redeemd the Redcrosse knight from  
 bands.

- ii. Who when their powres, empayrd through labor long,  
 With dew repast they had recured well,  
 And that weake captive wight now wexed strong,  
 Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,  
But forward fare as their adventures fell:  
 But, ere they parted, Una faire besought  
 That straunger knight his name and nation tell;  
 Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,  
 Should die unknown, and buried be in thankles thought.

- iii. "Faire virgin," (said the Prince,) "yee me require  
 A thing without the compas of my witt;  
For both the lignage, and the certein Sire,  
From which I sprong, from mee are hidden yitt;  
 For all so soone as life did me admitt  
 Into this world, and shewed hevens light,  
 From mothers pap I taken was unfitt,  
 And streight deliver'd to a Fary knight,  
 To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall might.

- iv. "Unto Old Timon he me brought bylive;  
 Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene  
 In warlike feates th' expertest man alive,

And is the wisest now on earth I weene:  
 His dwelling is low in a valley greene,  
 Under the foot of Rauran mossy ~~hore~~,  
 From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,  
 His tomling billowes rolls with gentle rore;  
 There all my daies he traind mee up in vertuous lore.

*old Timon  
taught me  
well*

v. "Thither the great magicien Merlin came,  
 As was his use, oft times to visitt me;  
 For he had charge my discipline to frame,  
 And Tutors nouriture to oversee.  
 Him oft and oft I askt in privity,  
 Of what loines and what lignage I did spring;  
 Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,  
 That I was sonne and heire unto a king,  
 As time in her just term the truth to light should bring."

*Merlin visited  
me often  
told me I'll  
be king*

vi. "Well worthy impe," said then the Lady gent,  
 "And Pupill fitt for such a Tutors hand!  
 But what adventure, or what high intent,  
 Hath brought you hither into Faery land,  
 Aread, Prince Arthure, crowne of Martiall band?"  
 "Full hard it is," (quoth he) "to read aright  
 The course of heavenly cause, or understand  
 The secret meaning of th' eternall might,  
 That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of living  
 wight.

*why do you  
come to faery  
land lady  
asks*

vii. "For whether he, through fatal deepe foresight,  
 Me hither sent for cause to me unghost;  
 Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night  
 Whilome doth rangle in my riven brest,  
 With forced fury following his behest,  
 Me hither brought by wayes yet never found,  
 You to have helpt I hold my selfe yet blest."  
 "Ah! courteous Knight," (quoth she) "what secret wound  
 Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on ground?"

*I've come  
to help  
you*

viii. "Dear Dame," (quoth he) "you sleeping sparkes awake,  
 Which, troubled once, into huge flames will grow;  
 Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,  
 Till living moysture into smoke do flow,  
 And wasted life doe lye in ashes low:  
 Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,

will reveal  
pose to  
you

But, told, it flames; and, hidden, it does glow,  
I will revele what ye so much desire.  
Ah, Love! lay down thy bow, the whiles I may respyre.

love is  
problem?

- ix. "It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,  
When corage first does creepe in manly chest,  
Then first the cole of kindly heat appears  
To kindle love in every living brest:  
But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,  
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,  
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,  
As miserable lovers use to rew,  
Which still wex old in woe, whiles wo stil wexeth new.

laugh  
when others  
saw  
ed was  
bbed off  
at me

- x. "That ydle name of love, and lovers life,  
As losse of time, and vertues enemy,  
I ever scornd, and joyd to stirre up strife,  
In middest of their mournfull Tragedy;  
Ay wont to laugh when them I heard to cry,  
And blow the fire which them to ashes brent:  
Their God himselfe, grieved at my libertie,  
Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent;  
But I them warded all with wary government.

one  
he so  
strong and  
will eventually  
be better

- xi. "But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,  
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sownd,  
But will at last be wonne with battrie long,  
Or unawares at disavantage fownd.  
Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grownd;  
And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,  
And boastes in beauties chaine not to be bownd,  
Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight.  
And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most despight.

my  
boy

- xii. "Ensamble make of him your haplesse joy,  
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;  
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy  
Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertee.  
For on a day, prickt forth with jollitee  
Of looser life and heat of hardiment,  
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,  
The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one consent,  
Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

- xiii. "Forweariéd with my sportes, I did alight  
 From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd;  
 The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,  
 And pillow was my helmett fayre displayd;  
 Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,  
 And slombring soft my hart did steale away,  
Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd  
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:  
 So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.
- xiv. "Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment  
 She to me made, and badd me love her deare;  
 For dearely sure her love was to me bent,  
 As, when just time expired, should appeare.  
 But whether dreames delude, or true it were,  
 Was never hart so ravisht with delight,  
 Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,  
 As she to me delivered all that night;  
 And at her parting said, She Queene of Faeries hight.
- xv. "When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,  
And nought but pressed gras where she had lyen,  
 I sorrowed all so much as earst I joyd,  
 And washed all her place with watry eyen.  
 From that day forth I lov'd that face divyne;  
 From that day forth I cast in carefull mynd,  
 To seek her out with labor and long tyne,  
 And never vowd to rest till her I fynd:  
 Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet ni'll that vow unbynd."
- xvi. Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,  
 And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;  
 Yett still he strove to cloke his inward bale,  
 And hide the smoke that did his fire display,  
 Till gentle Una thus to him gan say:  
 "O happy Queene of Faeries! that hast fownd,  
 Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may  
 Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd.  
 True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on grownd."
- xvii. "Thine, O! then," said the gentle Redcrosse knight,  
 "Next to that Ladies love, shalbe the place,  
 O fayrest virgin! full of heavenly light,

*I slept  
and  
dreamed a  
beautiful  
woman lay  
by me*

*she lusted  
after me  
don't know  
if it was  
a dream  
but it was  
nice  
called  
fairy Q*

*I awoke, she  
was gone  
and now all  
I do is seek  
her.*

*kn. changes and  
looks sorrow  
Una says to  
FQ that this  
guy loves her*



you too  
in he worthy  
of her. 7.

Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,  
Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.  
And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my life,  
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthie grace,  
For onely worthie you through prowes priefe,  
Yf living man mote worthie be to be her lief.

two  
join in  
friendships

- xviii. So diversly discoursing of their loves,  
The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,  
And sad remembraunce now the Prince amoves  
With fresh desire his voyage to pursew;  
Als Una earnd her traveill to renew.  
Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,  
And love establish each to other trew,  
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,  
And eke, as pledges firme, right hands together joynd

Art r  
ed cross  
exchange  
gifts

- xix. Prince Arthur gave a boxe of Diamond sure,  
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,  
Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,  
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,  
That any wovnd could heale incontinent.  
Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight him gave  
A booke, wherein his Saveours testament  
Was writt with golden letters rich and brave:  
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to save.

wo  
part  
Lady (FQ?)  
stones R.C.K.  
ghy go  
well gain  
strength

- xx. Thus beene they parted; Arthur on his way  
To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight  
With Unaes foe, that all her realme did pray.  
But she, now weighing the decayed plight  
And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,  
Would not a while her forward course pursew,  
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,  
Till he recovered had his former hew;  
For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

- xxi. So as they traveild, lo! they gan espy  
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,  
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,  
Or other griesly thing that him aghast.  
Still as he fledd his eye was backward cast,  
As if his feare still followed him behynd:



Als flew his steed as he his bandes had brast,  
And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,  
As he had beene a fole of Pegasus his kynd.

*knight running  
in fear from  
something*

xxii. Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head  
To bee unarmd, and curld uncombed heares  
Upstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth dread:  
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,  
Nor life in limbe; and, to increase his feares,  
In fowle reproch of knighthoodes fayre degree,  
About his neck an hempen rope he weares, *in*  
That with his glistring armes does ill agree;  
But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

*unwounded  
in fear with  
rope around  
neck.*

xxiii. The Redcrosse knight toward him crossed fast,  
To weet what mister wight was so dismayd.  
There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,  
That of him selfe he seemd to be afrayd;  
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,  
Till he these wordes to him deliver might:  
“ Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,  
And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight?  
For never knight I saw in such misseeming plight.”

*comes  
to scored  
kn. asks  
why he  
runs*

xxiv. He answerd nought at all; but adding new  
Feare to his first amazement, staring wyde  
With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,  
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde  
Infernall furies with their chaines untyde.  
Him yett againe, and yett againe, bespake  
The gentle knight; who nought to him replyde;  
But, trembling every joynt, did inly quake,  
And foltring tongue, at last, these words seemd forth to  
shake;

*couldn't  
speak as if  
he'd seen  
a ghost*

xxv. “ For Gods deare love, Sir knight, doe me not stay;  
For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee.”  
Eft looking back would faine have runne away;  
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free  
The secrete cause of his perplexitie:  
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach  
Could his blood frozen hart emboldened bee,  
But through his boldnes rather feare did reach;  
Yett, forst, at last he made through silence suddein breach.

*speaks  
and says  
let me go  
hes after me  
R.H.K. want  
let him go  
without  
explaining*

xxvi. "And am I now in safetie sure," (quoth he) *if he's not*  
 "From him that would have forced me to dye?" *after me*  
 And is the point of death now turnd fro mee, *still I'll*  
 That I may tell this haplesse history?" *tell you*  
 "Fear nought," (quoth he) "no daunger now is nye." *my*  
 "Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace," *tale*  
 (Said he) "the which with this unlucky eye  
 I late beheld; and, had not greater grace  
 Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place."

xxvii. "I lately chaunst (Would I had never chaunst!) *I accompan*  
 With a fayre knight to keepen companee, *a knight*  
 Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst. *whose lady*  
 In all affayres, and was both bold and free; *joyed in*  
 But not so happy as mote happy bee: *seeing him*  
 He lov'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent *unhappy*  
 That him againe lov'd in the least degree;  
 For she was proud, and of too high intent,  
 And joyd to see her lover languish and lament:

xxviii. "From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse, *we meet*  
 As on the way together we did fare, *sneaky villan*  
 We met that villen, (God from him me blesse!) *who inquir*  
 That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare, *what we*  
A man of hell that calls himselfe Despayre: *seeked*  
 Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes  
 Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare:  
 So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,  
 Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

xxix. "Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts *despair*  
 Embost with bale, and bitter byting griefe, *depressed*  
 Which love had launched with his deadly darts, *with ord*  
 With wounding words, and termes of foule reprieft, *gone*  
 He pluckt from us all hope of dew reliefe, *rope and*  
 That earst us held in love of lingring life; *rusty*  
 Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe *knife*  
Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife:  
 To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife.

xxx. "With which sad instrument of hasty death,  
 That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,  
 A wyde way made to let forth living breath:

But I, more fearefull or more lucky wight,  
 Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,  
 Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare;  
 Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,  
 Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare;  
 But God you never let his charmed speaches heare!"

xxxI. "How may a man," (said he) "with idle speach  
 Be wonne to spoyle the Castle of his health?" *degreely*  
 "I wote," (quoth he) "whom tryall late did teach, *involuntarily*  
 That like would not for all this worldes wealth. *the body*  
 His subtile tong like dropping honny mealt'h *avoid it!*  
 Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine;  
 That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth  
 His powre is reft, and weaknes doth remaine.  
 O! never, Sir, desire to try his guilefull traine."

xxxII. "Certes," (sayd he) "hence shall I never rest,  
 Till I that treachours art have heard and tryde;  
 And you, Sir knight, whose name mote I request,  
 Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde."  
 "I, that hight Trevisan," (quoth he) "will ryde *I'll follow you anywhere except back to despair*  
 Against my liking backe to doe you grace:  
 But nor for gold nor glee will I abyde  
 By you, when ye arrive in that same place;  
 For lever had I die then see his deadly face."

xxxIII. Ere long they come where that same wicked wight  
 His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,  
 For underneath a craggy cliff ypyght, *with a place*  
 Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave, *an owl*  
 That still for carrion carcasses doth crave: *that scares people*  
 On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly Owle,  
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave  
 Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;  
 And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and howle.

xxxIV. And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,  
 Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,  
 Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;  
 On which had many wretches hanged beene,  
 Whose carcasses were scattred on the greene,  
 And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,

sent back to  
lots of  
dead stuff

That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,  
Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare;  
But th' other forst him stayer, and comforted in feare.

go to  
cave  
esc. of  
despair

xxxv. That darkesome cave they enter, where they find  
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,  
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind:  
His griesie lockes, long growen and unbound,  
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,  
And hid his face, through which his hollow eyne  
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;  
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,  
Were shronke into his jawes, as he did never dyne.

with him  
dead  
recently  
ed by  
rusty  
knife

xxxvi. His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,  
With thornes together pind and patched was,  
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;  
And him beside there lay upon the gras  
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,  
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,  
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!  
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,  
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

KK  
says despair  
must explain  
self

xxxvii. Which piteous spectacle, approving trew  
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,  
Whenas the gentle Redcrosse knight did vew,  
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold  
Him to avenge before his blood were cold,  
And to the villein sayd; "Thou damned wight,  
The authour of this fact we here behold,  
What justice can but judge against thee right,  
With thine owne blood to price his blood, here shed in  
sight?"

to persons  
in despair  
at kills  
en + guilt

xxxviii. "What franticke fit," (quoth he) "hath thus distraught  
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?  
What justice ever other judgement taught,  
But he should dye who merites not to live?  
None els to death this man despayring drive  
But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.  
Is then unjust to each his dew to give?  
Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath,  
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath?"

xxxix. "Who travails by the wearie wandring way,  
 To come unto his wished home in haste,  
 And meetes a flood that doth his passage stay,  
 Is not great grace to helpe him over past,  
 Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?  
 Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good;  
 And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast!  
 Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood  
 Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas the flood?"

xl. "He there does now enjoy eternall rest  
 And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,  
 And further from it daily wanderest:  
 What if some little payne the passage have,  
 That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave,  
 Is not short payne well borne, that brings long ease,  
 And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?  
 Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,  
 Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."

xli. The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,  
 And sayd; "The terme of life is limited,  
 Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it:  
 The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,  
 Nor leave his stand untill his Captaine bed."  
 "Who life did limit by almightie doome,"  
 (Quoth he) "knowes best the termes established;  
 And he, that points the Centonell his roome,  
 Doth license him depart at sound of morning droomc."

xl.ii. "Is not his deed, what ever thing is donne  
 In heaven and earth? Did not he all create  
 To die againe? All ends that was begonne:  
 Their times in his eternall booke of fate  
 Are written sure, and have their certein date.  
 Who then can strive with strong necessitie,  
 That holds the world in his still chaunging state,  
 Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie?  
 When houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor  
 why.

xl.iii. "The lenger life, I wote, the greater sin;  
 The greater sin, the greater punishment:  
 All those great battels, which thou boasts to win



is your  
be pure?  
he you  
at killed

Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,  
Now prayst, hereafter deare thou shalt repent;  
For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.  
Is not enough thy evill life forespent?  
For he that once hath missed the right way,  
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

XLIV. "Then doe no further goe, no further stray,  
But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,  
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may;  
For what hath life that may it loved make,  
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?  
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,  
Payne, hunger, cold that makes the hart to quake,  
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife;  
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome life.

I be  
suckles

you  
need  
with now

XLV. "Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,  
If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state;  
For never knight, that dared warlike deed,  
More luckless dissaventures did amate:  
Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late  
Thy life shutt up for death so oft did call;  
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,  
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,  
Into the which hereafter thou maist happen fall.

accuses  
in of  
any cruel  
to women

XLVI. "Why then doest thou, O man of sin! desire  
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?  
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire  
High heaped up with huge iniquitee,  
Against the day of wrath to burden thee?  
Is not enough, that to this Lady mild  
Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjuree  
And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa yild,  
With whom in al abuse thou hast thy selfe defild?

XLVII. "Is not he just, that all this doth behold  
From highest heaven, and beares an equall eie?  
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,  
And guilty be of thine impietie?  
Is not his lawe, Let every sinner die;  
Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be donne,



Is it not better to doe willinglie, *but you trust god*  
 Then linger till the glas be all out ronne? *he judge you?*  
 Death is the end of woes: die soone, O faeries sonne!"

XLVIII. The knight was much enmoved with his speech,  
 That as a swords poynt through his hart did perse, *despair*  
 And in his conscience made a secrete breach, *settling in*  
 Well knowing trew all that he did reherse, *on RCK*  
 And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse *he begins*  
 The ugly vew of his deformed crimes; *to Q self*  
 That all his manly powres it did disperse,  
 As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes;  
 That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

XLIX. In which amazement when the Miscreant  
 Perceived him to waver, weake and fraile,  
 Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,  
 And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;  
 To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile, *pushed him more*  
 Hee shewd him, painted in a table plaine,  
 The damned ghosts that doe in torments waile,  
 And thousand feends that doe them endlesse paine  
 With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

L. The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid,  
 That nought but death before his eies he saw,  
 And ever burning wrath before him laid,  
 By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes law. *despair brought weapons with which*  
 Then gan the villein him to overcrow, *kill self*  
 And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire, *RCK would kill self*  
 And all that might him to perdition draw;  
 And bad him choose what death he would desire;  
 For death was dew to him that had provokt Gods ire.

LI. But, whenas none of them he saw him take, *RCK choses none so*  
 He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene, *despair gave him dagger*  
 And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake  
 And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,  
 And troubled blood through his pale face was seene  
 To come and goe with tidings from the heart, *he lifts it then ...*  
 As it a ronning messenger had beene.  
 At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,  
 He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

LII. Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine *Una loves*  
 The crudled cold ran to her well of life, *him and says*  
 As in a swowne: but, soone reliv'd againe,  
 Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife, *is this what*  
 And threw it to the ground, enraged rife, *you came*  
 And to him said; "Fie, fie, faint hearted Knight! *for?*  
 What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?  
 Is this the battaile which thou vauntst to fight  
 With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?"

*come away*  
*on here*  
*are weak*  
*man you*  
*11 strengthen*  
 LIII. "Come; come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,  
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,  
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright:  
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?  
Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art?  
Where justice growes, there grows eke greater grace,  
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,  
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.  
Arise, sir Knight; arise, and leave this cursed place."

*7*  
*work*  
*ses to*  
*11 self hat*  
*ds up in*  
*emity*  
 LIV. So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.  
 Which when the carle beheld, and saw his gues  
 Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight,  
 He chose an halter from among the rest,  
 And with it hong him selfe, unbid, unblest.  
 But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;  
 For thousand times he so him selfe had drest,  
 Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,  
Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

## CANTO X

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings  
To house of Holinesse;  
 Where he is taught repentaunce, and  
 The way to heavenly blesse.

- I. WHAT man is he, that boasts of fleshly might  
 And vaine assuraunce of mortality,  
 Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight  
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,  
 Or from the fielde most cowardly doth fly!  
 Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,  
 That thorough grace hath gained victory:  
If any strength we have, it is to ill,  
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.
- II. By that which lately hapned Una saw  
 That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;  
 And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,  
 Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,  
 Which he endured in his late restraint,  
 That yet he was unfitt for bloody fight.  
 Therefore, to cherish him with diets daint,  
 She cast to bring him where he chearen might,  
 Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.
- III. There was an auncient house nor far away,  
 Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore  
 And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,  
 It governd was, and guided evermore,  
Through wisdom of a matrone grave and hore;  
Whose onely joy was to relieve the needes  
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore:  
 All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,  
 And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.
- IV. Dame Cælia men did her call, as thought  
 From heaven to come, or thither to arise;  
 The mother of three daughters, well upbrought

*predestinarian  
 implications*

*Calvinism*

In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:  
 The eldest two, most sober, chaste, and wise,  
 Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were;  
 Though spoused, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;  
 But faire Charissa to a lovely fere  
 Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

v. Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt,  
 For it was warely watched night and day,  
 For feare of many foes; but, when they knockt,  
 The Porter opened unto them streight way.  
 He was an aged syre, all hory gray,  
 With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,  
 Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,  
 Hight Humiltá. They passe in, stouping low;  
 ♣ For streight and narrow was the way which he did show.

vi. Each goodly thing is hardest to begin;  
 But, entred in, a spatious court they see,  
 Both plaine and pleasaunt to be walked in;  
 Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,  
 And entertaines with comely courteous glee;  
 His name was Zele, that him right well became:  
 For in his speaches and behaviour hee  
 Did labour lively to expresse the same,  
 And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

vii. There fayrely them receives a gentle Squyre,  
 Of myld demeanure and rare courtesee,  
 Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre;  
 In word and deede that shewd great modestee,  
 And knew his good to all of each degree,  
 Hight Reverence. He them with speaches meet  
 Does faire entreat; no courting nicetee,  
 ♣ But simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,  
 As might become a Squyre so great persons to greet.

viii. And afterwarde them to his Dame he leades,  
 That aged Dame, the Lady of the place,  
 Who all this while was busy at her beades;  
 Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,  
 And toward them full matronely did pace.  
 Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,


Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race, †  
Her heart with joy unwonted inly sweld,  
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld:

ix. And, her embracing, said; "O happy earth,  
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread!  
Most vertuous virgin, borne of heavenly berth,  
That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head  
From tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,  
Hast wandred through the world now long a day,  
Yett ceassest not thy weary soles to lead;  
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way? †  
Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither stray?

x. "Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see  
Here in this place; or any other wight,  
That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee,  
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right:  
All keepe the broad high way, and take delight  
With many rather for to goe astray,  
And be partakers of their evill plight,  
Then with a few to walke the rightest way.  
O foolish men! why hast ye to your own decay? "

xi. "Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,  
O matrone sage," (quoth she) "I hither came;  
And this good knight his way with me addrest,  
Ledd with thy prayses, and broad-blazed fame,  
That up to heaven is blowne." The auncient Dame  
Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,  
And entertheynd them both, as best became,  
With all the court'sies that she could devyse,  
Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

xii. Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges devise,  
Loe! two most goodly virgins came in place,  
Ylinked arme in arme in lovely wise:  
With countenance demure, and modest grace,  
They numbred even steps and equall pace;  
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,  
Like sunny beames threw from her Christall face  
That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,  
And round about her head did shine like heavens light.

XIII. She was araied all in lilly white,  
 And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,  
 With wine and water fild up to the hight,   
 In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,  
 That horroure made to all that did behold;  
 But she no whitt did chaunge her constant mood:  
 And in her other hand she fast did hold  
 A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood;  
 Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be understood.

XIV. Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,  
 Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well;  
 Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,  
 As was her sister: whether dread did dwell  
 Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell.  
 Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,  
 Whereon she leaned ever, as befell;  
 And ever up to heven, as she did pray,  
 Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

xv. They, seeing Una, towardes her gan wend,  
 Who them encounters with like courtesee;  
 Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,  
 And greatly joy each other for to see:  
 Then to the knight with shamefast modestie  
 They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke request,  
 And him salute with well beseeming glee;  
 Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,  
 And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

xvi. Then Una thus: "But she, your sister deare,  
 The deare Charissa, where is she become?  
 Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?"  
 "Ah! no," said they, "but forth she may not come;  
 For she of late is lightned of her wombe,  
 And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,  
 That her to see should be but troublesome."  
 "Indeed," (quoth she) "that should her trouble sore;  
 But thankt be God, and her encrease so evermore!"

xvii. Then said the aged Cælia, "Deare dame,  
 And you, good Sir, I wote that of youre toyle  
 And labors long, through which ye hither came,



Ye both forwearied be: therefore, a while  
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.”  
 Then called she a Groome, that forth him ledd  
 Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile  
 Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd.  
 His name was meeke Obedience, rightfully aredd.

xviii. Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,  
 And bodies were refresht with dew repast,  
 Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,  
 To have her knight into her schoolehous plaste,  
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,  
And heare the wisdom of her wordes divine.  
 She graunted; and that knight so much agraste,  
 That she him taught celestiall discipline,  
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

xix. And that her sacred Booke, with blood ywritt,  
 That none could reade except she did them teach,  
 She unto him disclosed every whitt;  
 And heavenly documents thereout did preach,  
 That weaker witt of man could never reach;  
 Of God; of grace; of justice; of free-will; †  
 That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:  
 For she was hable with her wordes to kill,  
 And rayse againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

xx. And, when she list poure out her larger spright,  
 She would commaund the hasty Sunne to stay,  
 Or backward turne his course from hevens hight:  
 Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay;  
 Dry-shod to passe she parts the fouds in tway;  
 And eke huge mountaines from their native seat  
 She would commaund themselves to beare away,  
 And throw in raging sea with roaring threat.  
 † Almightye God her gave such powre and puissaunce great.

xxi. The faithfull knight now grew in little space,  
 By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,  
 To such perfection of all heavenly grace,  
 That wretched world he gan for to abhore,  
 And mortall life gan loath as thing forlore,  
 Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,

And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,  
That he desirde to end his wretched dayes:  
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

xxii. But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet, +  
And taught him how to take assured hold  
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;  
Els had his sinnes, so great and manifold,  
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.  
In this distressed doubtfull agony,  
When him his dearest Una did behold  
Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,  
She found her selfe assayld with great perplexity;

xxiii. And came to Cælia to declare her smart;  
Who, well acquainted with that commune plight,  
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,  
Her wisely comforted all that she might,  
With goodly counsell and advisement right;  
And streightway sent with carefull diligence,  
To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight  
In that disease of grieved conscience,  
And well could cure the same: His name was Patience.

xxiv. Who, comming to that sowle-diseased knight,  
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief:  
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heavie spright  
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief  
Of salves and med'cines, which had passing prief;  
And thereto added wordes of wondrous might.  
By which to ease he him recured brief,  
And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,  
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

xxv. But yet the cause and root of all his ill,  
Inward corruption and infected sin,  
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,  
And festring sore did ranckle yett within,  
Close creeping twixt the marow and the skin:  
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily  
Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,  
Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,  
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

- xxvi. In ashes and sackcloth he did array  
 His daintie corse, proud humors to abate;  
 And dieted with fasting every day,  
 The swelling of his woundes to mitigate;  
 And made him pray both earely and eke late:  
 And ever, as superfluous flesh did rott,  
 Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,  
 To pluck it out with pincers fyrie whott,  
 That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted jott. †
- xxvii. And bitter Penaunce, with an yron whip,  
 Was wont him once to disple every day:  
 And sharp Remorse his hart did prick and nip,  
 That drops of blood thence like a well did play:  
 And sad Repentance used to embay  
 His blamefull body in salt water sore,  
 The filthy blottes of sin to wash away.  
So in short space they did to health restore  
The man that would not live, but erst lay at deatthes dore.
- xxviii. In which his torment often was so great,  
 That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,  
 And rend his flesh, and his owne synewes eat.  
 His owne deare Una, hearing evermore  
 His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore  
 Her guiltlesse garments and her golden heare,  
 For pittie of his payne and anguish sore:  
 † Yet all with patience wisely she did beare,  
For well she wist his cryme could els be never cleare.
- xxix. Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience  
 And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought;  
 Who, joyous of his cured conscience,  
 Him dearely kist, and fayrely eke besought  
 Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought  
 To put away out of his carefull brest.  
 By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,  
 Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest:  
 To her fayre Una brought this unacquainted guest.
- xxx. She was a woman in her freshest age,  
 Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,  
 With goodly grace and comely personage,

That was on earth not easie to compare;  
Full of great love, but Cupids wanton snare  
 As hell she hated; chaste in worke and will:  
 Her necke and brests were ever open bare,  
 That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;  
 The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

xxxI. A multitude of babes about her hong,  
 Playing their sportes, that joyd her to behold;  
 Whom still she fed whiles they were weake and young,  
 + But thrust them forth still as they waxed old:  
 And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,  
 Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,  
 Whose passing price uneath was to be told:  
 And by her syde there sate a gentle payre,  
 Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory chayre.

xxxII. The knight and Una entring fayre her greet,  
 And bid her joy of that her happy brood;  
 Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,  
 And entertaynes with friendly chearefull mood.  
 Then Una her besought, to be so good  
 + As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,  
 Now after all his torment well withstood  
 In that sad house of Penaunce, where his spright  
 Had past the paines of hell and long-enduring night.

xxxIII. She was right joyous of her just request;  
 And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,  
 Gan him instruct in everie good behest,  
Of love, and righteousness, and well to donne;  
 And wrath and hatred warely to shonne,  
 That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,  
 And many soules in dolours had fordonne:  
 In which when him she well instructed hath,  
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

xxxIV. Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guyde,  
 An auncient matrone she to her does call,  
 Whose sober lookes her wisdom well descryde:  
 Her name was Mercy; well knowne over-all  
 To be both gracious and eke liberall:  
 To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,

To leade aright, that he should never fall +  
 In all his waies through this wide worldes wave;  
 That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.

xxxv. The godly Matrone by the hand him beares  
 Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,  
 Scattered with bushy thornes and ragged breares, +  
 Which still before him she remov'd away,  
That nothing might his ready passage stay:  
 And ever, when his feet encombred were,  
 Or gan to shrink, or from the right to stray,  
 She held him fast, and firmly did upbeare,  
 As carefull Nourse her child from falling oft does reare.

xxxvi. Eftsoones unto an holy Hospitall,  
 That was foreby the way, she did him bring;  
 In which seven Bead-men, that had vowed all  
 Their life to service of high heavens King,  
 Did spend their daies in doing godly thing.  
 Their gates to all were open evermore,  
 That by the wearie way were travelling;  
 And one sate wayting ever them before,  
 To call in commers-by that needy were and pore.

xxxvii. The first of them, that eldest was and best,  
 Of all the house had charge and government,  
 As Guardian and Steward of the rest.  
 His office was to give entertainment  
 And lodging unto all that came and went;  
 Not unto such as could him feast againe,  
 And double quite for that he on them spent;  
 But such as want of harbour did constraîne:  
 Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

xxxviii. The second was as Almner of the place:  
 + His office was the hungry for to feed,  
 And thirsty give to drinke; a worke of grace.  
He feard not once himselfe to be in need,  
Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede:  
 The grace of God he layd up still in store,  
 Which as a stocke he left unto his seede.  
 He had enough; what need him care for more?  
 And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore



xxxix. The third had of their wardrobe custody,  
 In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,  
 The plumes of pride, and winges of vanity,  
 + But clothes meet to keepe keene cold away,  
 And naked nature seemely to aray;  
 With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,  
 The images of God in earthly clay;  
 And, if that no spare clothes to give he had,  
 His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

xl. The fourth appointed by his office was .  
 Poore prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,  
 And captives to redeeme with price of bras  
 From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd:  
 And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,  
 + That God to us forgiveth every howre  
 Much more then that why they in bands were layd;  
 And he, that harrowd hell with heaue stowre,  
 The faulty soules from thence brought to his heavenly  
 bowre.

xli. The fift had charge sick persons to attend,  
 And comfort those in point of death which lay;  
 For them most needeth comfort in the end,  
 When sin, and hell, and death, doe most dismay  
 The feeble soule departing hence away.  
 (All is but lost, that living we bestow,  
 If not well ended at our dying day.  
O man! have mind of that last bitter throw;  
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

xlII. The sixt had charge of them now being dead,  
 In seemely sort their corsers to engrave,  
 And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,  
 That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave  
 They might appeare, when he their soules shall save.  
 The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,  
 Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and gave  
 All in his hand, even dead we honour should.  
 Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be not defould!

xlIII. The seventh, now after death and buriall done,  
 Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead  
 And wydowes ayd, least they should be undone:



In face of judgement he their right would plead,  
 Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread  
 In their defence; nor would for gold or fee  
 Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread;  
 And, when they stood in most necessitee,  
 He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

XLIV. There when the Elfin knight arrived was,  
 The first and chieftest of the seven, whose care  
 Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas;  
 Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare  
 And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare  
 He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,  
 And seemely welcome for her did prepare:  
 For of their order she was Patronesse,  
 Albe Charissa were their chieftest founderesse.

XLV. There she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest,  
 That to the rest more hable he might bee;  
 During which time, in every good behest,  
 And godly worke of Almes and charitee,  
 Shee him instructed with great industree.  
Shortly therein so perfect he became,  
That, from the first unto the last degree,  
His mortall life he learned had to frame  
In holy righteousness, without rebuke or blame.

XLVI. Thence forward by that painfull way they pas  
 Forth to an hill that was both steepe and hy,  
 On top whereof a sacred chappell was,  
 And eke a litle Hermitage thereby,  
 Wherein an aged holy man did lie,  
 That day and night said his devotion,  
 Ne other worldly business did apply:  
 His name was heavenly Contemplation;  
 Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

XLVII. Great grace that old man to him given had;  
 † For God he often saw from heavens hight:  
 All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,  
 And through great age had lost their kindly sight,  
 † Yet wondrous quick and persaunt was his spright,  
 As Eagles eie that can behold the Sunne.

That hill they scale with all their powre and might,  
 That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,  
 Gan faile; but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

XLVIII. There they doe finde that godly aged Sire,  
 With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed;  
 As hoary frost with spangles doth attire  
 The mossy braunches of an Oke halfe ded.  
 Each bone might through his body well be red  
 And every sinew seene, through his long fast:  
 For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed;  
 His mind was full of spiritual repast,  
 And pyn'd his flesh to keepe his body low and chast.

XLIX. Who, when these two approching he aspide,  
 At their first presence grew agrieved sore,  
 That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside;  
 And had he not that Dame respected more,  
 Whom highly he did reverence and adore,  
 He would not once have moved for the knight.  
 They him saluted, standing far afore,  
 Who, well them greeting, humbly did requight,  
 And asked to what end they clomb that tedious hight?

L. "What end," (quoth she) "should cause us take such paine,  
 But that same end, which every living wight  
 Should make his marke high heaven to attaine?  
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right  
To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright  
 With burning starres and everliving fire,  
 Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight  
 By wise Fidelia? Shee doth thee require,  
 To shew it to this knight, according his desire."

LI. "Thrise happy man," said then the father grave,  
 "Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,  
 And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save!  
 Who better can the way to heaven aread  
 Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred  
 In heavenly throne, where thousand Angels shine?  
 Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead  
 Present before the majesty divine,  
 And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

- LII. " Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe donne.  
 Then come, thou man of earth, and see the way,  
 That never yet was seene of Faeries sonne;  
That never leads the traveler astray,  
 But after labors long and sad delay,  
 Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse blis.  
But first thou must a season fast and pray,  
 Till from her hands the spright assoiled is,  
 And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.
- LIII. " That done, he leads him to the highest Mount,  
 Such one as that same mighty man of God,  
 That blood-red billowes, like a walled front,  
 On either side disparted with his rod,  
 Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,  
 Dwelt forty daies upon; where, writt in stone  
 With bloody letters by the hand of God,  
 The bitter doome of death and balefull mone  
 He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone:
- LIV. Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,  
 Adorn'd with fruitfull Olives all arownd,  
 Is, as it were for endlesse memory  
 Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,  
 For ever with a flowring girlond crown'd:  
 Or like that pleasaunt Mount, that is for ay  
 Through famous Poets verse each where renown'd,  
 On which the thrise three learned Ladies play  
 Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.
- LV. From thence, far off he unto him did shew  
 A little path that was both steepe and long,  
 Which to a goodly City led his vew,  
 Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong  
 Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong  
 Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;  
 Too high a ditty for my simple song.  
 The City of the greate king hight it well,  
 Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.
- LVI. As he thereon stood gazing, he might see  
 The blessed Angels to and fro descend  
 From highest heven in gladsome companee,

And with great joy into that Citty wend,  
 As commonly as frend does with his friend. +  
 Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,  
 What stately building durst so high extend  
 Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,  
 And what unknownen nation there empeopled were?

LVII. "Faire Knight," (quoth he) "Hierusalem that is,  
 The new Hierusalem, that God has built  
 + For those to dwell in that are chosen his,  
 His chosen people, purg'd from sinful guilt  
 With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt  
 On cursed tree, of that unspotted lam,  
 That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt:  
 Now are they Saints all in that Citty sam,  
 More dear unto their God then younglings to their dam."

*He chose  
 England  
 as the Jews*

LVIII. "Till now," said then the knight, "I weened well,  
 That great Cleopolis, where I have beene,  
 In which that fairest Faery Queene doth dwell,  
 The fairest citty was that might be seene;  
 And that bright towre, all built of christall clene,  
 Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that was;  
 But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene,  
 For this great Citty that does far surpas,  
 And this bright Angels towre quite dims that towre of glas."

LIX. "Most trew," then said the holy aged man;  
 "Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,  
 The fairest peece that eie beholden can;  
 And well beseemes all knights of noble name,  
 That covett in th' immortal booke of fame  
 To be eternized, that same to haunt,  
 And doen their service to that soveraigne Dame,  
 That glory does to them for guerdon graunt:  
 + For she is hevenly borne, and heaven may justly vaunt.

LX. "And thou, faire ymp, sprong out from English race,  
 How ever now accompted Elfins sonne,  
 Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,  
 To aide a virgin desolate, foredonne;  
 But when thou famous victory hast wonne,  
 And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,

Thenceforth the suitt of earthly conquest shonne,  
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:

+ For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows yield.

LXI. "Then seek this path that I to thee presage,  
Which after all to heaven shall thee send;  
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage  
To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,  
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end: *St. George*  
For thou, emongst those Saints whom thou doest see,  
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations frend  
And Patrone: thou *Saint George* shalt called bee,  
*Saint George* of mery *England*, the signe of victoree."

LXII. "Unworthy wretch," (quoth he) "of so great grace,  
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?"  
"These, that have it attaynd, were in like cace,  
As wretched men, and lived in like paine."  
"But deeds of armes must I at last be faine  
And Ladies love to leave, so dearely bought?"  
"What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,"  
(Said he) "and bitter battailes all are fought?"  
+ As for loose loves, they are vaine, and vanish into nought."

LXIII. "O! let me not," (quoth he) "then turne againe  
Backe to the world, whose joyes so fruitlesse are;  
But let me heare for aie in peace remaine,  
Or streightway on that last long voiage fare,  
That nothing may my present hope empare."  
"That may not be," (said he) "ne maist thou yitt  
Forgoe that royal maides bequeathed care,  
Who did her cause into thy hand committ, +  
Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quitt."

LXIV. "Then shall I soone," (quoth he) "so God me grace,  
Abett that virgins cause disconsolate,  
And shortly back returne unto this place,  
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.  
But now aread, old father, why of late  
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,  
Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?"  
"That word shall I," (said he) "avouchen good,  
Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood.



LXV. "For, well I wote, thou springst from ancient race  
Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,  
 And many bloody battailes fought in face,  
 High reard their royall throne in Britans land,  
 And vanquisht them, unable to withstand:  
 From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,  
 There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,  
 And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:  
 Such, men do Chaungelings call, so chaung'd by Faeries  
 theft.

LXVI. "Thence she thee brought into this Faery lond,  
 And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde;  
 Where thee a Ploughman all unweeting fond,  
 As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,  
 And brought thee up in ploughmans state to byde,  
 Whereof Georgos he thee gave to name;  
 Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,  
 To Faery court thou cam'st to seek for fame,  
 And prove thy puissant armes, as seemes thee best became."

LXVII. "O holy Sire!" (quoth he) "how shall I quight  
 The many favours I with thee have fownd,  
 That hast my name and nation redd aright,  
 And taught the way that does to heaven bownd!"  
 This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd  
 To have returnd; but dazed were his eyne  
 Through passing brightnes, which did quite confound  
 His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.  
 + So darke are earthly thinges compar'd to things divine.

LXVIII. At last, whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,  
 To Una back he cast him to retyre,  
 Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.  
 Great thanks, and goodly meed, to that good syre  
 He thens departing gave for his paynes hyre  
 So came to Una, who him joyd to see;  
 And, after litle rest, gan him desyre  
 Of her adventure myndfull for to bee.  
 So leave they take of Cælia and her daughters three.



## CANTO XI

The knight with that old Dragon fights  
Two days incessantly:  
The third him overthrowes, and gayns  
Most glorious victory.

- I. HIGH time now gan it wex for Una fayre  
To thinke of those her captive Parents deare,  
And their forwasted kingdom to repayre:  
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,  
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,  
And in her modest maner thus bespake:  
“ Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,  
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,  
High heven behold the tedious toyle ye for me take!
- II. “ Now are we come unto my native soyle,  
And to the place where all our perilles dwell;  
Here hauntes that feend, and does his dayly spoyle;  
Therefore, henceforth, bee at your keeping well,  
And ever ready for your foeman fell:  
The sparke of noble corage now awake,  
And strive your excellent selfe to excell:  
That shall ye evermore renowmed make  
Above all knights on earth, that batteill undertake.”
- III. And pointing forth, “ Lo! yonder is,” (said she)  
“ The brasen towre, in which my parents deare  
For dread of that huge feend emprisond be;  
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,  
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare:  
And on the top of all I do espye  
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare;  
That, (O my Parents!) might I happily  
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery! ”
- IV. With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd, †  
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,  
And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast ground.

Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espyde,  
 Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side  
 Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill:  
 But, all so soone as he from far descryde  
 Those glistring armes that heven with light did fill,  
 He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them untill.

v. Then badd the knight his Lady yede aloof,  
 And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde;  
 From whence she might behold that battailles proof,  
 And eke be safe from daunger far descryde.  
 She him obayd, and turned a little wyde.—  
 Now, O thou sacred Muse! most learned Dame,  
 Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged bryde,  
 The Nourse of time and everlasting fame,  
 That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall name;

vi. O! gently come into my feeble brest;  
 Come gently, but not with that mightie rage,  
 Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,  
 And hartes of great Heroës doest enrage,  
 That nought their kindled corage may aswage:  
 Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,  
 The God of warre with his fiers equipage  
 Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd;  
 And scared nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

vii. Fayre Goddesse, lay that furious fitt asyde,  
 Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing, —  
 And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,  
 Twixt that great faery Queene and Paynim king,  
 That with their horror heven and earth did ring;  
 A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse:  
 But now a while lett downe that haughtie string,  
 And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,  
 That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

viii. By this, the dreadful Beast drew nigh to hand,  
 Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,  
 That with his largenesse measured much land,  
 And made wide shadow under his huge waste,  
 As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.  
 Approching nigh, he reared high afore

His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste;  
Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,  
Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and with bloody gore;

ix. And over all with brasen scales was armd,  
Like plated cote of steele, so couched neare  
That nought mote perce; ne might his corse bee harmd  
With dint of swerd, nor push of pointed speare:  
Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,  
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight;  
So shaked he, that horror was to heare:  
For as the clashing of an Armor bright, —  
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the knight.

x. His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,  
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd  
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:  
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,  
Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas lynd;  
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,  
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,  
The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,  
And all the hevens stood still amazed with his threat.

xi. His huge long tayle, wovnd up in hundred foldes,  
Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,  
Whose wreathed boughtes when ever he unfolds,  
And thick entangled knots adown does slack,  
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,  
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,  
And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;  
And at the point two stinges in fixed arre,  
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

xii. But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed  
The sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes:  
Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed, †  
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,  
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.  
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell  
Does tremble; for his deepe devouring jawes  
Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,  
Through which into his darke abysses all ravin fell.

- xiii. And, that more wondrous was, in either jaw  
 Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,  
 In which yett trickling blood, and gobbets raw,  
 Of late deuoured bodies did appeare,  
 That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare;  
 Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,  
 A cloud of smothering smoke, and sulphure seare,  
 Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,  
 That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.
- xiv. His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,  
 Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre:  
 As two broad Beacons, sett in open fieldes,  
 Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,  
 And warning give that enimies conspyre  
 With fire and sword the region to invade:  
 So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre;  
 But far within, as in a hollow glade,  
 Those glaring lampes were sett that made a dreadfull shade.
- xv. So dreadfully he towardses him did pas,  
 Forelifting up a-loft his speckled brest,  
 And often bounding on the brused gras,  
 As for great ioyance of his newcome guest. †  
 Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,  
 As chauffed Bore his bristles doth upreare;  
 And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,  
 That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake for feare,  
 As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neare.
- xvi. The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,  
 And fiersely ran at him with rigorous might:  
 The pointed steele, arriuing rudely theare,  
 His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,  
 But, glauncing by, foorth passed forward right.  
 Yet sore amoued with so puissaunt push,  
 The wrathfull beast about him turned light,  
 And him so rudely, passing by, did brush  
 With his long taylor, that horse and man to ground did rush.
- xvii. Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,  
 And fresh encounter towardses him addrest;  
 But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,

And found no place his deadly point to rest.  
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious Beast,  
 To be avenged of so great despatch;  
 For never felt his imperceable brest  
 So wondrous force from hand of living wight;  
 Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

xviii. Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde,  
 Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,  
 And with strong flight did forcibly divyde  
 The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found  
 Her flitting parts, and element unsound,  
 To beare so great a weight: he, cutting way  
 With his broad sayles, about him soared round;  
 At last, low stouping with unweldy sway,  
 Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

xix. Long he them bore above the subject plaine,  
 So far as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,  
 Till struggling strong did him at last constraine  
 To let them downe before his flightes end:  
 As hagdard hauke, presuming to contend  
 With hardy fowle above his hable might,  
 His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend  
 To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight;  
 Which, comming down to ground, does free it selfe by fight.

xx. He so disseized of his gryping grosse,  
 The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd  
 In his bras-plated body to embosse,  
 And three mens strength unto the stroake he layd;  
 Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as affrayd,  
 And glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde  
 Close under his left wing, then broad displayd:  
 The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,  
 That with the uncouth smart the Monster lowdly cryde.

xxi. He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore  
 When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat;  
 The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,  
 As they the earth would shoulder from her seat;  
 And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat  
 His neighbour element in his revenge:

Then gin the blustering brethren boldly threat  
 To move the world from off his stedfast henge,  
 And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge.

xxii. The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,  
 Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,  
 And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh  
 A gushing river of blacke gory blood,  
 That drowned all the land whereon he stood;  
 The streame thereof would drive a water-mill: †  
 Trebly augmented was his furious mood  
 With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,  
 That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nosethril.

xxiii. His hideous taylor then hurled he about,  
 And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes  
 Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout  
 Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes,  
 Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,  
 That to the ground he is perforce constraynd  
 To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse  
 From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,  
 For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd;

xxiv. And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,  
 With which he stroke so furious and so fell,  
 That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand:  
 Upon his crest the hardned yron fell,  
 But his more hardned crest was armd so well,  
 † That deeper dint therein it would not make;  
 Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,  
 That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,  
 But when he saw them come he did them still forsake.

xxv. The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,  
 And smot againe with more outrageous might;  
 But backe againe the sparcling steele recoyld,  
 And left not any marke where it did light,  
 As if in Adamant rocke it had beene pight.  
 The beast, impatient of his smarting wound  
 And of so fierce and forcible despight,  
 Thought with his winges to styte above the ground;  
 † But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.



- xxvi. Then full of grieve and anguish vehement,  
 He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard;  
 And from his wide devouring oven sent  
 A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard  
 Him all amazd, and almost made afeard:  
 The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,  
 And through his armour all his body seard,  
 That he could not endure so cruell cace,  
 But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.
- xxvii. Not that great Champion of the antique world,  
 Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth vaunt,  
 And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,  
 So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,  
 When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt,  
 When Centaures blood and bloody verses charmd;  
 As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,  
 Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him armd;  
 That erst him goodly armd, now most of all him harmd.
- xxviii. Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent,  
 With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward fire,  
 That never man such mischiefes did torment:  
 Death better were; death did he oft desire,  
 But death will never come when needes require. +  
 Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,  
 He cast to suffer him no more respire,  
 But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,  
 And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.
- xxix. It fortun'd, (as fayre it then befell)  
 Behynd his backe, unweeting, where he stood,  
 Of auncient time there was a springing well,  
 From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,  
 Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good:  
 Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got  
 That happy land, and all with innocent blood  
 Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot  
 The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot:
- xxx. For unto life the dead it could restore,  
 And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;  
 Those that with sicknesse were infected sore

It could recure; and aged long decay  
 Renew, as one were borne that very day.  
 Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excell,  
 And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau;  
 Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well:  
 Into the same the knight back overthrowen fell.

xxxI. Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe  
 His fierie face in billowes of the west,  
 And his faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,  
 Whiles from their journall labours they did rest;  
 When that infernall Monster, having kest  
 His wearie foe into that living well,  
 Gan high advaunce his broad discoloured brest  
 Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,  
 And clapt his yron wings as victor he did dwell.

xxxII. Which when his pensive Lady saw from farre,  
 Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,  
 As weening that the sad end of the warre;  
 And gan to highest God entirely pray  
 That feared chaunce from her to turne away:  
 With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,  
 All night shée watcht, ne once adowne would lay  
 Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,  
 But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

xxxIII. The morrow next gan earely to appeare,  
 That Titan rose to runne his daily race;  
 But earely, ere the morrow next gan reare  
 Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,  
 Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,  
 And looked all about, if she might spy  
 Her loved knight to move his manly pace:  
 For she had great doubt of his safety,  
 Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

xxxIV. At last she saw where he upstarted brave  
 Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay:  
 As Eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,  
 Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,  
 And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,  
 Like Eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,

His newly-budded pineons to assay,  
And marveiles at himselfe stil as he flies:  
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

xxxv. Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy  
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,  
And doubted whether his late enemy  
It were, or other new supplied knight.  
He now, to prove his late-renewed might,  
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,  
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,  
That to the scull a yawning wound it made:  
The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid. —

xxxvi. I wote not whether the revenging steele  
Were hardned with that holy water dew  
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,  
Or his baptized hands now greater grew,  
Or other secret vertue did ensew;  
Els never could the force of fleshly arme,  
Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew;  
For till that stownd could never wight him harme  
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

xxxvii. The cruell wound enraged him so sore,  
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;  
As hundred ramping Lions seemd to rore,  
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine:  
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,  
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,  
That to his force to yelden it was faine;  
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,  
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

xxxviii. The same advauncing high above his head,  
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott,  
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead;  
Ne living wight would have him life behott:  
The mortall sting his angry needle shott  
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,  
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott:  
The grieve thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,  
Ne might his rancling paine with patience be appeasd.

xxxix. But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare  
 Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,  
 From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,  
 And strove to loose the far infixed sting:  
 Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,  
 Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,  
 And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string  
 Of his huge taile he quite a sonder cleft;  
 + Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him left.

xl. Hart cannot thinke what outrage and what cries,  
 With fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,  
 The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,  
 That all was covered with darknesse dire:  
 Then, fraught with rancour and engorged yre,  
 He cast at once him to avenge for all,  
 And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire  
 With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall  
 Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast withall.

xli. Much was the man encombred with his hold,  
 In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,  
 Ne wist yett how his talaunts to unfold;  
 Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy jaw  
 To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw  
 To reave by strength the griped gage away:  
 Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,  
 And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;  
 It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

xlII. Tho, when he saw no power might prevaile,  
 His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,  
 Wherewith he fiersly did his foe assaile,  
 And double blowes about him stoutly laid,  
 That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid,  
 As sparkles from the Andvile use to fly,  
 When heavy hammers on the wedge are swaid:  
 Therewith at last he forst him to unty  
 One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

xlIII. The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,  
 Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him constraine  
 To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,

He smott thereat with all his might and maine,  
 That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine:  
 Upon the joint the lucky steele did light,  
 And made such way that hewd it quite in twaine;  
 The paw yett missed not his minisht might,  
 But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

XLIV. For grieve thereof and divelish despight,  
 From his infernall fournace forth he threw  
 Huge flames that dimmed all the heavens light,  
 Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew:  
 As burning Aetna from his boyling stew  
 Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,  
 And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,  
 Enwrapt in coleblacke clouds and filthy smoke,  
 That al the land with stench and heaven with horror choke.

XLV. The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,  
 So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire  
 A little backward for his best defence,  
 †To save his body from the scorching fire,  
 Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.  
 It chaunst, (eternall God that chaunce did guide)  
 As he recoiled backward, in the mire  
 His nigh foreweried feeble feet did slide,  
 And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

XLVI. There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,  
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,  
 As they in pure vermilion had been dide,  
 Whereof great vertues over-all were redd;  
 For happy life to all which thereon fedd,  
 And life eke everlasting did befall: †  
 Great God it planted in that blessed stedd  
 With his Almighty hand, and did it call  
 The tree o' life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

XLVII. In all the world like was not to be fownd,  
 Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,  
 And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,  
 As incorrupted Nature did them sow,  
 Till that dredd Dragon all did overthrow.  
 Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,



Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know  
 Both good and ill. O mournfull memory!  
 That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all to dy.

XLVIII. From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,  
 A trickling streame of Balme, most soveraine  
 And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,  
 And overflowed all the fertile plaine,  
 As it had deawed bene with timely raine:  
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,  
And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe  
 The sencelesse corse appointed for the grave:  
 Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

XLIX. For nigh thereto the ever damned Beast  
 Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,  
 And al that life preserved did detest;  
 Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.  
 By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,  
 And yield his rowme to sad succeeding night,  
 Who with her sable mantle gan to shade  
 The face of earth and wayes of living wight,  
 And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

L. When gentle Una saw the second fall  
 Of her deare knight, who, weary of long fight  
 And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,  
 But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,  
 Besmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous might  
 Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay;  
 Againe she stricken was with sore affright,  
 And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,  
 And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

LI. The joyous day gan early to appeare;  
 And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed  
 Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare,  
 With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red:  
 Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed  
 About her eares, when Una her did marke  
 Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,  
 From heven high to chace the chearelesse darke;  
 With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting larke.



- LII. Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,  
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,  
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;  
Whose early foe awaiting him beside  
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,  
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,  
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,  
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare:  
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare.
- LIII. And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,  
He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,  
And rusht upon him with outrageous pryde;  
Who him rencountring fierce, as hauke in flight,  
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright,  
Taking advantage of his open jaw,  
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,  
That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,  
And, back retyrd, his life blood forth with all did draw.
- LIV. So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,  
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;  
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath  
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;  
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,  
Whose false foundation waves have washt away,  
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,  
And rolling downe great Neptune doth dismay:  
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay,
- LV. The knight him selfe even trembled at his fall,  
So huge and horrible a masse it seemd;  
And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,  
Durst not approach for dread which she misdeemd;  
But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend  
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright  
She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:  
Then God she praysd, and thankt her faithfull knight,  
That had atchievde so great a conquest by his might.

## CANTO XII

Fayre Una to the Redcrosse Knight  
 Betrouthed is with joy:  
 Though false Duessa, it to barre,  
 Her false sleighes doe imploy.

- I. BEHOLD! I see the haven nigh at hand  
 To which I meane my wearie course to bend;  
 Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,  
 To which afore is fayrly to be kend,  
 And seemeth safe from storms that may offend;  
 There this fayre virgin wearie of her way  
 Must landed bee, now at her journeyes end;  
 There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,  
 Till mery wynd and weather call her thence away.
- II. Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming East  
 Yett harnessed his fyrie-footed teeme,  
 Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,  
 When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,  
 That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme  
 Unto the watchman on the castle-wall;  
 Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,  
 And to his Lord and Lady lowd gan call,  
 To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall.
- III. Uprose with hasty joy, and feeble speed,  
 That aged Syre, the Lord of all that land,  
 And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed  
 Those tydinges were, as he did understand:  
 Which whenas trew by tryall he out fond,  
 He badd to open wyde his brasen gate,  
 Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond  
 Proclaymed joy and peace through all his state;  
 For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.
- IV. Then gan triumphant Trompets sownd on hye, —  
 That sent to heaven the ecchoed report  
 Of their new joy, and happie victory

Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,  
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.  
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,  
To him assembled with one full consort,  
Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast,  
From whose eternall bondage now thy were releast.

v. Forth came that auncient Lord, and aged Queene,  
Arayd in antique robes downe to the grownd,  
And sad habiliments right well besene:  
A noble crew about them waited rownd  
Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd;  
Whom far before did march a goodly band  
Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd;  
But now they laurell braunches bore in hand,  
Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.

vi. Unto that doughtie Conquerour they came,  
And him before themselves prostrating low,  
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,  
And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.  
Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,  
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,  
As fresh as flowres in meadow greene doe grow  
When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light;  
And in their handes sweet Timbrels all upheld on hight.

vii. And them before the fry of children yong  
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,  
And to the Maydens sownding tymbrels song  
In well attuned notes a joyous lay,  
And made delightfull musick all the way,  
Untill they came where that faire virgin stood:  
As fayre Diana in fresh sommers day  
Beholdes her nymphes enraung'd in shady wood,  
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood.

viii. So she beheld those maydens meriment  
With chearefull vew; who, when to her they came,  
Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,  
And her ador'd by honorable name,  
Lifting to heven her everlasting fame:  
Then on her head they sett a girlond greene,

And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game:  
 Who, in her self-resemblance well besene,  
 Did seeme, such as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

- ix. And after all the raskall many ran,  
 Heaped together in rude rablement,  
 To see the face of that victorious man,  
 Whom all admired as from heaven sent,  
 And gazd upon with gaping wonderment;  
 But when they came where that dead Dragon lay,  
 Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,  
 The sight with ydle feare did them dismay,  
 Ne durst approach him nigh to touch, or once assay.
- x. Some feard, and fledd; some feard, and well it faynd;  
 One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,  
 Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd  
 Some lingring life within his hollow brest,  
 Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest  
 Of many Dragonettes, his fruitfull seede:  
 Another saide, that in his eyes did rest  
 Yet sparckling fyre, and badd thereof take heed;  
 Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.
- xi. One mother, whenas her foolehardy chyld  
 Did come too neare, and with his talants play,  
 Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revyld,  
 And to her gossibs gan in counsell say;  
 "How can I tell, but that his talants may  
 Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?"  
 So diversly them selves in vaine they fray;  
 Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh stand,  
 To prove how many acres he did spred of land.
- xii. Thus flocked all the folke him rownd about;  
 The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,  
 Being arrived where that champion stout  
 After his foes defeasaunce did remaine,  
 Him goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne  
 With princely gifts of yvory and gold,  
 And thousand thanks him yeeldes for all his paine.  
 Then when his daughter deare he does behold,  
 Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

xiii. And after to his Pallace he them bringes,  
With shaumes, and trompets, and with Clarions sweet;  
And all the way the joyous people singes,  
And with their garments strowes the paved street;  
Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce meet  
Of all, that royall Princes court became;  
And all the floore was underneath their feet  
Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,  
On which they lowly sitt, and fitting purpose frame.

xiv. What needes me tell their feast and goodly guize,  
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?  
What needes of dainty dishes to devize,  
Of comely services, or courtly trayne?  
My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne  
The large discourse of roiall Princes state.  
Yet was their manner then but bare and playne;  
For th' antique world excesse and pryde did hate:  
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

✓ xv. Then, when with meates and drinckes of every kinde  
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,  
That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,  
Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad  
Which in his travell him befallen had,  
For to demaund of his renowmed guest:  
Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance sad,  
From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,  
Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

xvi. Great pleasure, mixt with pittiful regard,  
That godly King and Queene did passionate,  
Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard;  
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,  
And often blame the too importune fate  
That heapd on him so many wrathfull wreakes;  
For never gentle knight, as he of late,  
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes:  
And all the while salt teares bedewd the hearers cheaks.

xvii. Then sayd that royall Pere in sober wise;  
“ Deare Sonne, great beene the evils which ye bore  
From first to last in your late enterprise,

That I note whether praise or pittie more;  
 For never living man, I weene, so sore  
 In sea of deadly daungers was distrest:  
 But since now safe ye seised have the shore,  
 And well arrived are, (high God be blest!)  
 Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest."

xviii. "Ah dearest Lord!" said then that doughty knight,  
 "Of ease or rest I may not yet devize;  
 For by the faith which I to armes have plight, †  
 I bownden am streight after this emprize,  
 As that your daughter can ye well advize,  
Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,  
And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize,  
 Gainst that proud Paynim king that works her teene:  
 Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have beene."

xix. "Unhappy falls that hard necessity,"  
 (Quoth he) "the troubler of my happy peace,  
 And vowed foe of my felicity;  
 Ne I against the same can justly preace:  
 But since that band ye cannot now release,  
 Nor doen undo, (for vowes may not be vayne)  
 Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,  
 Ye then shall hither backe retourne agayne,  
 † The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twayn."

xx. "Which, for my part, I covet to performe  
 In sort as through the world I did proclame,  
 That who-so kild that monster most deforme,  
 And him in hardy battyle overcame,  
 Should have mine onely daughter to his Dame,  
 And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee:  
 Therefore, since now to thee perteynes the same  
 By dew desert of noble chevalree,  
 Both daughter and eke kingdome lo! I yield to thee."

xxi. Then forth he called that his daughter fayre,  
 The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,  
 His onely daughter and his only hayre;  
 Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,  
 As bright as doth the morning starre appeare  
 Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,



To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,  
And to the world does bring long-wished light:  
So faire and fresh that Lady shewd herselfe in sight.

xxii. So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;  
For she had layd her mournfull stole aside,  
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,  
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,  
Whiles on her wearie journey she did ride;  
And on her now a garment she did weare  
All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,  
That seemd like silke and silver woven neare:  
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

xxiii. The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,  
And glorious light of her sunshyny face,  
To tell were as to strive against the streame:  
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace  
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.  
Ne wonder; for her own deare loved knight,  
All were she daily with himselfe in place,  
Did wonder much at her celestial sight:  
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

xxiv. So fairely dight when she in presence came,  
She to her Syre made humble reverence,  
And bowed low, that her right well became,  
And added grace unto her excellence:  
Who with great wisdom and grave eloquence  
Thus gan to say—But, eare he thus had sayd,  
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,  
Came running in, much like a man dismayd,  
A Messenger with letters, which his message sayd.

xxv. All in the open hall amazed stood  
At suddeinnesse of that unwary sight,  
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood:  
But he for nought would stay his passage right,  
Till fast before the king he did alight;  
Where falling flat great humblesse he did make,  
And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight;  
Then to his handes that writt he did betake,  
Which he disclosing read thus, as the paper spake:

xxvi. "To thee, most mighty king of Eden fayre,  
 Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest  
 The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre  
 Of that great Emperour of all the West;  
 And bids thee be advized for the best,  
 Ere thou thy daughter linck, in holy band  
 Of wedlocke, to that new unknownen guest:  
 For he already plighted his right hand  
 Unto another love, and to another land.

xxvii. "To me, sad mayd, or rather widow sad,  
 He was affyaunced long time before,  
 And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,  
 False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore!  
 Witnesse the burning Altars, which he swore,  
 And guilty heavens of his bold perjury;  
 Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,  
 Yet I to them for judgement just doe fly,  
 And them conjure t'avenge this shamefull injury.

xxviii. "Therefore, since mine he is, or free or bond,  
 Or false, or trew, or living or else dead,  
 Withhold, O soverayne Prince! your hasty hond  
 From knitting league with him, I you aread;  
 Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,  
 Through weaknesse of my widowed or woe;  
 For truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,  
 And shall finde friends, if need requireth soe.  
 So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend nor foe,  
*Fidessa."*

xxix. When he these bitter byting wordes had red,  
 The tydings straunge did him abashed make,  
 That still he sate long time astonished,  
 As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.  
 At last his solemn silence thus he brake,  
 With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest:  
 "Redoubted knight, that for myne only sake  
 Thy life and honor late adventurst,  
 Let nought be hid from me that ought to be exprest.

xxx. "What meane these bloody vowes and idle threats,  
 Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd?  
 What hevens? what altars? what enraged heates,

Here heaped up with termes of love unkynd,  
My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bynd?  
High God be witnesse that I guiltlesse ame;  
But if yourselfe, Sir knight, ye faulty fynd,  
Or wrapped be in loves of former Dame,  
With cryme doe not it cover, but disclose the same."

xxxI. To whom the Redcrosse knight this answere sent:  
" My Lord, my king, be nought hereat dismayd,  
Till well ye wote by grave intendment,  
What woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd  
With breach of love and loialty betrayd.  
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward  
I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd  
Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard,  
That day should faile me ere I had them all declar'd.

xxxII. " There did I find, or rather I was fownd  
Of this false woman that Fidessa hight,  
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on grownd,  
Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,  
That easy was t' inveigle weaker sight:  
Who by her wicked arts and wylie skill,  
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,  
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,  
And to my foe betrayd when least I feared ill."

xxxIII. Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,  
And on the ground herselfe prostrating low,  
With sober countenance thus to him sayd:  
" O! pardon me, my soveraine Lord, to sheow  
The secret treasons, which of late I know  
To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse:  
Shee, onely she, it is, that earst did throw  
This gentle knight into so great distresse,  
That death him did awaite in daily wretchednesse.

xxxIV. " And now it seemes, that she suborned hath  
This crafty messenger with letters vaine,  
To worke new woe and improvided scath,  
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine;  
Wherein she used hath the practicke paine  
Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,

Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,  
 Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,  
 The falsest man alive: who tries, shall find no lesse."

xxxv. The king was greatly moved at her speach;  
 And, all with sudden indignation freight,  
 Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.  
 Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did wait,  
 Attacht that faytor false, and bound him strait,  
 Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,  
 As chained beare whom cruell dogs doe bait,  
 With ydle force did faine them to withstand,  
 And often semblaunce made to scape out of their hand.

xxxvi. But they him layd low in dungeon deepe,  
 And bound him hand and foote with yron chains;  
 And with continual watch did warely keepe.  
 Who then would thinke that by his subtile trains  
 He could escape fowle death or deadly pains?  
 Thus, when that Princes wrath was pacifide,  
 He gan renew the late forbidden bains,  
 And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde  
 With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

xxxvii. His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,  
 That none but death for ever can divide;  
 His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,  
 The housling fire did kindle and provide,  
 And holy water thereon sprinkled wide;  
 At which the bushy Teade a groome did light,  
 And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,  
 Where it should not be quenched day nor night,  
 For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

xxxviii. Then gan they sprinkle all the posts with wine,  
 And made great feast to solemnize that day:  
 They all perfumde with frankincense divine,  
 And precious odours fetcht from far away,  
 That all the house did sweat with great aray:  
 And all the while sweete Musicke did apply  
 Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,  
 To drive away the dull Melancholy;  
 The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

- xxxix. During the which there was an heavenly noise  
Heard sownd through all the Pallace pleasantly,  
Like as it had bene many an Angels voice  
Singing before th' eternall majesty,  
In their trinall triplicities on hye:  
Yett wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet  
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly  
Himselfe thereby reffe of his sences meet,  
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.
- xl. Great joy was made that day of young and old,  
And solemne feast proclaymd throughout the land,  
That their exceeding merth may not be told:  
Suffice it heare by signes to understand  
The usuall joyes at knitting of loves band.  
Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,  
Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand;  
And ever, when his eie did her behold,  
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.
- xli. Her joyous presence, and sweet company,  
In full content he there did long enjoy;  
Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosy,  
His deare delights were hable to annoy:  
Yet, swimming in that sea of blisfull joy,  
He nought forgott how he whilome had sworne,  
In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,  
Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne;  
The which he shortly did, and Una left to mourne.
- xlII. Now, strike your sailes, yee jolly Mariners,  
For we be come unto a quiet rode,  
Where we must land some of our passengers,  
And light this weary vessell of her lode:  
Here she a while may make her safe abode,  
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,  
And wants supplide; And then againe abroad  
On the long voiage whereto she is bent:  
Well may she speede, and fairely finish her intent!





## THE SECOND BOOK

### CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE

- I. RIGHT well I wote, most mighty Soveraine,  
That all this famous antique history  
Of some th' aboundance of an ydle braine 7  
Will judged be, and painted forgery,  
Rather then matter of just memory;  
Sith none that breatheth living aire does know  
Where is that happy land of Faery,  
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where show, ||  
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.
- II. But let that man with better sence advize,  
That of the world least part to us is red;  
And daily how through hardy enterprize  
Many great Regions are discovered,  
Which to late age were never mentioned.  
Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru?  
Or who in venturous vessell measured  
The Amazon huge river, now found trew?  
Or fruitfullest Virginia who did ever vew?
- III. Yet all these were, when no man did them know,  
Yet have from wisest ages hidden beene;  
And later times thinges more unknowne shall show.  
Why then should witlesse man so much misweene,  
That nothing is but that which he hath seene?  
What if within the Moones fayre shining speare,  
What if in every other starre unseene  
Of other worldes he happily should heare,  
He wonder would much more; yet such to some appeare.
- IV. Of faery lond yet if he more inquire,  
By certain signes, here sett in sondrie place,  
He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre,

But yield his sence to bee too blunt and bace,  
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.  
And thou, O fayrest Princesse under sky!  
In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face,  
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,  
And in this antique ymage thy great auncestry.

- v. The which O! pardon me thus to enfold  
In covert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,  
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,  
Which ells could not endure those beames bright,  
But would bee dazled with exceeding light.  
O! pardon, and vouchsafe with patient eare  
The brave adventures of this faery knight,  
The good Sir Guyon, graciously to heare;  
+ In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth appeare.

## CANTO I

Guyon, by Archimage abusd,  
 The Redcrosse knight awaytes;  
 Fyndes Mordant and Amavia slaine  
 With pleasures poisoned haytes.

- I. THAT conning Architect of cancred guyle,  
 Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,  
 For falsed letters and suborned wyle,  
 Soone as the Redcrosse knight he understands  
 To beene departed out of Eden landes,  
 To serve againe his soveraine Elfin Queene,  
 His artes he moves, and out of caytives handes  
 Himselfe he frees by secret meanes unseene;  
 His shackles emptie lefte, himselfe escaped cleene.
- II. And forth he fares, full of malicious mynd,  
 To worken mischief, and avenging woe,  
 Where ever he that godly knight may fynd,  
 His onely hart-sore, and his onely foe;  
 Sith Una now he algates must forgoe,  
 Whom his victorious handes did earst restore  
 To native crowne and kingdom late ygoe;  
 Where she enjoyes sure peace for evermore,  
 As wetherbeaten ship arryv'd on happie shore.
- III. Him therefore now the object of his spight  
 And deadly food he makes: him to offend,  
 By forged treason or by open fight,  
 He seekes, of all his drifte the aymed end:  
 Thereto his subtile engins he does bend,  
 His practick witt and his fayre fyled tonge,  
 With thousand other sleightes; for well he kend  
 His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong:  
 For hardly could bee hurt who was already stong.
- IV. Still as he went he craftie stales did lay,  
 With cunning traynes him to entrap unwares,  
 And privy spyals plast in all his way,

To weete what course he takes, and how he fares,  
 To ketch him at a vauntage in his snares.  
 But now so wise and wary was the knight  
 By tryall of his former harmes and cares,  
 That he descryde and shonned still his slight:  
 The fish that once was caught new bait wil hardly byte.

- v. Nath'lesse th' Enchaunter would not spare his payne,  
 In hope to win occasion to his will;  
 Which when he long awaited had in vayne,  
 He chaungd his mynd from one to other ill;  
 — For to all good he enemy was still.

Upon the way him fortun'd to meete,  
 Fayre marching underneath a shady hill,  
 A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse meete,  
 — That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

- vi. His carriage was full comely and upright;  
 His countenance demure and temperate;  
 But yett so sterne and terrible in sight,  
 That cheard his friendes, and did his foes amate:  
 He was an Elfin borne of noble state  
 And mickle worship in his native land;  
 Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,  
 And knighthood tooke of good Sir Huons hand,  
 When with king Oberon he came to Faery land.

- vii. Him als accompanyd upon the way  
 A comely Palmer, clad in black attyre,  
 Of rypest yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,  
 That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,  
 Least his long way his aged limbes should tire:  
 And, if by lookes one may the mind aread,  
 He seemd to be a sage and sober syre;  
 And ever with slow pace the knight did lead,  
 Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to tread.

- viii. Such whenas Archimago them did view,  
 He weened well to worke some uncouth wyle:  
 Eftsoones untwisting his deceitfull clew,  
 He gan to weave a web of wicked guyle,  
 And, with faire countenance and flattering style  
 To them approaching, thus the knight bespake;

"Fayre sonne of Mars, that seeke with warlike spoyle,  
And great atchiev'ments, great your selfe to make,  
Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake."

ix. He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,  
And badd tell on the tenor of his playnt:  
Who feigning then in every limb to quake  
Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faynt,  
With piteous mone his percing speach gan paynt:  
"Deare Lady! how shall I declare thy cace,  
Whom late I left in languorous constraynt?  
Would God! thy selfe now present were in place  
To tell this ruefull tale: thy sight could win thee grace.

x. "Or rather would, O! would it so had chaunst,  
That you, most noble Sir, had present beene  
When that lewd rybault, with vyle lust advaunst,  
Laid first his filthie hands on virgin cleene,  
To spoyle her dainty corps, so faire and sheene  
As on the earth, great mother of us all,  
With living eye more fayre was never seene  
Of chastity and honour virginall:  
Witnes, ye heavens, whom she in vaine to help did call."

xi. "How may it be," sayd then the knight halfe wroth,  
"That knight should knighthood ever so have shent?"  
"None but that saw," (quoth he) "would weene for troth,  
How shamefully that Mayd he did torment:  
Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,  
And drew her on the ground; and his sharpe sword  
Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,  
And threatned death with many a bloodie word:  
Tounge hates to tell the rest that eye to see abhord."

xii. Therewith amoved from his sober mood,  
"And lives he yet," (said he) "that wrought this act?  
And doen the heavens afford him vitall food?"  
"He lives," (quoth he) "and boasteth of the fact,  
Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt."  
"Where may that treachour then," (sayd he) "be found,  
Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?"  
"That shall I shew," (sayd he) "as sure as hound  
The stricken Deare doth chalenge by the bleeding wound."

XIII. He stayd not lenger talke, but with fierce yre  
 And zealous haste away is quickly gone  
 To seeke that knight, where him that crafty Squire  
 Supposd to be. They do arrive anone  
 Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,  
 With garments rent, and heare discheveled,  
 Wringing her handes, and making piteous mone:  
 Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,  
 And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

XIV. The knight, approching nigh, thus to her said:  
 "Fayre Lady, through fowle sorrow ill bedight,  
 Great pittie is to see you thus dismayd,  
 And marre the blossom of your beauty bright:  
 For-thy appease your griefe and heavy plight,  
 And tell the cause of your conceived payne;  
 For, if he live that hath you doen despight,  
 He shall you doe dew recompence agayne,  
 Or els his wrong with greater puissance maintaine."

XV. Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise  
 She wilfully her sorrow did augment,  
 And offred hope of comfort did despise:  
 Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,  
 And scratcht her face with ghastly dreriment;  
 Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,  
 But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,  
 Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,  
 As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed beene:

XVI. Till her that Squire bespake: "Madame, my lief,  
 For Gods deare love be not so wilfull bent,  
 But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,  
 The which good fortune doth to you present.  
 For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment  
 When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,  
 And the weake minde with double woe torment?"  
 When she her Squire heard speake, she gan appease  
 Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

XVII. Eftsoone she said; "Ah! gentle trustie Squire,  
 What comfort can I, wofull wretch, conceive?  
 Or why should ever I henceforth desyre



To see faire heavens face, and life not leave,  
Sith that false Traytour did my honour reave? ”  
“ False traytour certes,” (saide the Faerie knight)  
“ I read the man, that ever would deceave  
A gentle Lady, or her wrong through night:  
Death were too litle paine for such a fowle despight.

xviii. “ But now, fayre Lady, comfort to you make,  
And read who hath ye wrought this shamefull plight,  
That short revenge the man may overtake,  
Where-so he be, and soone upon him light.”  
“ Certes,” (saide she) “ I wote not how he hight,  
But under him a gray steede he did wield,  
Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight;  
Upright he rode, and in his silver shield  
He bore a bloodie Crosse that quartred all the field.”

xix. “ Now by my head,” (saide Guyon) “ much I muse,  
How that same knight should doe so fowle amis,  
Or ever gentle Damzell so abuse:  
For, may I boldly say, he surely is  
A right good knight, and trew of word ywis:  
I present was, and can it witnesse well,  
When armes he swore, and streight did enterpris  
Th’ adventure of the Errant damozell;  
In which he hath great glory wonne, as I heare tell.

xx. “ Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,  
And fairely quit him of th’ imputed blame;  
Els, be ye sure, he dearely shall abyde,  
Or make you good amendment for the same:  
All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of shame.  
Now therefore, Lady, rise out of your paine,  
And see the salving of your blotted name.”  
Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faine,  
For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.

xxi. Her purpose was not such as she did faine,  
Ne yet her person such as it was seene;  
But under simple shew, and semblant plaine,  
Lurkt false Duessa secretly unseene,  
As a chaste Virgin that had wronged beene:  
So had false Archimago her disguysd,

To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene;  
 And eke himselfe had craftily devisd  
 To be her Squire, and do her service well aguisd.

xxii. Her, late forlorne and naked, he had found  
 Where she did wander in waste wilderness,  
 Lurking in rockes and caves far under ground,  
 And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse  
 To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,  
 (Sith her Prince Arthur of proud ornaments  
 And borrowed beauty spoyld. Her nathelesse  
 Th' enchaunter finding fit for his intents  
 Did thus revest, and deckt with dew habiliments.

xxiii. For all he did was to deceive good knights,  
 And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame  
 To slug in slouth and sensuall delights,  
 And end their daies with irrenowned shame.  
 And now exceeding grieve him overcame,  
 To see the Redcrosse thus advaunced hye;  
 Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,  
 Against his praise to stirre up enmitie  
 Of such, as vertues like mote unto him allye.

xxiv. So now he Guyon guydes an uncouth way  
 Through woods and mountaines, till they came at last  
 Into a pleasant dale that lowly lay  
 Betwixt two hils, whose high heads overplast  
 The valley did with coole shade overcast:  
 Through midst thereof a little river rold,  
 By which there sate a knight with helme unlaste,  
 Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,  
 After his travell long and labours manifold.

xxv. "Lo! yonder he," cryde Archimage alowd,  
 "That wrought the shamefull fact which I did shew;  
 And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,  
 To fly the vengeaunce for his outrage dew:  
 But vaine; for ye shall dearely do him rev,  
 So God ye speed and send you good successe,  
 Which we far off will here abide to vew,"  
 So they him left inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,  
 That streight against that knight his speare he did addresse.

- xxvi. Who, seeing him from far so fierce to pricke,  
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,  
And in the rest his ready speare did sticke:  
Tho, when as still he saw him towards pace,  
He gan rencounter him in equall race.  
They bene ymett, both ready to affrap,  
When suddeinly that warriour gan abace  
His threatned speare, as if some new mishap,  
Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap;
- xxvii. And cryde, " Mercie, Sir knight! and mercie, Lord,  
For mine offence and heedelesse hardiment,  
That had almost committed crime abhord,  
And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent,  
Whiles cursed steele against that badge I bent,  
The sacred badge of my Redeemers death,  
Which on your shield is set for ornament!"  
But his fierce foe his steed could stay uneath,  
Who, prickt with courage kene, did cruell battell breath.
- xxviii. But, when he heard him speake, streight way he knew  
His errour; and, himselfe inclyning, sayd;  
" Ah! deare Sir Guyon, well becommeth you,  
But me behoveth rather to upbrayd,  
Whose hastie hand so far from reason strayd,  
That almost it did haynous violence  
On that fayre ymage of that heavenly Mayd,  
That decks and armes your shield with faire defence:  
Your court'sie takes on you anothers dew offence."
- xxix. So beene they both at one, and doen upreare  
Their bevers bright each other for to greet;  
Goodly comptaunce each to other beare,  
And entertaine themselves with court'sies meet.  
Then said the Redcrosse knight; " Now mote I weet,  
Sir Guyon, why with so fierce saliaunce,  
And fell intent, ye did at earst me meet;  
For sith I know your goodly governaunce,  
Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some uncouth  
chaunce."
- xxx. " Certes," (said he), " well mote I shame to tell  
The fond encheason that me hither led.  
A false infamous faitour late befell

Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,  
 And playnd of grievous outrage, which he red  
 A knight had wrought against a Ladie gent;  
 Which to avenge he to this place me led,  
 Where you he made the marke of his intent,  
 And now is fled: foule shame him follow wher he went!"

xxxI. So can he turne his earnest unto game,  
 Through goodly handling and wise temperaunce.  
 By this his aged Guide in presence came;  
 Who, soone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,  
 Eftsoones of him had perfect cognizaunce,  
 Sith him in Faery court he late avizd;  
 And sayd; "Fayre sonne, God give you happy chaunce,  
 And that deare Crosse uppon your shield devizd,  
 Wherewith above all knights ye goodly seeme aguizd!"

xxxII. "Joy may you have, and everlasting fame,  
 Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you donne,  
 For which enrolled is your glorious name  
 In heavenly Regesters above the Sunne,  
 Where you a Saint with Saints your seat have wonne:  
 But wretched we, where ye have left your marke,  
 Must now anew begin like race to ronne,  
 God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke,  
 And to the wished haven bring thy weary barke!"

xxxIII. "Palmer," him answered the Redcrosse knight,  
 "His be the praise that this atchiev'ment wrought,  
 Who made my hand the organ of his might:  
 More then goodwill to me attribute nought;  
 For all I did, I did but as I ought.  
 But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next ensewes,  
 Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your thought,  
 That home ye may report thrise happy newes;  
 For well ye worthy bene for worth and gentle thewes."

xxxIV. So courteous conge both did give and take,  
 With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.  
 Then Guyon forward gan his voyage make  
With his blacke Palmer, that him guided still:  
Still he him guided over dale and hill,  
And with his steedy staffe did point his way;

His race with reason, and with words his will,  
 From fowle intemperaunce he ofte did stay.  
 And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.

// see  
 // belan  
 incinta

xxxv. In this faire wize they traveild long yfere,  
 Through many hard assayes which did betide;  
 Of which he honour still away did beare,  
 And spred his glory through all countryes wide.  
 At last, as chaunst them by a forest side  
 To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,  
 They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride  
 With percing shriekes and many a dolefull lay;  
 Which to attend awhile their forward steps they stay.

= temperance

xxxvi. "But if that carelesse hevens," (quoth she) "despise  
 The doome of just revenge, and take delight  
 To see sad pageaunts of mens miseries,  
 As bownd by them to live in lives despight;  
 Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.  
 Come, then; come soone; come sweetest death, to me,  
 And take away this long lent loathed light:  
 Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines be,  
 That long captived soules from weary thraldome free.

xxxvii. "But thou, sweete Babe, whom frowning froward fate  
 Hath made sad witnesse of thy fathers fall,  
 Sith heaven thee deignes to hold in living state,  
 Long maist thou live, and better thrive withall  
 Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall.  
 Live thou; and to thy mother dead attest  
 That cleare she dide from blemish criminall:  
 Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding brest  
 Loe! I for pledges leave. So give me leave to rest."

xxxviii. With that a deadly shriek she forth did throw  
 That through the wood re-echoed againe;  
 And after gave a grone so deepe and low  
 That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,  
 Or thrild with point of thorough-piercing paine:  
 As gentle Hynd, whose sides with cruell steele  
 Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raine,  
 Whiles the sad pang approaching shee does feele,  
 Braies out her latest breath, and up her eies doth seele.



xxxix. Which when that warriour heard, dismounting straict  
 From his tall steed, he rusht into the thicke,  
 And soone arrived where that sad pourtraict  
 Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick;  
 In whose white alabaster brest did stick  
 A cruell knife that made a griesly wownd,  
 From which forth gusht a stream of gore blood thicke,  
 That all her goodly garments staind arownd,  
 And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassy grownd.

xl. Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,  
 Beside a bubling fountaine low she lay,  
 Which shee increased with her bleeding hart,  
 And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray:  
 Als in her lap a lovely babe did play  
 His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;  
 For in her streaming blood he did embay  
 His litle hands, and tender joints embrew:  
 Pitifull spectacle, as ever eie did vew!

xli. Besides them both, upon the soiled gras  
 The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,  
 Whose armour all with blood besprinkled was;  
 His ruddy lips did smyle, and rosy red  
 Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being ded;  
 Seemd to have beene a goodly personage,  
 Now in his freshest flowre of lusty-hed,  
 Fitt to inflame faire Lady with loves rage,  
 But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of his age.

xlII. Whom when the good Sir Guyon did behold,  
 His hart gan wexe as starke as marble stone,  
 And his fresh blood did frieze with fearefull cold,  
 That all his sences seemd berefte attone:  
 At last his mighty ghost gan deepe to grone,  
 As Lion, grudging in his great disdaine,  
 Mournes inwardly, and makes to him selfe mone;  
 Til ruth and fraile affection did constraine  
 His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his inward paine.

xlIII. Out of her gored wound the cruell steel  
 He lightly snatcht, and did the floodgate stop  
 With his faire garment; then gan softly feel



Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop  
 Of living blood yet in her veynes did hop:  
 Which when he felt to move, he hoped faire  
 To call backe life to her forsaken shop.  
 So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,  
 That at the last shee gan to breath out living aire. †

XLIV. Which he perceiving greatly gan rejoyce,  
 And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart  
 Is meetest med'cine, tempred with sweete voice:  
 "Ay me! deare Lady, which the ymage art  
 Of ruefull pitty and impatient smart,  
 What direfull chaunce, armd with avenging fate,  
 Or cursed hand, hath plaid this cruell part,  
 Thus fowle to hasten your untimely date?  
 Speake, O dear Lady, speake! help never comes too late."

XLV. Therewith her dim eie-lids she up gan reare,  
On which the drery death did sitt as sad  
As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare:  
 But when as him, all in bright armour clad,  
 Before her standing she espied had,  
 As one out of a deadly dreame affright,  
 She weakely started, yet she nothing drad:  
 Streight downe againe herselfe, in great despight,  
 She groveling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

XLVI. The gentle knight her soone with carefull paine  
 Uplifted light, and softly did uphold:  
 Thrise he her reared, and thrise she sunck againe,  
 Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,  
 And to her said; "Yet, if the stony cold  
 Have not all seized on your frozen hart,  
 Let one word fall that may your grief unfold,  
 And tell the secrete of your mortall smart:  
 He oft finds present helpe who does his grieve impart."

XLVII. Then, casting up a deadly looke, full low  
 Shee sight from bottome of her wounded brest;  
 And after, many bitter throbs did throw,  
 With lips full pale and foltring tong opprest,  
 These words she breathed forth from riven chest:  
 "Leave, ah! leave off, whatever wight thou bee,

To lett a weary wretch from her dew rest,  
 And trouble dying soules tranquillitee;  
 Take not away, now got, which none would give to me."

XLVIII. "Ah! far be it," (said he) "Deare dame, fro mee,  
 To hinder soule from her desired rest,  
 Or hold sad life in long captivitee;  
 For all I seeke is but to have redrest  
 The bitter pangs that doth your heart infest.  
 Tell then, O Lady! tell what fatall priefe  
 Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest;  
 That I may cast to compas your reliefe,  
 Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your grieve."

XLIX. With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,  
 As heven accusing guilty of her death,  
 And with dry drops congealed in her eye,  
 In these sad wordes she spent her utmost breath:  
 "Heare then, O man! the sorrowes that uneath  
 My tong can tell, so far all sence they pas.  
 Loe! this dead corpse, that lies here underneath,  
 The gentlest knight, that ever on greene gras  
 Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir Mordant was:

L. "Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now!)  
 My Lord, my love, my deare Lord, my deare love!  
 So long as hevens just with equall brow  
 Vouchsafed to behold us from above.  
 One day, when him high corage did emmove,  
 As wont ye knightes to seeke adventures wilde,  
 He pricked forth his puissant force to prove.  
 Me then he left enwombed of this childe,  
 This luckles childe, whom thus ye see with blood defild.

LI. "Him fortun'd (hard fortune ye may ghesse)  
 To come, where vile Acrasia does wonne;  
 Acrasia, a false enchaunteresse,  
 That many errant knightes hath fowle fordonne;  
 Within a wandring Island, that doth ronne  
 And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is.  
 Fayre Sir, if ever there ye travell, shonne  
 The cursed land where many wend amis,  
 And know it by the name: it hight the *Bowre of blis*.

- LII. " Her blis is all in pleasure, and delight,  
 Wherewith she makes her lovers dronken mad;  
 And then with words, and weedes, of wondrous might,  
 On them she workes her will to uses bad:  
 My liefest Lord she thus beguiled had;  
 For he was flesh: (all flesh doth frayltie breed)  
 Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,  
 Weake wretch, I wrapt myselfe in Palmers weed,  
 And cast to seek him forth through danger and great dreed. *orig. seem  
under  
conflic  
between  
reason  
pass*
- LIII. " Now had fayre Cynthia by even tournes  
 Full measured three quarters of her yeare,  
 And thrise three tymes had fild her crooked hornes,  
 Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbear,  
 And bade me call Lucina to me neare.  
 Lucina came; a manchild forth I brought;  
 The woods, the nymphes, my bowres, my midwives, weare:  
 Hard help at need! So deare thee, babe, I bought;  
 Yet nought too dear I deemd, while so my deare I sought.
- LIV. " Him so I sought; and so at last I fownd,  
 Where him that witch had thralld to her will,  
 In chaines of lust and lewde desyres ybownd,  
 And so transformed from his former skill,  
 That me he knew not, nether his owne ill;  
 Till, through wise handling and faire governaunce,  
 I him recured to a better will,  
 Purged from drugs of fowle intemperaunce:  
 Then meanes I gan devise for his deliveraunce.
- LV. " Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiv'd,  
 How that my Lord from her I would reprove,  
 With cup thus charmd him parting she deceivd;  
 ' Sad verse, give death to him that death does give,  
 And losse of love to her that loves to live,  
 So soone as Bacchus with the Nymphe does lincke! '  
 So parted we, and on our journey drive;  
 Till, coming to this well, he stoupt to drinke:  
 The charme fulfild, dead suddeinly he downe did sincke.
- LVI. " Which when I, wretch"—Not one word more she sayd,  
 But breaking off the end for want of breath,  
 And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,

active  
reaction  
passion  
tories

— And ended all her woe in quiet death.  
That seeing, good Sir Guyon could une.  
From teares abstayne; for grieve his hart did grate,  
And from so heave sight his head did wreath,  
Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,  
Which plunged had faire Lady in so wretched state.

conflict -  
plication of  
essence for  
or over  
restraint

LVII. Then turning to his Palmer said; "Old syre,  
Behold the ymage of mortalitie,  
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tyre. —  
When raging passion with fierce tyranny  
Robs reason of her dew regalitie,  
And makes it servaunt to her basest part,  
The strong it weakens with infirmitie,  
And with bold furie armes the weakest hart: —  
The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the weak  
through smart."

Aristotle

LVIII. "But temperance" (said he) "with golden squire  
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane;  
Nether to melt in pleasures whott desyre,  
Nor frye in hartlesse grieve and dolefull tene:  
Thrise happy man, who fares them both atweene!  
But sith this wretched woman overcome  
Of anguish, rather then of crime, hath bene,  
Reserve her cause to her eternall doome;  
And, in the meane, vouchsafe her honorable toombe."

LIX. "Palmer," quoth he, "death is an equall doome  
To good and bad, the common In of rest;  
But after death the tryall is to come,  
When best shall bee to them that lived best;  
But both alike, when death hath both supprest,  
Religious reverence doth buriall teene;  
Which whoso wants, wants so much of his rest:  
For all so great shame after death I weene,  
As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to beene."

LX. So both agree their bodies to engrave:  
The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,  
And with sad Cypressse seemely it embravè;  
Then, covering with a clod their closed eye,  
They lay therein their corses tenderly,

And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace.  
But, ere they did their utmost obsequy,  
Sir Guyon, more affection to increace,  
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should ay releace.

- LXI. The dead knights sword out of his sheath he drew,  
With which he cutt a lock of all their heare,  
Which medling with their blood and earth he threw  
Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare;  
“ Such and such evil God on Guyon reare,  
And worse and worse, young Orphane, be thy payne,  
If I, or thou, dew vengeaunce doe forbeare,  
Till guiltie blood her guerdon doe obtayne! ”  
So shedding many teares they closd the earth agayne.

## CANTO II

Babes bloody handes may not be clensd:  
 The face of golden Meane;  
 Her sisters, two Extremities,  
 Strive her to banish cleane.

- ✓ I. THUS when Sir Guyon with his faithful guyde  
 Had with dew rites and dolorous lament  
 The end of their sad Tragedie uptyde,  
 The litle babe up in his armes he hent;  
 Who with sweet pleasaunce, and bold blandishment,  
 Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,  
 As carelesse of his woe, or innocent  
 Of that was doen; that ruth emperced deepe  
 In that knightes hart, and wordes with bitter teares  
 did steepe:
- II. " Ah! lucklesse babe, borne under cruell starre,  
 And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,  
 Full little weenest thou what sorrowes are  
 Left thee for porcion of thy livelyhed;  
 Poore Orphane! in the wild world scattered,  
 As budding braunch rent from the native tree,  
 And throwen forth, till it be withered.  
 Such is the state of men: Thus enter we  
 Into this life with woe, and end with miseree! "
- III. Then, soft himselfe inclyning on his knee  
 Downe to that well, did in the water weene  
 (So love does loath disdainefull nicitee)  
 His guiltie handes from bloody gore to cleene.  
 He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they beene  
 For all his washing cleaner. Still he strove;  
Yet still the litle hands were bloody seene:  
The which him into great amaz'ment drove,  
 And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder clove.
- IV. He wist not whether blott of fowle offence  
 Might not be purgd with water nor with bath;  
 Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,



Imprinted had that token of his wrath,  
To shew how sore bloodguiltinesse he hat'th;  
Or that the charme and veneme which they dronck,  
Their blood with secret filth infected hath,  
Being diffused through the senceless tronck,  
That through the great contagion direful deadly stonck.

v. Whom thus at gaze the Palmer gan to bord  
With goodly reason, and thus fayre bespake;  
“ Ye bene right hard amated, gracious Lord,  
And of your ignorance great merveill make,  
Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistake:  
But know, that secret vertues are infusd  
In every fountaine, and in everie lake,  
Which who hath skill them rightly to have chusd,  
To prooffe of passing wonders hath full often usd:

vi. “ Of those, some were so from their sourse indewd  
By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap  
Their welheads spring, and are with moisture deawd;  
Which feedes each living plant with liquid sap,  
And filles with flowres fayre Floracs painted lap:  
But other some, by guifte of later grace,  
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,  
Had vertue pourd into their waters bace,  
And thenceforth were renowmd, and sought from place  
to place.

vii. “ Such is this well, wrought by occasion straunge,  
Which to her Nymph befell. Upon a day,  
As she the woodes with bow and shaftes did raunge,  
The hartlesse Hynd and Robucke to dismay,  
Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,  
And, kindling fire at her faire-burning eye,  
Inflamed was to follow beauties pray,  
And chaced her that fast from him did fly;  
As hynd from her, so she fled from her enemy.

viii. “ At last, when fayling breath began to faint,  
And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affrayd,  
She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint;  
And to Diana calling lowd for ayde,  
Her deare besought to let her die a mayd.  
The goddesse heard; and suddeine, where she sate

Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismayd  
 With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,  
 Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

IX. "Lo! now she is that stone; from whose two heads,  
 As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,  
 Yet colde through feare and old conceived dreads;  
 And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,  
 Shapt like a maide, that such ye may her know:  
 And yet her vertues in her water byde,  
 For it is chaste and pure as purest snow,  
 Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyde;  
 But ever, like herselfe, unstayned hath beene tryde.

X. "From thence it comes, that this babes bloody hand  
 May not be clensd with water of this well:  
 Ne certes, Sir, strive you it to withstand,  
 But let them still be bloody, as befell,  
 That they his mothers innocence may tell,  
 As she bequeathd in her last testament;  
 That, as a sacred Symbole, it may dwell  
 In her sonnes flesh, to mind revengement,  
 And be for all chaste Dames an endlesse moniment."

XI. He hearkned to his reason, and the childe  
 Uptaking, to the Palmer gave to beare;  
 But his sad fathers armes with blood defilde,  
 An heavie load, himselfe did lightly reare;  
 And turning to that place, in which whyleare  
He left his loftie steed with golden sell  
 And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not theare:  
 By other accident, that earst befell,  
 He is convaide; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

XII. Which when Sir Guyon saw, all were he wroth,  
 Yet algates mote he softe himselfe appease,  
 And fairely fare on foot, how ever loth:  
 His double burden did him sore disease.  
 So long they traueiled with litle ease,  
 Till that at last they to a Castle came,  
 Built on a rocke adjoyning to the seas:  
 It was an auncient worke of antique fame,  
 And wondrous strong by nature, and by skilful frame.

- xiii. Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,  
The children of one syre by mothers three;  
Who dying whylome did divide this fort  
To them by equall shares in equall fee:  
But stryfull mind and diverse qualitee  
Drew them in partes, and each made others foe:  
Still did they strive and daily disagree;  
The eldest did against the youngest goe,  
And both against the middest meant to worken woe.
- xiv. Where when the knight arriv'd, he was right well  
Receiv'd, as knight of so much worth became,  
Of second sister, who did far excell  
The other two: Medina was her name,  
A sober sad and comely courteous Dame;  
Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guise,  
In goodly garments that her well became,  
Fayre marching forth in honorable wize,  
Him at the threshold mett, and well did enterprize.
- xv. She led him up into a goodly bowre,  
And comely courted with meet modestie;  
Ne in her speach, ne in her haviour,  
Was lightnesse seene or looser vanitie,  
But gracious womanhood, and gravitie,  
Above the reason of her youthly yeares.  
Her golden lockes she roundly did uptye  
In breaded tramels, that no looser heares  
Did out of order stray about her daintie eares.
- xvi. Whilest she her selfe thus busily did frame  
Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,  
Newes hereof to her other sisters came,  
Who all this while were at their wanton rest,  
Accourting each her frend with lavish fest:  
They were two knights of perelesse puissance,  
And famous far abroad for warlike gest,  
Which to these Ladies love did countenaunce,  
And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to advaunce.
- xvii. He that made love unto the eldest Dame,  
Was hight Sir Huddibras, an hardy man;  
Yet not so good of deedes as great of name,

Which he by many rash adventures wan,  
 Since errant armes to sew he first began:  
 More huge in strength then wise in workes he was, .  
 And reason with foole-hardize over ran;  
 Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,  
 And was, for terrour more, all armd in shyning bras.

xviii. But he that lov'd the youngest was Sansloy;  
 He, that faire Una late fowle outraged,  
 The most unruly and the boldest boy  
 That ever warlike weapons menaged,  
 And all to lawlesse lust encouraged  
 Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might;  
 Ne ought he car'd whom he endamaged  
 By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right:  
 He, now this Ladies Champion, chose for love to fight.

xix. These two gay knights, vovd to so diverse loves,  
 Each other does envy with deadly hate,  
 And daily warre against his foeman moves,  
 In hope to win more favour with his mate,  
 And th' others pleasing service to abate,  
 To magnifie his owne. But when they heard  
 How in that place straunge knight arrived late,  
 Both knightes and ladies forth right angry far'd,  
 And fercely unto battell sterne themselves prepar'd.

xx. But ere they could proceede unto the place  
 Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,  
 And cruell combat joynd in middle space:  
 With horrible assault, and fury fell,  
 They heapt huge strokes the scorned life to quell,  
 That all on uprore from her settled seat,  
 The house was raysd, and all that in did dwell.  
 Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great  
 Did rend the ratling skyes with flames of fouldring heat.

xxi. The noyse thereof cald forth that straunger knight,  
 To weet what dreadfull thing was there in hond;  
 Where whenas two brave knightes in bloody fight  
 With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,  
 His sunbroad shield about his wrest he bond,  
 And shyning blade unsheatd, with which he ran

Unto that stead, their strife to understond;  
And at his first arrivall them began  
With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

xxii. But they, him spying, both with greedy forse  
Attonce upon him ran, and him beset  
With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,  
And on his shield like yron sledges bet:  
As when a Beare and Tygre, being met  
In cruell fight on Lybicke Ocean wide,  
Espye a traveler with feet surbet,  
Whom they in equall pray hope to divide,  
They stint their strife and him assayle on everie side.

xxiii. But he, not like a weary travelere,  
Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,  
And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,  
But with redoubled buffes them backe did put:  
Whose grieved mindes, which choler did englut,  
Against themselves turning their wrathfull spight,  
Gan with new rage their shieldes to hew and cut;  
But still, when Guyon came to part their fight,  
With heavie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

xxiv. As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,  
Whom raging windes, threatning to make the pray  
Of the rough rockes, doe diversly disease,  
Meetes two contrarie billowes by the way,  
That her on either side doe sore assay,  
And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;  
Shee, scorning both their spights, does make wide way,  
And with her brest breaking the fomy wave,  
Does ride on both their backs, and faire her self doth save.

xxv. So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth  
Betweene them both by conduct of his blade.  
Wondrous great prowesse and heroick worth  
He shewd that day, and rare ensample made,  
When two so mighty warriours he dismade.  
Attonce he wards and strikes; he takes and paies;  
Now forst to yield, now forcing to invade;  
Before, behind, and round about him laies;  
So double was his paines, so double be his praise.



xxvi. Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knights to see

+ Three combates joine in one, and to darraine  
 A triple warre with triple enmitee,  
 All for their Ladies froward love to gaine,  
 Which gotten was but hate. So love does raine  
 In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre;  
 He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,  
 And yett his peace is but continual jarre:  
 O miserable men that to him subject arre!

xxvii. Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes,  
 The faire Medina, with her tresses torne  
 And naked brest, in pittie of their harmes,  
 Emongst them ran; and, falling them beforne,  
 Besought them by the womb which them had born,  
 And by the loves which were to them most deare,  
 And by the knighthood which they sure had sworn,  
 Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,  
 And to her just conditions of faire peace to heare.

xxviii. But her two other sisters, standing by,  
 Her lowd gainsaid, and both their champions bad  
 Pursue the end of their strong enmity,  
 As ever of their loves they would be glad:  
 Yet she with pitthy words, and counsell sad,  
 Still strove their stubborne rages to revoke;  
 That at the last, suppressing fury mad,  
 They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,  
 And hearken to the sober speeches which she spoke.

xxix. " Ah, puissaunt Lords! what cursed evil Spright,  
 Or fell Erinnys, in your noble harts  
 Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,  
 And stird you up to worke your wilfull smarts?  
 Is this the joy of armes? be these the parts  
 Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,  
 And not regard dew right and just desarts?  
 Vaine is the vaunt, and victory unjust,  
 That more to mighty hands then rightfull cause doth trust.

xxx. " And were there rightfull cause of difference,  
 Yet were not better fayre it to accord  
 Then with bloodguiltinesse to heape offence,



And mortal vengeaunce joyne to crime abhord?  
 O! fly from wrath; fly, O my liefest Lord!  
 Sad be the sights, and bitter fruites of warre,  
 And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword;  
 Ne ought the praise of prowesse more doth marre  
 Then fowle revenging rage, and base contentious jarre

xxxI. " But lovely concord, and most sacred peace,  
 Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds,  
 Weake she makes strong, and strong thing does increace,  
 Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds:  
 Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,  
 By which she triumphes over yre and pride,  
 And winnes an Olive girlond for her meeds.  
 Be, therefore, O my deare Lords! pacifide,  
 And this misseeming discord meekely lay aside."

xxxII. Her gracious words their rancour did appall,  
 And suncke so deepe into their boyling brests,  
 That downe they lett their cruell weapons fall,  
 And lowly did abase their lofty crests  
 To her faire presence and discrete behests.  
 Then she began a treaty to procure,  
 And stablish terms betwixt both their requests,  
 That as a law forever should endure;  
 Which to observe in word of knights they did assure

xxxIII. Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,  
 After their weary sweat and bloody toile,  
 She them besought, during their quiet treague,  
 Into her lodging to repaire awhile,  
 To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.  
 They soone consent: so forth with her they fare;  
 Where they are well receivd, and made to spoile  
 Themselves of soiled armes, and to prepare  
 Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to dainty fare.

xxxIV. And those two froward sisters, their faire loves,  
 Came with them eke, all were they wondrous loth,  
 And fained cheare, as for the time behoves,  
 But could not colour yet so well the troth,  
 But that their natures bad appeared in both;  
 For both did at their second sister grutch

And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth  
 The inner garment frett, not th' utter touch:  
 One thought her cheare too litle, th' other thought too  
 mutch.

xxxv. Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme  
 Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,  
 Ne ought would speake, but evermore did seeme  
 As discontent for want of merth or meat:  
 No solace could her Paramour intreat  
 Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliaunce;  
 But with bent lowring browes, as she would threat,  
 She scould, and frownd with froward countenaunce;  
 Unworthy of faire Ladies comely governaunce.

xxxvi. But young Perissa was of other mynd,  
 Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,  
 And quite contrary to her sisters kynd;  
 No measure in her mood, no rule of right,  
 But poured out in pleasure and delight:  
 In wine and meats she flowd above the banck,  
 And in excesse exceeded her owne might;  
 In sumptuous tire she joyd her selfe to pranck,  
 But of her love too lavish: (litle have she thanck!)

xxxvii. Fast by her side did sitt the bold Sansloy,  
 Fitt mate for such a mincing mineon,  
 Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding joy;  
 Might not be found a francker franion,  
 Of her leawd parts to make companion:  
 But Huddibras, more like a Malecontent,  
 Did see and grieve at his bold fashion;  
 Hardly could he endure his hardiment,  
 Yett still he satt, and inly did him selfe torment.

xxxviii. Betwixt them both the faire Medina sate  
 With sober grace and goodly carriage:  
With equall measure she did moderate  
The strong extremities of their outrage.  
 That forward paire she ever would asswage,  
 When they would strive dew reason to exceed,  
 But that same froward twaine would accorage,  
 And of her plenty adde unto their need:  
 So kept she them in order, and her selfe in heed.

xxxix. Thus fairely shee attempered her feast,  
And pleasd them all with meete satiety.  
At last, when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,  
She Guyon deare besought of curtesie  
To tell from whence he came through jeopardy,  
And whither now on new adventure bownd:  
Who with bold grace, and comely gravity,  
Drawing to him the eies of all arownd,  
From lofty siege began these words aloud to sownd.

xl. " This thy demaund, O Lady! doth revive  
Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,  
Great and most glorious virgin Queene alive,  
That with her souveraine power, and scepter shene,  
All Faery lond does peaceably sustene,  
In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,  
That over all the earth it may be seene;  
As morning Sunne her beames dispredden cleare,  
And in her face faire peace and mercy doth appeare.

xli. " In her the richesse of all heavenly grace  
In chiefe degree are heaped up on hye:  
And all, that els this worlds enclosure bace  
Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,  
Adornes the person of her Majestye;  
That men, beholding so great excellence  
And rare perfection in mortalitye,  
Doe her adore with sacred reverence,  
As th' Idole of her makers great magnificence.

xlII. " To her I homage and my service owe,  
In number of the noblest knightes on ground;  
Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe  
Order of Maydenhead, the most renownd  
That may this day in all the world be found.  
An yearely solemne feast she wontes to hold,  
The day that first doth lead the yeare around,  
To which all knights of worth and courage bold  
Resort, to heare of straunge adventures to be told.

xlIII. " There this old Palmer shewd himselfe that day,  
And to that mighty Princesse did complaine  
Of grievous mischiefes which a wicked Fay

Had wrought, and manywhelmd in deadly paine;  
 Whereof he crav'd redresse. My Soveraine,  
 Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and joyes  
 Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,  
 Eftsoones devised redresse for such annoyes:  
 Me, all unfitt for so great purpose, she employes.


XLIV. "Now hath faire Phebe with her silver face  
 Thrise seene the shadowes of the neather world,  
 Sith last I left that honorable place,  
 In which her roiall presence is enrold;  
 Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,  
Till I that false Acrasia have wonne;  
 Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to bee told,  
 I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,  
 Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly fordonne."

XLV. "Tell on, fayre Sir," said she, "that dolefull tale,  
 From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,  
 That we may pittie such unhappie bale,  
 And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine:  
 Ill by ensample good doth often gayne."  
 Then forward he his purpose gan pursew,  
 And told the story of the mortall payne,  
 Which Mordant and Amavia did rew,  
 As with lamenting eyes him selfe did lately vew.

XLVI. Night was far spent; and now in Ocean deep  
 Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,  
 His flaming head did hasten for to steep,  
 When of his pitteous tale he end did make:  
 Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake  
 Those guesstes, beguyled, did beguyle their eyes  
 Of kindly sleepe that did them overtake.  
 At last, when they had markt the chaunged skyes,  
 They wist their houre was spent; then each to rest him hyes.

## CANTO III

Vaine Braggadocchio, getting Guy-  
ons horse, is made the scorne  
Of knighthood trew; and is of fayre  
Belphebe fowle forlorne.

- I. SOONE as the morrow fayre with purple beames  
Disperst the shadowes of the misty night,  
And Titan, playing on the eastern streames,  
Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light,  
Sir Guyon, mindfull of his vow yplight,  
Uprose from drowsie couch, and him addrest  
Unto the journey which he had behight:  
His puissant armes about his noble brest,  
And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.
- II. Then, taking Congé of that virgin pure,  
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth  
Did earnestly committ, and her conjure  
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,  
And all that gentle noriture ensu'th;  
And that, so soone as ryper yeares he raught,  
He might, for memory of that dayes ruth,  
Be called Ruddymane; and thereby taught  
T' avenge his Parents death on them that had it wrought.
- III. So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,  
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone;   
Patience perforce: helplesse what may it boot  
To frett for anger, or for grieve to mone?  
His Palmer now shall foot no more alone.  
So fortune wrought, as under greene woodes syde  
He lately heard that dying Lady grone,  
He left his steed without, and speare besyde,  
And rushed in on foot to ayd her ere she dyde.
- IV. The whyles a losell wandring by the way,  
One that to bountie never cast his mynd,  
Ne thought of honour ever did assay

His baser brest, but in his kestrell kynd  
 A pleasing vaine of glory he did fynd,  
 To which his flowing tounge and troublous spright  
 Gave him great ayd, and made him more inclynd:  
 He, that brave steed there finding ready dight,  
 Purloyned both steed and speare, and ran away full light.

v. Now gan his hart all swell in jollity,  
 + And of him selfe great hope and help conceiv'd,  
 That puffed up with smoke of vanity,  
 And with selfe-loved personage deceiv'd,  
He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd  
For such as he him thought, or faine would bee:  
 But for in court gay portauce he perceiv'd,  
 And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,  
 Eftsoones to court he cast t' aduance his first degree.

vi. And by the way he chaunced to espy  
 One sitting ydle on a sunny banck,  
 To him avaunting in great bravery,  
 As Peacocke that his painted plumes doth pranck,  
 He smote his courser in the trembling flanck,  
 And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare:  
 The seely man, seeing him ryde so ranck,  
 And ayme at him, fell flatt to ground for feare,  
 And crying, "Mercy!" loud, his pitious handes gan reare.

vii. Thereat the Scarcrow wexed wondrous prowde,  
 Through fortune of his first adventure fayre,  
 And with big thundring voice reuyld him lowd:  
 "Vile Caytive, vassall of dread and despayre,  
 Unworthie of the commune breathed ayre,  
 Why livest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,  
 And doest not unto death thyselfe prepayre?  
 Dy, or thyselfe my captive yield for ay.  
 Great favour I thee graunt for aunswere thus to stay."

viii. "Hold, O deare Lord! hold your dead-doing hand,"  
 Then loud he cryde; "I am your humble thrall."  
 "Ay wretch," (quoth he) "thy destinies withstand  
 My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.  
 I give thee life: therefore prostrated fall,  
 And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bee."



The Miser threw him selfe, as an Offall,  
 Streight at his foot in base humilitee,  
 And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

- ix. So happy peace they made and faire accord.  
 Eftsoones this liegeman gan to wexe more bold,  
 And when he felt the folly of his Lord,  
 In his owne kind he gan him selfe unfold;  
 For he was wylie witted, and growne old  
 In cunning sleighthes and practick knavery.  
 From that day forth he cast for to uphold  
 His ydle humour with fine flattery,  
 And blow the bellowes to his swelling vanity.
- x. Trompart, fitt man for Braggadochio,  
 To serve at court in view of vaunting eye;  
 Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring wind does blow  
 In his light winges, is lifted up to skye;  
 The scorne of knighthood and trew chevalrye,  
 To thinke, without desert of gentle deed  
 And noble worth, to be advaunced hye:  
 Such prayse is shame; but honour, vertues meed,  
 Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honourable seed.
- xi. So forth they pas, a well consorted payre,  
 Till that at length with Archimage they meet:  
 Who seeing one, that shone in armour fayre,  
 On goodly courser thondring with his feet,  
 Eftsoones supposed him a person meet  
 Of his revenge to make the instrument;  
 For since the Redcrosse knight he erst did weet  
 To been with Guyon knitt in one consent,  
 The ill, which earst to him, he now to Guyon ment.
- xii. And coming close to Trompart gan inquire  
 Of him, what mightie warriour that mote bee,  
 That rode in golden sell with single spere,  
 But wanted sword to wreake his enmittee?  
 "He is a great adventurer," (said he)  
 "That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,  
 And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee  
 Of that despight, never to wearen none:  
 That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone."

XIII. Th' enchaunter greatly joyed in the vaunt,  
 And weened well ere long his will to win,  
 And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt.  
 Tho to him louting lowly did begin  
 To plaine of wronges, which had committed bin  
 By Guyon, and by that false Redcrosse knight;  
 Which two, through treason and deceitfull gin,  
 Had slayne Sir Mordant and his Lady bright:  
 That mote him honour win to wreak so foule despight.

XIV. Therewith all suddeinly he seemd enragd,  
 And threatned death with dreadfull countenaunce,  
 As if their lives had in his hand beene gagd;  
 And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,  
 To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,  
 Thus said: "Old man, great sure shal be thy meed,  
 If, where those knights for feare of dew vengeance  
 Doe lurke, thou certainly to mee areed,  
 That I may wreake on them their hainous hatefull deed."

XV. "Certes, my Lord," (said he) "that shall I soone,  
 And give you eke good helpe to their decay.  
 But mote I wisely you advise to doon,  
 Give no ods to your foes, but doe purvay  
 Your selfe of sword before that bloody day;  
 For they be two the prowest knights on grownd,  
 And oft approv'd in many hard assay;  
 And eke of surest steele that may be fownd,  
 Do arme your self against that day, them to confownd."

XVI. "Dotard," (said he) "let be thy deepe advise:  
 Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,  
 And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise;  
 Els never should thy judgement be so frayle  
To measure manhood by the sword or mayle.  
 Is not enough fowre quarters of a man,  
 Withouten sword or shield, an hoste to quayle?  
 Thou litle wotest what this right-hand can:  
 Speake they which have beheld the battailes which it wan."

XVII. The man was much abashed at his boast;  
 Yet well he wist that whoso would contend  
 With either of those knightes on even coast,

Should neede of all his armes him to defend,  
 Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend,  
 When Braggadocchio saide; "Once I did sweare,  
 When with one sword seven knightes I brought to end,  
 Thenceforth in battaile never sword to beare,  
 But it were that which noblest knight on earth doth weare."

xviii. "Perdy, Sir knight," saide then th' enchaunter blive,  
 "That shall I shortly purchase to your hond;  
 For now the best and noblest knight alive  
 Prince Arthur is, that wonnes in Faerie lond:  
He hath a sword that flames like burning brond.  
The same by my device I undertake  
Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond."  
 At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,  
 And wondred in his minde what mote that Monster make.

xix. He stayd not for more bidding, but away  
 Was suddein vanished out of his sight:  
 The Northerne winde his wings did broad display  
 At his commaund, and reared him up light  
 From off the earth to take his aerie flight.  
 They lookt about, but nowhere could espye  
 Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright  
 They both nigh were, and each bad other flye:  
 Both fled attonce, ne ever backe retourned eye;

xx. Till that they come unto a forrest greene,  
 In which they shrowd themselves from causeles feare;  
 Yet feare them followes still where so they beene.  
 Each trembling leafe and whistling wind they heare,  
 As ghastly bug, does greatly them affeare:  
Yet both doe strive their fearefulnessse to faine.  
At last they heard a horne that thrilled cleare  
 Throughout the wood that ecchoed againe,  
 And made the forrest ring, as it would rive in twaine.

xxi. Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush,  
 With noyse whereof he from his loftie steed  
 Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,  
 To hide his coward head from dying dreed:  
 But Trompart stoutly stayd to taken heed  
 Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped forth

A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed,  
 That seemd to be a woman of great worth,  
 And by her stately portance borne of heavenly birth.

xxii. Her face so faire as flesh it seemed not,  
 But heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,  
 Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,  
 Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;  
 And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew  
 Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,  
 The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,  
 And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,  
 Hable to heale the sicke, and to revive the ded.

xxiii. In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,  
 Kindled above at th' heavenly makers light,  
 And darted fyrie beames out of the same,  
 So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,  
 That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:  
 In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre  
 To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;  
 For, with dredd Majestie and awfull yre,  
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace desyre.

xxiv. Her yvorie forhead, full of bountie brave,  
 Like a broad table did it selfe disprede,  
 For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,  
 And write the battailes of his great godhed:  
 All good and honour might therein be red,  
 For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake,  
 Sweete wordes like dropping honny she did shed;  
 And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake  
 A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make.

xxv. Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,  
 Under the shadow of her even browes,  
 Working belgardes and amorous retrate;  
 And everie one her with a grace endowes,  
 And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes.  
 So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,  
 And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,  
 How shall frayle pen describe her heavenly face,  
 For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace?

- xxvi. So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,  
 She seemd, when she presented was to sight;  
 And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,  
 All in a silken Camus lilly whight,  
 Purfled upon with many a folded plight,  
 Which all above besprinckled was throughout  
 With golden aygulets, that glistred bright  
 Like twinckling starres; and all the skirt about  
 Was hemd with golden fringe. ? - what happend here
- xxvii. Below her ham her weed did somewhat trayne,  
 And her streight legs most bravely were embayld  
 In gilden buskins of costly Cordwayne,  
 All bard with golden bndes, which were entayld  
 With curious antickes, and full fayre aumayld:  
 Before, they fastned were under her knee  
 In a rich jewell, and therein entrayld  
 The ends of all the knots, that none might see  
 How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee:
- xxviii. Like two faire marble pillours they were seenc,  
 Which doe the temple of the Gods support,  
 Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,  
 And honour in their festivall resort;  
 Those same with stately grace and princely port  
 She taught to tread, when she herselfe would grace;  
 But with the woody Nymphes when she did play,  
 Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,  
 She could then nimbly move, and after fly apace.
- xxix. And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,  
 And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,  
 Stuft with steele-headed dartes, wherewith she queld  
 The salvage beastes in her victorious play,  
 Knit with a golden bauldricke, which forelay  
 Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide  
 Her daintie paps; which, like young fruit in May,  
 Now little gan to swell, and being tide  
 Through her thin weed their places only signifide.
- xxx. Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,  
 About her shoulders weren loosely shed,  
 And, when the winde emongst them did inspyre,



They waved like a penon wyde dispred,  
 And low behinde her backe were scattered:  
 And, whether art it were or heedlesse hap,  
 As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,  
 In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves did lap,  
 And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did enwrap.

xxxI. Such as Diana by the sandy shore  
 Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene,  
 Where all the Nymphes have her unwares forlore,  
 Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,  
 To seeke her game: Or as that famous Queene  
 Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,  
 The day that first of Priame she was seene,  
 Did shew her selfe in great triumphant joy,  
 To succour the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

xxxII. Such when as hartlesse Trompart her did vew,  
 He was dismayed in his coward minde,  
 And doubted whether he himselfe should shew,  
 Or fly away, or bide alone behinde;  
Both feare and hope he in her face did finde:  
 When she at last him spying thus bespake:  
 "Hayle, Groome! didst not thou see a bleeding Hynde,  
 Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow strake?  
 If thou didst, tell me, that I may her overtake."

xxxIII. Wherewith reviv'd, this answer forth he threw:  
 "O Goddesse, (for such I thee take to bee)  
 For nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,  
 Nor voyce sound mortall; I avow to thee,  
 Such wounded beast as that I did not see,  
 Sith earst into this forrest wild I came.  
 But mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee,  
 To weete which of the gods I shall thee name,  
 That unto thee dew worship I may rightly frame."

xxxIV. To whom she thus—but ere her words ensewd,  
 Unto the bush her eye did suddein glaunce,  
 In which vaine Braggadocchio was mewd,  
 And saw it stirre: she lefte her percing launce,  
 And towards gan a deadly shafte advaunce,  
 In mind to marke the beast. At which sad stowre



Trompart forth stept to stay the mortall chaunce,  
 Out crying; "O! what ever heavenly powre,  
 Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly howre.

xxxv. "O! stay thy hand; for yonder is no game  
 For thy fiers arrowes, them to exercize;  
 But loe! my Lord, my liege, whose warlike name  
 Is far renowmd through many bold emprize;  
 And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies."  
 She staid: with that he crauld out of his nest,  
 Forth creeping on his caitive hands and thies;  
 And, standing stoutly up, his lofty crest  
 Did fiercely shake, and rowze as comming late from rest.

xxxvi. As fearfull fowle, that long in secret cave  
 For dread of soring hauke her selfe hath hid,  
 Nor caring how, her silly life to save,  
 She her gay painted plumes disorderid;  
 Seeing at last her selfe from daunger rid,  
 Peepes forth, and soone renews her native pride:  
 She gins her feathers fowle disfigured  
 Prowdly to prune, and sett on every side;  
 She shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide.

xxxvii. So when her goodly visage he beheld,  
 He gan himselfe to vaunt: but, when he vewd  
 Those deadly tooles which in her hand she held,  
 Soone into other fitts he was transmewd,  
 Till she to him her gracious speach renewd:  
 "All haile, Sir knight! and well may thee befall,  
 As all the like, which honor have pursewd  
 Through deeds of armes and prowesse martiall.  
 All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all."

xxxviii. To whom he thus: "O fairest under skie!  
 Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,  
 That warlike feats doest highest glorifie.  
 Therein I have spent all my youthly daies,  
 And many battailes fought and many fraies  
 Throughout the world, wher-so they might be found,  
 Endeavoring my dreaded name to raise  
 Above the Moone, that fame may it resound  
 In her eternall tromp, with laurell girlond croud.

xxxix. "But what art thou, O Lady! which doest raunge  
 In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,  
 And doest not it for joyous court exchaunge,  
 Emongst thine equall peres, where happy blis  
 And all delight does raigne, much more then this?  
 There thou maist love, and dearly loved be,  
 And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis:  
 There maist thou best be seene, and best maist see:  
 The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fitt for thee."

*AB/*  
 XL. "Who-so in pompe of prowde estate" (quoth she)  
 "Does swim, and bathes him selfe in courtly blis,  
 Does waste his dayes in darke obscurtee,  
 And in oblivion ever buried is;  
Where ease abownds yt's eath to doe amis:  
 But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd  
 Behaves with cares, cannot so easy mis.  
 Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,  
 Who seekes with painfull toile shall honor soonest fynd:

XLI. "In woods, in waves, in warres, she wons to dwell,  
 And wil be found with perill and with paine;  
 Ne can the man that moulds in ydle cell  
 Unto her happy mansion attaine:  
 Before her gate high God did Sweate ordaine,  
 And wakefull watches ever to abide;  
 But easy is the way and passage plaine  
 To pleasures pallace: it may soone be spide,  
 And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

XLII. "In Princes court"—The rest she would have sayd,  
 But that the foolish man, fild with delight  
 Of her sweete words that all his sence dismayd,  
 And with her wondrous beauty ravisht quight,  
 Gan burne in filthy lust; and, leaping light,  
 Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.  
 With that she, swarving backe, her Javelin bright  
 Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:  
 So turned her about, and fled away apace.

XLIII. Which when the Pesaunt saw, amazd he stood,  
 And grieved at her flight; yet durst he nott  
 Pursew her steps through wild unknowen wood:

Besides he feard her wrath, and threatned shott,  
 Whiles in the bush he lay, not yett forgott:  
 Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vayne,  
 But turning said to Trompart; "What fowle blott  
 Is this to knight, that Lady should agayne  
 Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so proud disdayne."

XLIV. "Perdy," (said Trompart) "lett her pas at will,  
 Least by her presence daunger mote befall;  
 For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)  
 But that shee is some powre celestiall?  
 For whiles she spake her great words did appall  
 My feeble corage, and my heart oppresse,  
 That yet I quake and tremble over-all."  
 "And I," (said Braggadocchio) "thought no lesse,  
 When first I heard her horn sound with such ghastrinesse.

XLV. "For from my mothers wombe this grace I have  
 Me given by eternall destiny,  
 That earthly thing may not my corage brave  
 Dismay with feare, or cause one foot to flye,  
 But either hellish feends, or powres on hye:  
 Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard,  
 Weening it had beene thunder in the skye,  
 I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard;  
 But, when I other knew, my self I boldly reard.

XLVI. "But now, for feare of worse that may betide,  
 Let us soone hence depart." They soone agree:  
 So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride  
 As one unfitt therefore, that all might see  
 He had not trayned bene in chevalree.  
 Which well that valiaunt courser did discern;e;  
 For he despisd to tread in dew degree,  
 But chaufd and fom'd with corage fiers and sterne,  
 And to be easd of that base burden still diderne.

## CANTO IV

Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,  
 And stops occasion:  
 Delivers Phaon, and therefore  
 By strife is rayld uppon.

- I. IN brave poursuitt of honorable deed,  
 There is I know not (what) great difference  
 Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,  
 Which unto things of valorous pretence  
 Seemes to be borne by native influence;  
 As feates of armes, and love to entertaine:  
 But chiefly skill to ride seemes a science  
 Proper to gentle blood: some others faine  
 To menage steeds, as did this vaunter, but in vaine.
- II. But he, the rightfull owner of that steede,  
 Who well could menage and subdew his pride,  
 The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed  
 With that blacke Palmer, his most trusty guide,  
 Who suffred not his wandring feete to slide;  
 But when strong passion, or weake fleshlinesse,  
 Would from the right way seeke to draw him wide,  
 He would, through temperaunce and stedfastnesse,  
Teach him the weak to strengthen, and the strong suppress.
- III. It fortun'd, forth faring on his way,  
 He saw from far, or seemed for to see,  
 Some troublous uprore or contentious fray,  
 Whereto he drew in hast it to agree.  
 A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,  
 Drew by the heare along upon the grownd  
 A handsom stripling with great crueltee,  
 Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a wownd,  
 That cheekes with teares, and sydes with blood, did all  
 abownd.
- IV. And him behynd a wicked Hag did stalke,  
 In ragged robes and filthy disaray;  
 Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,

But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay:  
 Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,  
 Grew all afore, and loosely hong unrold;  
 But all behinde was bald, and worne away,  
 That none thereof could ever taken hold;  
 And eke her face ill-favourd, full of wrinckles old.

v. And ever as she went her tounge did walke  
 In fowle reproch, and termes of vile despight,  
 Provoking him, by her outrageous talke,  
 To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight:  
 Sometimes she raught him stones, wherwith to smite,  
 Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,  
 Withouten which she could not goe upright;  
 Ne any evill meanes she did forbear,  
 That might him move to wrath, and indignation reare.

vi. The noble Guyon, mov'd with great remorse,  
 Approching, first the Hag did thrust away;  
 And after, adding more impetuous forse,  
 His mighty hands did on the madman lay,  
 And pluckt him backe; who, all on fire streight way,  
 Against him turning all his fell intent,  
 With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,  
 And smott, and bitt, and kickt, and scratcht, and rent,  
 And did he wist not what in his avengement.

vii. And sure he was a man of mickle might,  
 Had he had governaunce it well to guyde;  
 But, when the frantick fitt inflamd his spright,  
His force was vaine, and strooke more often wyde,  
 Then at the aymed marke which he had eyde:  
 And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt unwares,  
 ✓ Whylest reason, blent through passion, nought descryde;  
 But, as a blindfold Bull, at randon fares,  
 And where he hits nought knowes, and whom he hurts  
 nought cares.

Reason +  
 passion =  
 war  
 conflict  
 for all  
 9's  
 opposi

viii. His rude assault and rugged handeling  
 Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with foe  
 In fayre defence and goodly menaging  
 Of armes was wont to fight; yet nathemoe  
 Was he abashed now, not fighting so;  
 But more enfierced through his currish play,

Him sternly grypt, and hailing to and fro,  
 To overthrow him strongly did assay,  
 But overthrew him selfe unwares, and lower lay:

- ix. And being downe the villein sore did beate  
 And bruze with clownish fistes his manly face;  
 And eke the Hag, with many a bitter threat,  
 Still cald upon to kill him in the place.  
 With whose reproch, and odious menace,  
 The knight emboyling in his haughtie hart  
 Knitt all his forces, and gan soone unbrace  
 His grasping hold: so lightly did upstart,  
 And drew his deadly weapon to maintaine his part.
- x. Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,  
 "Not so, O Guyon! never thinke that so  
 That Monster can be maistred or destroyd:  
 He is not, ah! he is not such a foe,  
 As steele can wound, or strength can overthrow.  
That same is Furor, cursed cruel wight,  
 That unto knighthood workes much shame and woe;  
 And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight  
Occasion; the roote of all wrath and despight.
- xi. "With her, whoso will raging Furor tame,  
 Must first begin, and well her amenge:  
 First her restraine from her reprochfull blame  
 And evill meanes, with which she doth enrage  
 Her frantick sonne, and kindles his corage;  
 Then, when she is withdrawne or strong withstood,  
 It's eath his ydle fury to aswage,  
 And calme the tempest of his passion wood:  
 The bankes are overflowne when stopped is the flood."
- xii. Therewith Sir Guyon left his first emprise,  
 And, turning to that woman, fast her hent  
 By the hoare lockes that hong before her eyes,  
 And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stent  
 Her bitter rayling and foule revilement,  
 But still provokt her sonne to wreake her wrong;  
 But nathelesse he did her still torment,  
 And, catching hold of her ungratious tonge  
 Thereon an yron lock did fasten firme and strong.



- xiii. Then, whenas use of speach was from her reft,  
 With her two crooked handes she signes did make,  
 And beckned him, the last help she had left;  
 But he that last left helpe away did take,  
 And both her handes fast bound unto a stake,  
 That she note stirre. Then gan her sonne to flye  
 Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;  
 But Guyon after him in hast did hye,  
 And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitye. —
- xiv. In his strong armes he stifly him embraste,  
 Who him gainstriving nought at all prevaild;  
 For all his power was utterly defaste,  
 And furious fitts at earst quite weren quaild:  
 Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces fayld,  
 Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor slack.  
 Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,  
 And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,  
 And both his feet in fetters to an yron racke.
- xv. With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,  
 And hundred knots, that did him sore constraine;  
 Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind  
 And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine:  
 His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes did staine,  
 Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fyre;  
 And more for ranck despight then for great paine,  
 Shakt his long locks colourd like copper-wyre,  
 And bitt his tawny beard to shew his raging yre. ✓
- xvi. Thus when as Guyon Furor had captivd,  
 Turning about he saw that wretched Squire,  
 Whom that mad man of life nigh late deprivd,  
 Lying on ground, all soild with blood and myre:  
 Whom whenas he perceived to respyre,  
 He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dresse.  
 Being at last recured, he gan inquirye  
 What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,  
 And made that caytives thrall, the thrall of wretchednesse.
- xvii. With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,  
 “Fayre Sir” (quoth he) “What man can shun the hap,  
 That hidden lyes unwares him to surpryse?”

Misfortune waites advantage to entrap  
 The man most wary in her whelming lap:  
 So me weake wretch, of many weakest one,  
 Unweeting and unaware of such mishap,  
 She brought to mischief through Occasion,  
 Where this same wicked villein did me light upon.

xviii. "It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the sourse  
 Of all my sorrow and of these sad teares,  
 With whom from tender dug of commune nourse  
 Attonce I was upbrought; and eft, when yeares  
 More ripe us reason lent to chose our Peares,  
 Our selves in league of vowed love wee knitt;  
 In which we long time, without gealous feares  
 Or faultie thoughts, contynewd as was fitt;  
 And for my part, I vow, dissembled not a whitt.

xix. "It was my fortune, commune to that age,  
 To love a Lady fayre of great degree,  
 The which was borne of noble parentage,  
 And set in highest seat of dignitee,  
 Yet seemd no lesse to love then lov'd to bee:  
 Long I her serv'd, and found her faithful still, -  
 Ne ever thing could cause us disagree.  
 Love, that two harts makes one, makes eke one will;  
Each strove to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

xx. "My friend, hight Philemon, I did partake  
 Of all my love and all my privitie;  
 Who greatly joyous seemed for my sake,  
 And gracious to that Lady as to mee;  
 Ne ever wight that mote so welcome bee  
 As he to her, withouten blott or blame;  
 He ever thing that she could think or see,  
 But unto him she would impart the same.  
 O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle Dame!

xxi. "At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,  
 That I that Lady to my spouse had wonne;  
 Accord of friendes, consent of Parents sought,  
 Affyaunce made, my happinesse begonne,  
 There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,  
 Which mariage make: that day too farre did seeme.

Most joyous man, on whom the shining Sunne  
Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,  
And that my falsen friend did no less joyous deeme.

xxii. " But ear that wished day his beame disclosd,  
He, either envying my toward good,  
Or of him selfe to treason ill disposed,  
One day unto me came in friendly mood,  
And told for secret, how he understood  
That Lady, whom I had to me assynd,  
Had both distaind her honorable blood,  
And eke the faith which she to me did bynd; -  
And therefore wisht me stay till I more truth should fynd

xxiii. " The gnawing anguish, and sharp gelosy,  
Which his sad speach infixed in my brest,  
Ranckled so sore, and festred inwardly,  
That my engreeved mind could find no rest,  
Till that the truth thereof I did out wrest; -  
And him besought, by that same sacred band  
Betwixt us both, to counsell me the best:  
He then with solemne oath and plighted hand  
Assurd, ere long the truth to let me understand.

xxiv. " Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,  
Saying, he now had boulded all the floure,  
And that it was a groome of base degree,  
Which of my love was partener Paramoure: -  
Who used in a darkesome inner bowre  
Her oft to meete: which better to approve,  
He promised to bring me at that howre,  
When I should see that would me nearer move,  
And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love.

xxv. " This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his guile,  
Did court the handmayd of my Lady deare,  
Who, glad t' embosome his affection vile,  
Did all she might more pleasing to appeare.  
One day, to worke her to his will more neare,  
He woo'd her thus: Pryene, (so she hight,)  
What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,  
Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,  
That it should not deface all others lesser light?

xxvi. " But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,  
 T'adorne thy forme according thy desart,  
 Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone have blent,  
 And staynd their prayses with thy least good part;  
 Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,  
 Tho' she thy Lady be, approch thee neare:  
 For prooffe thereof, this evening, as thou art,  
 Aray thyselfe in her most gorgeous geare,  
 That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

xxvii. " The Mayden, proud through praise and mad through  
 love,  
 Him hearkned to, and soone her selfe arrayd,  
 The whiles to me the treachour did remove  
 His craftie engin; and, as he had sayd,  
 Me leading, in a secret corner layd,  
 The sad spectatour of my Tragedie:  
 Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,  
 Disguised like that groome of base degree,  
 Whom he had feignd th' abuser of my love to bee.

xxviii. " Eftsoones he came unto th' appointed place,  
 And with him brought Pryene, rich arrayd,  
 In Claribellae's clothes. Her proper face  
I not descerned in that darkesome shade,  
But weend it was my love with whom he playd.  
 Ah God! what horroure and tormenting grieve  
 My hart, my handes, mine eies, and all assayd!  
 Me liefer were ten thousand deathes priefe  
 Then wounde of gealous worme, and shame of such  
 repleefe.

xxix. " I home retourning, fraught with fowle despight,  
 And chawing vengeaunce all the way I went,  
 Soone as my loathed love appeard in sight,  
 With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent,  
 That after soone I dearely did lament;  
 For, when the cause of that outrageous deede  
 Demanded, I made plaine and evident,  
 Her faultie Handmayd, which that bale did breede,  
 Confest how Philemon her wrought to chaunge her  
 weede.

xxx. " Which when I heard, with horrible affright  
 And hellish fury all enragd, I sought  
 Upon myselfe that vengeable despight  
 To punish: yet it better first I thought  
 To wreake my wrath on him that first it wrought:  
 To Philemon, false faytour Philemon,  
 I cast to pay that I so dearely bought.  
 Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,  
 ✓ And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.

xxxI. " Thus heaping crime on crime, and grieve on grieve,  
 To losse of love adjoyning losse of frend,  
 I meant to purge both with a third mischiefe,  
 And in my woes beginner it to end:  
 That was Pryene; she did first offend,  
 She last should smart: with which cruell intent,  
 When I at her my murderous blade did bend,  
 She fled away with ghastly dreriment,  
 And I, poursewing my fell purpose, after went.

xxxII. " Feare gave her winges, and rage enforst my flight;  
 Through woods and plaines so long I did her chace,  
 Till this mad man, whom your victorious might  
 Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space.  
 As I her, so he me poursewd apace,  
 And shortly overtooke: I, breathing yre,  
 Sore chauffed at my stay in such a cace,  
 And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre;  
 Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inspyre.

xxxIII. " Betwixt them both they have me doen to dye,  
 Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborne handeling,  
 That death were better then such agony  
 As grieve and fury unto me did bring;  
 Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,  
 That during life will never be appeased!"  
 When he thus ended had his sorrowing,  
 Said Guyon; " Squire, sore have ye beene diseasd,  
 But all your hurts may soone through temperance be  
 easd."

xxxIV. Then gan the Palmer thus; " Most wretched man,  
 That to affections does the bridle lend!  
 In their beginning they are weake and wan,



But soone through suff'rance growe to fearefull end:  
 — Whiles they are weake, betimes with them contend;  
 For, when they once to perfect strength do grow,  
 Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend  
 Gainst fort of Reason, it to overthrow:  
Wrath, gelosy, griefe, love, this Squire have laide thus  
 low.

xxxv. "Wrath, gealosie, griefe, love, do thus expell:  
 Wrath is a fire; and gealosie a weede;  
 Griefe is a flood; and love a monster fell;  
 The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seede,  
 The flood of drops, the Monster filth did breede:  
 But sparks, seed, drops, and filth, do thus delay;  
 The sparks soone quench, the springing seed outweed,  
 The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away:  
 So shall wrath, gealosy, griefe, love, die and decay."

xxxvi. "Unlucky Squire," (saide Guyon) "sith thou hast  
 Falne into mischiefe through intemperaunce,  
 Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,  
 And guyde thy waies with warie governaunce,  
 Least worse betide thee by some later chaunce,  
 But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin?"  
 "Phaon I hight," (quoth he) "and do advaunce  
 Mine auncestry from famous Coradin,  
 Who first to rayse our house to honour did begin."

xxxvii. Thus as he spake, lo! far away they spyde  
 A varlet ronning towards hastily,  
 Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,  
 That round about a cloud of dust did fly,  
 Which, mingled all with sweate, did dim his eye.  
 He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, whot,  
 And all so soyld that none could him descry:  
 His countenance was bold, and bashed not  
 For Guyons lookes, but scornefull eyeglance at him shot.

xxxviii. Behind his backe he bore a brasen shield,  
 On which was drawn faire, in colours fit,  
 A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,  
 And round about the wreath this word was writ,  
*Burnt I doe burne.* Right well besemed it  
 To be the shield of some redoubted knight;



And in his hand two dartes, exceeding flit  
And deadly sharpe, he held, whose heads were dight  
In poyson and in blood of malice and despight.

xxxix. When he in presence came, to Guyon first  
He boldly spake; "Sir knight, if knight thou bee,  
Abandon this forestalled place at erst,  
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee;  
Or bide the chaunce at thine owne jeoparddee."  
The knight at his great boldnesse wondered;  
And, though he scornd his ydle vanitee,  
Yet mildly him to purpose answered;  
For not to grow of nought he it conjectured.

xl. "Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,  
Yielded by him that held it forcibly:  
But whence should come that harme, which thou dost  
seeme  
To threat to him that mindes his chaunce t' abyee?"  
"Perdy," (sayd he) "here comes, and is hard by,  
— A knight of wondrous powre and great assay,  
That never yet encountred enemy  
But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;  
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay."

xli. "How hight he then," (said Guyon) "and from  
whence?"  
"Pyrochles is his name, renowned farre  
For his bold feates and hardy confidence,  
Full oft approvd in many a cruell warre;  
The brother of Cymochles, both which arre  
The sonnes of old Acrates and Despight;  
Acrates, sonne of Phlegeton and Jarre;  
But Phlegeton is sonne of Herebus and Night;  
But Herebus sonne of Aeternitie is hight."

xlII. "So from immortall race he does proceede,  
That mortall hands may not withstand his might,  
Drad for his derring doe and bloody deed;  
For all in blood and spoile is his delight.  
His am I Atin, his in wrong and right,  
That matter make for him to worke upon,  
And stirre him up to strife and cruell fight."

Fly therefore, fly this fearefull stead anon,  
Least thy foolhardize worke thy sad confusion."

XLIII. "His be that care, whom most it doth concerne,"  
(Sayd he) "but whither with such hasty flight  
Art thou now bownd? for well mote I discern  
Great cause, that carries thee so swifte and light."  
"My Lord," (quoth he) "me sent, and streight behight  
To seeke Occasion, where so she bee:  
For he is all disposd to bloody fight,  
And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltee:  
Hard is his hap that first fals in his jeoparddee."

XLIV. "Mad man," (said then the Palmer) "that does seeke  
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife:  
Shee comes unsought, and shonned followes eke.  
Happy! who can abstaine, when Rancor rife  
Kindles Revenge, and threats his rusty knife.  
Woe never wants where every cause is caught;  
And rash Occasion makes unquiet life!"  
"Then loe! wher bound she sits, whom thou hast  
sought,"  
Said Guyon: "let that message to thy Lord be  
brought."

XLV. That when the varlett heard and saw, streight way  
He wexed wondrous wroth, and said; "Vile knight,  
That knights and knighthood doest with shame upbray,  
And shewst th' ensample of thy childishe might,  
With silly weake old woman that did fight!  
Great glory and gay spoile, sure hast thou gott,  
And stoutly prov'd thy puissaunce here in sight.  
That shall Pyrochles well requite, I wott,  
And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blott."

XLVI. With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,  
Headed with yre and vengeable despiht.  
The quivering steele his aymed end wel knew,  
And to his brest it selfe intended right:  
But he was wary, and, ere it empiht  
In the meant marke, advaunst his shield atweene,  
On which it seizing no way enter might,  
But backe rebownding left the forckhead keene:  
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be seene.

## CANTO V

Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,  
 And Furors chayne untyes,  
 Who him sore wounds: whiles Atin to  
 Cymochles for ayd flyes.

- i. WHO ever doth to temperaunce apply  
 His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,  
 Trust me, shal find no greater enemy  
 Then stubborne perturbation to the same;  
 To which right wel the wise doe give that name,  
 For it the goodly peace of staid mindes  
 Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclame:  
 His owne woes author, who so bound it findes,  
 As did Pyrochles, and it wilfully unbindes.
- ii. After that varlets flight, it was not long  
 Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guyon spide  
 One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,  
 That, as the Sunny beames do glaunce and glide  
 Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,  
 And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,  
 That seemd him to enflame on every side:  
 His steed was bloody red, and fomed yre,  
 When with the maistring spur he did him roughly stire.
- iii. Approching nigh, he never staid to greete,  
 Ne chaffar words, prowd corage to provoke,  
 But prickt so fiers, that underneath his feete  
 The smouldring dust did rownd about him smoke,  
 Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;  
 And fayrly couching his steeleheaded speare,  
 Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:  
 It booted nought Sir Guyon, comming neare,  
 To thincke such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare;
- iv. But lightly shunned it; and, passing by,  
 With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,  
 That the sharpe steele, arriving forcibly

On his broad shield, bitt not, but glauncing fell  
 On his horse necke before the quilted sell,  
 And from the head the body sundred quight.  
 So him dismounted low he did compell  
 On foot with him to matchen equall fight:  
 The truncked beast fast bleeding did him fowly dight.

v. Sore bruized with the fall he slow uprose,  
 And all enraged thus him loudly shent;  
 "Disleall Knight, whose coward corage chose  
 To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,  
 And shund the marke at which it should be ment;  
 Therby thine armes seem strong, but manhood frayl:  
 So hast thou oft with guile thine honor blent;  
 But litle may such guile thee now awayl,  
 If wanted force and fortune doe me not much fayl."

vi. With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke  
 At him so fiercely, that the upper marge  
Of his sevenfolded shield away it tooke,  
 And, glauncing on his helmet, made a large  
 And open gash therein: were not his targe  
 That broke the violence of his intent,  
 The weary sowle from thence it would discharge;  
 Nathelesse so sore a buff to him it lent,  
 That made him reele, and to his brest his bever bent.

vii. Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow,  
 And much ashamd that stroke of living arme  
 Should him dismay, and make him stoup so low,  
 Though otherwise it did him litle harme:  
 Tho, hurling high his yron braced arme,  
 He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,  
 That all his left side it did quite disarm;  
 Yet there the steel stayd not, but inly bate  
 Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red floodgate.

viii. Deadly dismayd with horror of that dint  
 Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre;  
 Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,  
 But added flame unto his former fire,  
 That wel nigh molt his hart in raging yre:  
 Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward,

Or strike, or hurtle rownd in warlike gyre,  
Remembred he, ne car'd for his saufgard,  
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell tygre far'd.

- ix. He hewd, and lasht, and foynd, and thondred blowes,  
And every way did seeke into his life;  
Ne plate, ne male, could ward so mighty throwes,  
But yielded passage to his cruell knife.  
But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,  
Was wary wise, and closely did awayt  
Avauntage, whilest his foe did rage most rife:  
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him strayt,  
And falsed oft his blowes t' illude him with such bayt.
- x. Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre  
A prowde rebellious Unicorn defyes,  
T' avoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre  
Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes,  
And when him ronning in full course he spyes,  
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast  
His precious horne, sought of his enemyes,  
Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,  
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.
- xi. With such faire sleight him Guyon often fayld,  
Till at the last all breathlesse, weary, faint,  
Him spying, with fresh onsett he assayld,  
And kindling new his corage seeming quaint,  
Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint  
He made him stoup perforce unto his knee,  
And doe unwilling worship to the Saint,  
That on his shield depainted he did see:  
Such homage till that instant never learned hee.
- xii. Whom Guyon seeing stoup, poursewed fast  
The present offer of faire victory,  
And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,  
Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so hye,  
That streight on grownd made him full low to lye;  
Then on his brest his victor foote he thrust:  
With that he cryde, "Mercy! doe me not dye,  
Ne deeme thy force by fortunes doome unjust,  
That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid in dust."

xiii. Eftsoones his cruel hand Sir Guyon stayd,  
 — Tempring the passion with advizement slow,  
 And maistring might on enemy dismayd;  
 For th' equall die of warre he well did know:  
 Then to him said, "Live, and alleagaunce owe  
To him that gives thee life and liberty;  
 And henceforth by this daies ensample trow,  
 That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardry,  
 Doe breede repentaunce late, and lasting infamy."

xiv. So up he let him rise; who, with grim looke  
 And count'naunce sterne, upstanding, gan to grind  
 His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke  
 His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,  
 Knotted in blood and dust, for grief of mind  
 That he in ods of armes was conquered:  
 Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,  
 That him so noble knight had maystered;  
 Whose bounty more then might, yet both, he wondered.

xv. Which Guyon marking said, "Be nought agriev'd,  
 Sir knight, that thus ye now subdew'd arre:  
 — Was never man, who most conquestes atchiev'd,  
 But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,  
 Yet shortly gaynd that losse exceeded farre.  
Losse is no shame, nor to bee lesse then foe;  
But to bee lesser than himselfe doth marre  
Both losers lott, and victours prayse alsoe:  
 Vaine others overthrowes who selfe doth overthrow.

*fails to  
contrast  
between  
good & bad  
right*

xvi. "Fly, O Pyrochles! fly the dreadfull warre  
 That in thy selfe thy lesser partes do move;  
 Outrageous anger, and woe-working jarre,  
 Direfull impatience, and hart-murdring love:  
 Those, those thy foes, those warriours far remove,  
 Which thee to endlesse bale captived lead,  
 But sith in might thou didst my mercy prove,  
 Of courtesie to mee the cause aread  
 That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread."

xvii. "Dreadlesse," (said he) "that shall I soone declare.  
 It was complaind that thou hadst done great tort  
 Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,



And thrall'd her in chaines with strong effort,  
Voide of all succour and needfull comfort;  
That ill beseemes thee, such as I thee see,  
To worke such shame. Therefore, I thee exhort  
To chaunce thy will, and set Occasion free,  
And to her captive sonne yield his first libertee."

xviii. Thereat Sir Guyon smylde, " And is that all,  
(Said he) " that thee so sore displeased hath?  
Great mercy, sure, for to enlarge a thrall,  
Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest scath!  
Nath'lesse now quench thy whott emboyling wrath:  
Loe! there they bee; to thee I yield them free."  
Thereat he, wondrous glad, out of the path  
Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,  
And gan to breake the bands of their captivitee.

xix. Soone as Occasion felt her selfe untyde,  
Before her sonne could well assoyled bee,  
She to her use returnd, and streight defyde  
Both Guyon and Pyrochles; th' one (said shee)  
Bycause he wonne; the other, because hee  
Was wonne. So matter did she make of nought,  
To stirre up strife, and garre them disagree:  
But, soone as Furor was enlargd, she sought  
To kindle his quencht fyre, and thousand causes wrought.

xx. It was not long ere she inflam'd him so,  
That he would algates with Pyrochles fight,  
And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,  
Because he had not well mainteind his right,  
But yielded had to that same straunger knight.  
Now gan Pyrochles wex as wood as hee,  
And him affronted with impatient might:  
So both together fiers engrasped bee,  
Whyles Guyon standing by their uncouth strife does see.

xxi. Him all that while Occasion did provoke  
Against Pyrochles, and new matter fram'd  
Upon the old, him stirring to bee wroke  
Of his late wronges, in which she oft him blam'd  
For suffering such abuse as knighthood sham'd,  
And him dishabled quyte. But he was wise,

Ne would with vaine occasions be inflam'd;  
 Yet others she more urgent did devise;  
 Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

xxii. Their fell contention still increased more,  
 And more thereby increased Furors might,  
 That he his foe has hurt and wounded sore,  
 And him in blood and durt deformed quight.  
 His mother eke, more to augment his spight,  
 Now brought to him a flaming fyer brond,  
 Which she in Stygian lake, ay burning bright,  
 Had kindled: that she gave into his hond,  
 That armd with fire more hardly he mote him withstond

xxiii. Tho gan that villen wex so fiers and strong,  
 That nothing might sustaine his furious forse.  
 He cast him downe to ground, and all along  
 Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,  
 And fowly battered his comely corse,  
 That Guyon much disdeigned so loathly sight.  
 At last he was compeld to cry perforce,  
 " Help, O Sir Guyon! helpe, most noble knight,  
 To ridd a wretched man from handes of hellish wight! "

xxiv. The knight was greatly moved at his playnt,  
 And gan him dight to succour his distresse,  
 Till that the Palmer, by his grave restrynt,  
 Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse,  
 And said; " Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth represses,  
 Ne let thy stout hart melt in pitty vayne:  
 He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,  
 And his foe fettred would release agayne,  
 Deserves to taste his follies fruit, repented payne."

xxv. Guyon obeyd: So him away he drew  
 From needlesse trouble of renewing fight  
 Already fought, his voyage to poursew.  
 But rash Pyrochles varlett, Atin hight,  
 When late he saw his Lord in heauey plight  
 Under Sir Guyons puissaunt stroke to fall,  
 Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in sight,  
 Fledd fast away to tell his funerall  
 Unto his brother, whom Cymochles men did call.

- xxvi. He was a man of rare redoubted might, -  
 Famous throughout the world for warlike prayse,  
 And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight:  
 Full many doughtie knightes he in his dayes  
 Had doen to death, subdewde in equall frayes  
 Whose carkases, for terrour of his name,  
 Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous prayes,  
 And hong their conquered armes, for more defame,  
 On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.
- xxvii. His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,  
 The vyle Acrasia, that with vaine delightes,  
 And ydle pleasures in her Bowre of Blisse,  
 Does charme her lovers, and the feeble sprights  
 Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes;  
 Whom then she does transforme to monstrous hewes,  
 And horribly misshapes with ugly sightes,  
 Captiv'd eternally in yron mewes  
 And darksom dens, where Titan his face never shewes.
- xxviii. There Atin fownd Cymochles sojourning,  
 To serve his Lemans love: for he by kynd  
 Was given all to lust and loose living,  
 When ever his fiers handes he free mote fynd:  
 And now he has poured out his ydle mynd  
 In daintie delices, and lavish joyes,  
 Having his warlike weapons cast behynd,  
 And flowes in pleasures and vaine pleasing toyes,  
 Mingled amongst loose Ladies and lascivious boyes.
- xxix. And over him art, stryving to compayre  
 With nature, did an Arber greene disprede,  
 Framed of wanton Yvie, flouring fayre,  
 Through which the fragrant Eglantine did spred  
 His prickling armes, entrayld with roses red,  
 Which daintie odours round about them threw:  
 And all within with flowres was garnished,  
 That, when myld Zephyrus emongst them blew,  
 Did breath out bounteous smels, and painted colors shew.
- xxx. And fast beside there trickled softly downe  
 A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play  
 Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,

NR  
 Art vs.  
 Nature

To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay:  
 The wearie Traveiler, wandring that way,  
 Therein did often quench his thristy heat,  
 And then by it his wearie limbes display,  
 Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget  
 His former payne, and wypt away his toilsom sweat.

xxxI. And on the other syde a pleasaunt grove  
 Was shott up high, full of the stately tree  
 That dedicated is t' Olympick Jove,  
 And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee  
 In Nemus gayned goodly victoree:  
 Therein the mery birdes of every sorte  
 Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonie,  
 And made emongst them selves a sweete consort,  
 That quickned the dull spright with musicall comfort.

xxxII. There he him found all carelessly dislaid,  
 In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,  
 On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,  
 Amidst a flock of Damzelles fresh and gay,  
 That rownd about him dissolute did play  
 Their wanton follies and light meriments:  
 Every of which did loosely disaray  
 Her upper partes of meet habiliments,  
 And shewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

xxxIII. And every of them strove with most delights  
 Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew:  
 Some framd faire lookes, glancing like evening lights;  
 Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew;  
 Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew  
 The sugred licour through his melting lips:  
 One boastes her beautie, and does yield to vew  
 Her dainty limbes above her tender hips;  
 Another her out boastes, and all for tryall strips.

xxxIV. He, like an Adder lurking in the weedes,  
 His wandring thought in deepe desire does steepe,  
 And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes:  
 Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,  
 Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe  
 To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,

Whereby close fire into his heart does creepe:  
So he them deceives, deceivd in his deceit,  
Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

xxxv. Atin, arriving there, when him he spyde  
Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade  
Fiercely approaching to him lowdly cryde,  
“Cymochles; oh! no, but Cymochles shade,  
In which that manly person late did fade.  
What is become of great Acrates sonne?  
Or where hath he hong up his mortall blade,  
That hath so many haughty conquests wonne?  
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

xxxvi. Then, pricking him with his sharp-pointed dart,  
He saide; “Up, up! thou womanish weake knight,  
That here in Ladies lap entombed art,  
Unmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,  
And weetlesse eke of lately wrought despight,  
Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on sencelesse ground,  
And groneth out his utmost grudging spright  
Through many a stroke and many a streaming wound,  
Calling thy helpe in vaine that here in joyes art dround.”

xxxvii. /Suddeinly out of his delightfull dreame  
The man awoke, and would have questiond more;  
But he would not endure that wofull theame  
For to dilate at large, but urged sore,  
With percing wordes and pittifull implore,  
Him hasty to arise. As one affright  
With hellish feends, or Furies made uprore,  
He then uprose, inflamd with fell despight,  
And called for his armes, for he would algates fight:

xxxviii. They bene ybrought; he quickly does him dight,  
And lightly mounted passeth on his way;  
Ne Ladies loves, ne sweete entreaties, might  
Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay;  
For he has vowd to beene avengd that day  
(That day it selfe him seemed all too long)  
On him, that did Pyrochles deare dismay:  
So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,  
And Atin ay him pricks with spurs of shame and wrong.



## CANTO VI

Guyon is of immodest Merth  
 Led into loose desyre;  
 Fights with Cymochles, whiles his brother  
 burns in furious fyre.

in in  
 continence  
 i. implication  
 mean

- I. A HARDER lesson to learne Continen-  
In joyous pleasure then in grievous paine;  
 For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence  
 So strongly, that uneathes it can refraine  
 From that which feeble nature covets faine:  
 But grieve and wrath, that be her enemies  
 And foes of life, she better can abstaine:  
 Yet vertue vauntes in both her victories,  
And Guyon in them all shewes goodly maysteries.
- II. Whom bold Cymochles traveling to finde,  
 With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him  
 The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,  
 Came to a river, by whose utmost brim  
 Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim  
 Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,  
 A litle Gondelay, bedecked trim  
 With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,  
 That like a litle Forrest seemed outwardly.
- III. And therein sate a Lady fresh and fayre,  
 Making sweet solace to herselfe alone:  
 Sometimes she song as lowd as larke in ayre,  
 Sometimes she laught, as merry as Pope Jone;  
 Yet was there not with her else any one,  
 That to her might move cause of meriment:  
 Matter of merth enough, though there were none,  
 She could devise; and thousand waies invent  
 To feede her foolish humour and vaine jolliment.
- IV. Which when far off Cymochles heard and saw,  
 He lowdly cald to such as were aboard  
 The little barke unto the shore to draw,



And him to ferry over that deepe ford.  
 The merry mariner unto his word  
 Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streightway  
 Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike Lord  
 She in receiv'd; but Atin by no way  
 She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

v. Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,  
 More swift then swallow sheres the liquid skye,  
 Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,  
 Or winged canvas with the wind to fly:  
 Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by  
 It cut away upon the yielding wave,  
 Ne cared she her course for to apply;  
 For it was taught the way which she would have,  
 And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely save.

vi. And all the way the wanton Damsell found  
 New merth her passenger to entertaine;  
 For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,  
 And greatly joyed merry tales to faine,  
 Of which a store-house did with her remaine:  
 Yet seemed, nothing well they her became;  
For all her wordes she drownd with laughter vaine,  
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,  
 That turnd all her pleasaunce to a scoffing game.

vii. And other whiles vaine toyes she would devise,  
 As her fantasticke wit did most delight:  
 Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize  
 With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight  
 About her necke, or rings of rushes plight:  
 Sometimes, to do him laugh, she would assay  
 To laugh at shaking of the leaves light  
 Or to behold the water worke and play  
 About her little frigot, therein making way.

viii. Her light behaviour and loose dalliaunce  
 Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,  
 That of his way he had no sovenaunce,  
 Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruell fight,  
 But to weake wench did yield his martiall might:  
 So easie was to quench his flamed minde

With one sweete drop of sensuall delight.  
 | So easie is t' appease the stormy winde  
 | Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt womankind. |

- ix. Diverse discourses in their way they spent;  
 Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned  
 Both what she was, and what that usage ment,  
 Which in her cott she daily practized?  
 "Vaine man," (saide she) "that wouldest be reckoned  
 A stranger in thy home, and ignoraunt  
 Of Phædria, (for so my name is red)  
 Of Phædria, thine owne fellow servaunt;  
 For thou to serve Acrasia thy selfe doest vaunt.
- x. "In this wide Inland sea, that hight by name  
 The Idle lake, my wandring ship I row,  
 That knowes her port, and thither sayles by ayme,  
 Ne care, ne feare I how the wind do blow,  
 Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow:  
 Both slow and swift alike do serve my tourne;  
 Ne swelling Neptune ne lowd thundring Jove  
 Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever mourne:  
 My little boat can safely passe this perilous bourne."
- xi. Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,  
 They were far past the passage which he spake,  
 And come unto an Island waste and voyd,  
 That floted in the midst of that great lake;  
 There her small Gondelay her port did make,  
 And that gay payre, issewing on the shore,  
 Disburdned her. Their way they forward take  
 Into the land that lay them faire before,  
 Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plentifull great store.
- xii. It was a chosen plott of fertile land,  
 Emongst wide waves sett, like a litle nest,  
 As if it had by Natures cunning hand  
 Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,  
 And laid forth for ensample of the best:  
 No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,  
 No arborett with painted blossomes drest  
 And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd  
 To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al arownd.

- xiii. No tree whose braunches did not bravely spring;  
No braunch whereon a fine bird did not sitt;  
No bird but did her shrill notes sweetely sing;  
No song but did containe a lovely ditt.  
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs, were framed fitt  
For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease:  
Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake witt  
Was overcome of thing that did him please;  
So pleased did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.
- xiv. Thus when shee had his eyes and sences fed  
With false delights, and fild with pleasures vayn,  
Into a shady dale she soft him led,  
And layd him downe upon a grassy playn;  
And her sweete selfe without dread or disdayn  
She sett beside, laying his head disarmd  
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,  
Where soone he slumbred fearing not be harmd:  
The whiles with a love lay she thus him sweetly charmd
- xv. " Behold, O man! that toilesome paines doest take,  
The flowrs, the fields, and all that pleasaunt growes,  
How they them selves doe thine ensample make,  
Whiles nothing envious nature them forth throwes  
Out of her fruitfull lap; how no man knowes,  
They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire,  
And decke the world with their rich pompous showes;  
Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,  
Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.
- xvi. " The lilly, Lady of the flowring field,  
The flowre-deluce, her lovely Paramoure,  
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,  
And soone leave off this toylsome weary stoure:  
Loe, loe! how brave she decks her bounteous boure,  
With silkin curtens and gold coverletts,  
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure;  
Yet nether spinnes nor cardes, ne cares nor fretts,  
But to her mother Nature all her care she letts.
- xvii. " Why then doest thou, O man! that of them all  
Art Lord, and eke of nature Soverraine,  
Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,

And waste thy joyous howres in needlesse paine,  
 Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?  
 What bootes it al to have, and nothing use?  
 Who shall him rew that swimming in the maine  
 Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?  
 Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures chuse."

xviii. By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,  
 That of no worldly thing he care did take:  
 Then she with liquors strong his eies did steepe,  
 That nothing should him hastily awake.  
 So she him lefte, and did her selfe betake  
 Unto her boat again, with which she cleft  
 The slothfull wave of that great griesy lake:  
 Soone shee that Island far behind her lefte,  
 And now is come to that same place where first she wefte.

xix. By this time was the worthy Guyon brought  
 Unto the other side of that wide strond  
 Where she was rowing, and for passage sought.  
 Him needed not long call; shee soone to hond  
 Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond  
 With his sad guide: him selfe she tooke aboard,  
 But the Blacke Palmer suffred still to stond,  
 Ne would for price or prayers once afford  
 To ferry that old man over the perlous foord.

xx. Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,  
 Yet being entred might not backe retyre;  
 For the flitt barke, obaying to her mind,  
 Forth launched quickly as she did desire,  
 Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire  
 Adieu; but nimbly ran her wonted course  
 Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,  
 Whom nether wind out of their seat could forse  
 Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish source.

xxi. And by the way, as was her wonted guise,  
 Her mery fitt shee freshly gan to reare,  
 And did of joy and jollity devise,  
 Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare.  
 The knight was courteous, and did not forbear  
 Her honest merth and pleasaunce to partake;

But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,  
And passe the bonds of modest merimake,  
Her dalliaunce he despis'd, and follies did forsake.

xxii. Yet she still followed her former style,  
And said and did all that mote him delight,  
Till they arrived in that pleasaunt Ile,  
Where sleeping late she lefte her other knight.  
But whenas Guyon of that land had sight,  
He wist him selfe amisse, and angry said;  
“ Ah, Dame! perdy ye have not doen me right,  
Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid:  
Me litle needed from my right way to have straid.”

xxiii. “ Faire Sir,” (quoth she) “ be not displeased at all.  
Who fares on sea may not commaund his way,  
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:  
The sea is wide, and easy for to stray;  
The wind unstable, and doth never stay.  
But here a while ye may in safety rest,  
Till season serve new passage to assay:  
Better safe port then be in seas distrest.”  
Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in jest.

xxiv. But he, halfe discontent, mote nathelasse  
Himselfe appease, and issewd forth on shore;  
The joyes whereof and happy fruitfulnessse,  
Such as he saw she gan him lay before,  
And all, though pleasaunt, yet she made much more:  
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,  
The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore;  
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,  
And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

xxv. And she, more sweete then any bird on bough,  
Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,  
And strive to passe (as she could well enough)  
Their native musicke by her skilful art:  
So did she all that might his constant hart  
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,  
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,  
Where noise of armes, or vew of martiall guize,  
Might not revive desire of knightly exercize.

- xxvi. But he was wise, and wary of her will,  
 And ever held his hand upon his hart;  
 Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,  
 As to despise so curteous seeming part  
 That gentle Lady did to him impart:  
 But, fairly tempring, fond desire subdewd,  
 And ever her desired to depart.  
 She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,  
 And ever bad him stay till time the tide renewd.
- xxvii. And now by this Cymochles howre was spent,  
 That he awoke out of his ydle dreme;  
 And, shaking off his drowsy dreriment,  
 Gan him avize, howe ill did him beseme  
 In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,  
 And quench the brond of his conceived yre:  
 Tho up he started, stird with shame extreme,  
 Ne staied for his Damsell to inquire,  
 But marched to the Strond there passage to require.
- xxviii. And in the way he with Sir Guyon mett,  
 Accompanyde with Phædria the faire:  
 Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly frett,  
 Crying; "Let be that Lady debonaire,  
 Thou recreaunt knight, and soone thyselfe prepaire  
 To batteile, if thou meane her love to gayn.  
 Loe, loe! already how the fowles in aire  
 Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn  
 Thy carcas for their pray, the guerdon of thy payn."
- xxix. And therewithall he fiersly at him flew,  
 And with importune outrage him assayld;  
 Who, soone prepar'd to field, his sword forth drew,  
 And him with equall vlew countervayld:  
 Their mightie strokes their haberjeons dismayld,  
 And naked made each others manly spalles;  
 The mortall steele despiteously entayld  
 Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron walles,  
 That a large purple streame adowne their giambeux  
 falles.
- xxx. Cymochles, that had never mett before  
 So puissant foe, with envious despight  
 His prowd presumed force increased more,



Disdeigning to bee held so long in fight.  
 Sir Guyon, grudging not so much his might  
 As those unknighly raylinges which he spoke,  
 With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,  
 Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,  
 And doubling all his powers redoubled every stroke. —

xxxI. Both of them high attonce their handes enhaunst,  
 And both attonce their huge blowes down did sway.  
 Cymochles sword on Guyons shield yglaunst,  
 And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away;  
 But Guyons angry blade so fiers did play  
 On th' others helmet, which as Titan shone,  
 That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,  
 And bared all his head unto the bone;  
 Wherewith astonisht, still he stood as sencelesse stone.

xxxII. Still as he stood, fayre Phædria, that beheld  
 That deadly daunger, soone atweene them ran;  
 And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,  
 Crying with pitteous voyce, and count'nance wan,  
 "Ah, well away! most noble Lords, how can  
 Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,  
 To shed your lives on ground? Wo worth the man,  
 That first did teach the cursed steele to bight  
 In his owne flesh, and make way to the living spright!

xxxIII. "If ever love of Lady did empierce  
 Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,  
 Withhold your bloody handes from battaill fierce;  
 And, sith for me ye fight, to me this grace  
 Both yield, to stay your deadly stryfe a space."  
 They stayd a while, and forth she gan proceede:  
 "Most wretched woman and of wicked race,  
 That am the authour of this hainous deed,  
 And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights do  
 breed!

xxxIV. "But, if for me ye fight, or me will serve,  
 Not this rude kynd of battaill, nor these armes  
 Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterve,  
 And doolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes:  
 Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes,  
 Another warre, and other weapons, I

Doe love, where love does give his sweet Alarmes  
Without bloodshed, and where the enemy  
Does yield unto his foe a pleasaunt victory.

xxxv. " Debatefull strife, and cruell enmity,  
The famous name of knighthood fowly shend;  
But lovely peace, and gentle amity,  
And in Amours the passing howres to spend,  
The mightie martiall handes doe most commend:  
Of love they ever greater glory bore  
Then of their armes; Mars is Cupidoes frend,  
And is for Venus loves renowned more  
Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore."

xxxvi. Therewith she sweetly smyld. They, though full bent  
To prove extremities of bloody fight,  
Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,  
And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight.  
Such powre have pleasing wordes: such is the might  
Of courteous clemency in gentle hart.  
Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight  
Besought that Damzell suffer him depart,  
And yield him ready passage to that other part.

xxxvii. She no lesse glad then he desirous was  
Of his departure thence; for of her joy  
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,  
A foe of folly and immodest toy,  
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy;  
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,  
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,  
Troubled with terrour and unquiet jarre,  
That she well pleased was thence to amove him farre

xxxviii. Tho him she brought aboard, and her swift bote  
Forthwith directed to that further strand;  
The which on the dull waves did lightly flote,  
And soone arrived on the shallow sand,  
Where gladsome Guyon salied forth to land,  
And to that Damsell thanks gave for reward.  
Upon that shore he spyed Atin stand,  
There by his maister left, when late he far'd  
In Phædras flitt barck over that perlous shard.

xxxix. Well could he him remember, sith of late  
He with Pyrochles sharp debatement made:  
Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter rate,  
As Shepheardes curre, that in darke eveninges shade  
Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade:  
“Vile Miscreaunt,” (said he) “whither dost thou flye  
The shame and death, which will thee soone invade?  
What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,  
That art thus fowly fledd from famous enemy?”

xl. With that he stifly shooke his steelhead dart:  
But sober Guyon, hearing him so rayle,  
Though somewhat moved in his mightie hart,  
Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,  
And passed fayrely forth. He, turning taile,  
Back to the strond retyrd, and there still stayd,  
Awaiting passage which him late did faile;  
The whiles Cymochles with that wanton mayd  
The hasty heat of his avowd revenge delayd.

xli. Whylest there the varlet stood, he saw from farre  
An armed knight that towards him fast ran;  
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre  
His forlorne steed from him the victour wan:  
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan;  
And all his armour sprinkled was with blood,  
And soyld with durtie gore, that no man can  
Discerne the hew thereof. He never stood,  
But bent his hastie course towards the ydle flood.

xlII. The varlett saw, when to the flood he came,  
How without stop or stay he fiersly lept,  
And deepe him selfe beducked in the same,  
That in the lake his loftie crest was stept,  
Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept;  
But with his raging armes he rudely flasht  
The waves about, and all his armour swept,  
That all the blood and filth away was washt;  
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

xlIII. Atin drew nigh to weet what it mote bee,  
For much he wondred at that uncouth sight:  
Whom should he but his owne deare Lord there see,

His owne deare Lord Pyrochles in sad plight,  
 Ready to drowne him selfe for fell despight:  
 " Harrow now out, and well away! " he cryde,  
 " What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,  
 To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde?  
 Pyrochles, O Pyrochles! what is thee betyde? "

XLIV. " I burne, I burne, I burne! " then lowd he cryde,  
 " O! how I burne with implacable fyre;  
 Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde,  
 Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre:  
 Nothing but death can doe me to respyre."  
 " Ah! be it," (said he) " from Pyrochles farre  
 After pursewing death once to requyre,  
 Or think, that ought those puissant hands may marre:  
 Death is for wretches borne under unhappy starre."

XLV. " Perdyde, then is it fitt for me," (said he)  
 " That am, I weene, most wretched man alive;  
Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,  
And dying dayly, dayly yet revive.  
 O Atin! helpe to me last death to give."  
 The varlet at his plaint was grieved so sore,  
 That his deepe wounded hart in two did rive;  
 And, his owne health remembring now no more,  
 Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

XLVI. Into the lake he lept his Lord to ayd,  
 (So Love the dread of daunger doth despise)  
 And of him catching hold him strongly stayd  
 From drowning. But more happy he then wise,  
 Of that seas nature did him not avise:  
 The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,  
 Engrost with mud which did them fowle agrise,  
 That every weighty thing they did upheare,  
 Ne ought mote ever sinck downe to the bottom there.

XLVII. Whiles thus they strugled in that ydle wave,  
 And strove in vaine, the one him selfe to drowne,  
 The other both from drowning for to save,  
 Lo! to that shore one in an auncient gowne,  
 Whose hoary locks great gravitie did crowne,  
Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,

By fortune came, ledd with the troublous sowne:  
Where drenched deepe he fownd in that dull ford  
The carefull servaunt stryving with his raging Lord.

- XLVIII. Him Atin spying knew right well of yore,  
And lowdly cald; "Helpe, helpe! O Archimage!  
To save my Lord in wretched plight forlore;  
Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsell sage:  
Weake handes, but counsell is most strong in age."  
Him when the old man saw, he wondred sore  
To see Pyrochles there so rudely rage;  
Yet sithens helpe, he saw, he needed more  
Then pitty, he in hast approached to the shore,
- XLIX. And cald; "Pyrochles! what is this I see?  
What hellish fury hath at earst thee hent?  
Furious ever I thee knew to bee,  
Yet never in this straunge astonishment."  
"These flames, these flames" (he cryde) "doe me  
torment."  
"Wha flames," (quoth he), when I thee present see  
In daunger rather to be drent then brent?"  
"Harrow! the flames which me consume," (said hee)  
"Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowelles bee.
- L. "That cursed man, that cruel feend of hell,  
Furor, oh! Furor hath me thus bedight:—  
His deadly woundes within my liver swell,  
And his whott fyre burnes in mine entralles bright,  
Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,  
Sith late with him I batteill vaine would boste;  
That now, I weene, Joves dreaded thunder light  
Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned ghoste  
In flaming Phlegeton does not so felly roste."
- LI. Which when as Archimago heard, his grieve  
He knew right well, and him attonce disarm'd;  
Then searcht his secret woundes, and made a priefe  
Of every place that was with bruzing harmd,  
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd.  
Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,  
And evermore with mightie spels them charmd;  
That in short space he has them qualifyde,  
And him restor'd to helth that would have algates dyde.

## CANTO VII

Guyon findes Mamon in a delve  
 Sunning his threasure hore;  
 Is by him tempted, and led downe  
 To see his secrete store.

- i. As Pilot well expert in perilous wave,  
 That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,  
 When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have  
 The faithful light of that faire lampe yblent,  
 And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,  
 Upon his card and compas firmes his eye,  
 The maysters of his long experiment,  
 And to them does the steddye helme apply,  
 Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly:
- ii. So Guyon having lost his trustie guyde, —  
 Late left beyond that Ydle lake, proceedes  
 Yet on his way, of none accompanye;  
 And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes  
 Of his own vertues and praise-worthie deedes.  
 So, long he yode, yet no adventure found,  
 Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes;  
 For still he traveild through wide wastfull ground,  
 That nought but desert wilderness shewed all around.
- iii. At last he came unto a gloomy glade,  
 Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heavens light,  
 Whereas he sitting found in secret shade  
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,  
 Of griesly hew and fowle ill favour'd sight;  
 His face with smoke was tand, and eies were beard,  
 His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,  
 His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have ben seard  
 In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes  
 appeard.
- iv. His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,  
 Was underneath enveloped with gold;  
 Whose glistring glosse, darkned with filthy dust,



Well yet appeared to have beene of old  
 A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,  
 Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery;  
 And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,  
 And turned upside downe, to feede his eye  
 And covetous desire with his huge treasury.

v. And round about him lay on every side  
 Great heapes of gold that never could be spent;  
 Of which some were rude owre, not purifide  
 Of Mulcibers devouring element;  
 Some others were new driven, and distent  
 Into great Ingowes and to wedges square;  
 Some in round plates withouten moniment;  
 But most were stampd, and in their metal bare  
 The antique shapes of kinges and kesars straunge and rare.

vi. Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright  
 And haste he rose for to remove aside  
 Those pretious hils from straungers envious sight,  
 And downe them poured through an hole full wide —  
 Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.  
 But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, stayd  
 His hand that trembled as one terrifyde;  
 And though himselfe were at the sight dismayd,  
 Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull sayd:

vii. "What art thou, man, (if man at all thou art)  
 That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,  
 And these rich hils of welth doest hide apart  
 From the worldes eye, and from her right usaunce?"  
 Thereat, with staring eyes fixed askaunce,  
 In great disdaine he answerd: "Hardy Elfe,  
 That darest view my direfull countenaunce,  
 I read thee rash and heedelesse of thy selfe,  
 To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

viii. "God of the world and worldlings I me call,  
Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,  
 That of my plenty poure out unto all,  
 And unto none my graces do envye:  
 Riches, renowme, and principality,  
 Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,

For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,  
 Fro me do flow into an ample flood,  
 And in the hollow earth have their eternal brood.

- ix. "Wherefore, if me thou deigne to serve and sew,  
 At thy commaund lo! all these mountaines bee:  
 Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew,  
 All these may not suffice, there shall to thee  
 Ten times so much be nombred francke and free."  
 "Mammon," (saide he) "thy godheads vaunt is vaine,  
 And idle offers of thy golden fee;  
 To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine  
 Proffer thy giftes, and fitter servaunts enttaine.
- x. "Me ill besits, that in der-doing armes  
 And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,  
 Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing charmes,  
 With which weake men thou witchest, to attend;  
 Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,  
 And low abase the high heroicke spright,  
 That joyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend:  
 Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes be my delight;  
 Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight."
- xi. "Vaine glorious Elfe," (saide he) "doest not thou weet,  
 That money can thy wantes at will supply?  
 Sheilds, steedes, and armes, and all things for thee meet,  
 It can purvay in twinckling of an eye;  
 And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.  
Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne  
 Sometimes to him that low in dust doth ly,  
 And him that raignd into his rowme thrust downe,  
 And whom I lust do heape with glory and renowne?"
- xii. "All otherwise" (saide he) "I riches read,  
 And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse;  
 First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,  
 And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,  
 Leaving behind them grieve and heavinesse:  
 Infinite mischiefes of them doe arize,  
 Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitternesse,  
 Outrageous wrong, and hellish covetize,  
 That noble heart as great dishonour doth despize.

- xiii. "Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine;  
But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,  
And loyall truth to treason doest incline:  
Witnesse the guiltlesse blood pourd oft on ground, —  
The crowned often slaine, the slayer cround;  
The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,  
And purple robe gored with many a wound,  
Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent:  
So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull government.
- xiv. "Long were to tell the troublous stormes that tosse  
The private state, and make the life unsweet:  
Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,  
And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,  
Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet."  
Then Mammon waxing wroth; "And why then," sayd,  
"Are mortall men so fond and undiscreet  
So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd,  
And having not complaine, and having it upbrayd?"
- xv. "Indeede," (quoth he) "through fowle intemperaunce,  
Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise;  
But would they thinke with how small allowaunce  
Untroubled Nature doth her selfe suffice,  
Such superfluties they would despise,  
Which with sad cares empeach our native joyes.  
At the well-head the purest streames arise;  
But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,  
And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave accloyes.
- xvi. "The antique world, in his first flowring youth,  
Fownd no defect in his Creators grace;  
But with glad thanks, and unreprieved truth,  
The guifts of soveraine bounty did embrace:  
Like Angels life was then mens happy cace;  
But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,  
Abusd her plenty and fat swolne encrease  
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed  
The measure of her meane and naturall first need.
- xvii. "Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe  
Of his great Grandmother with steele to wound,  
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe

With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he fownd  
 Fountaines of gold and silver to abownd,  
 Of which the matter of his huge desire  
 And pompous pride eftsoones he did compownd;  
 Then avarice gan through his veines inspire  
 His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire."

xviii. "Sonne," (said he then) "lett be thy bitter scorne,  
 And leave the rudenesse of that antique age  
 To them that liv'd therein in state forlorne:  
 Thou, that doest live in later times, must wage  
 Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.  
 If then thee list my offred grace to use,  
 Take what thou please of all this surplusage;  
If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse:  
But thing refused doe not afterward accuse."

xix. "Me list not" (said the Elfin knight) "receave  
 Thing offred, till I know it well be gott;  
 Ne wote I but thou didst these goods bereave  
 From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott,  
 Or that bloodguiltinesse or guile them blott."  
 "Perdy," (quoth he) "yet never eie did vew,  
 Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not;  
 But safe I have them kept in secret mew  
 From hevens sight, and powre of al which them poursew."

xx. "What secret place" (quoth he) "can safely hold  
 So huge a masse, and hide from heavens eie?  
 Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold  
 Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?"  
 "Come thou," (quoth he) "and see." So by and by  
 Through that thick covert he him led, and fownd  
 A darkesome way, which no man could descry,  
 That deep descended through the hollow grownd,  
 And was with dread and horror compassed arownd.

xxi. At length they came into a larger space,  
 That stretcht itself into an ample playne;  
 Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,  
 That streight did lead to Plutoes griesly rayne.  
 By that wayes side there sate internall Payne,  
 And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife:

The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,  
The other brandished a bloody knife;  
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

xxii. On thother side in one consort there sate  
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,  
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate;  
But gnawing Gealousy, out of their sight  
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight;  
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,  
And found no place wher safe he shroud him might:  
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye,  
And shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

xxiii. And over them sad horror with grim hew  
Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings;  
And after him Owles and Night-ravens flew,  
The hatefull messengers of heavy things,  
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings;  
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,  
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,  
That hart of flint asonder could have rifte;  
Which having ended after him she flyeth swifte.

xxiv. All these before the gates of Pluto lay,  
By whom they passing spake unto them nought;  
But th' Elfin knight with wonder all the way  
Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.  
At last him to a litle dore he brought,  
That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,  
Was next adjoyning, ne them parted ought:  
Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,  
That did the house of Richesse from hell-mouth divide.

xxv. Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,  
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,  
For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware  
Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard:  
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward  
Approch, albe his drowsy den were next;  
For next to death is Sleepe to be compard;  
Therefore his house is unto his annext:  
Here Sleep, ther Richesse, and Hel-gate them both betwext.



- xxvi. So soon as Mammon there arrivd, the dore  
 To him did open and afforded way:  
 Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,  
 Ne darkenesse him, ne daunger might dismay.  
 Soone as he entred was, the dore streight way  
 Did shutt, and from behind it forth there lept  
 An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall day,  
 The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,  
 And ever as he went dew watch upon him kept.
- xxvii. Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,  
 If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,  
 Or lips he layd on thing that likte him best,  
 Or ever sleepe his eie-strings did untye,  
 Should be his pray. And therefore still on hye  
 He over him did hold his cruell claws,  
 Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him dye,  
 And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,  
 If ever he transgrest the fatall Stygian lawes.
- xxviii. That houses forme within was rude and strong,  
 Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky clifte,  
 From whose rough vout the ragged breaches hong  
 Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,  
 And with rich metall loaded every rifte,  
 That heavy ruine they did seeme to threat;  
 And over them Arachne did lifte  
 Her cunning web, and spred her subtile nett,  
 Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more black  
 than Jett.
- xxix. Both rooffe, and floore, and walls, were all of gold,  
 But overgrowne with dust and old decay,  
 And hid in darkenes, that none could behold  
 The hew thereof; for vew of cherefull day  
 Did never in that house it selfe display,  
 But a faint shadow of uncertein light:  
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away,  
 Or as the Moone, cloathed with cloudy night,  
 Does show to him that walkes in feare and sad affright.
- xxx. In all that rowme was nothing to be seeñe  
 But huge great yron chests, and coffers strong,  
 All bard with double bends, that none could weene



Them to efforce by violence or wrong;  
 On every side they placed were along;  
 But all the grownd with sculs was scattered,  
 And dead mens bones, which round about were flong;  
 Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,  
 And their vile carcasses now left unburied.

xxxI. They forward passe; ne Guyon yet spoke word,  
 Till that they came unto an yron dore,  
 Which to them opened of his owne accord,  
 And shewd of richesse such exceeding store,  
 As eie of man did never see before,  
 Ne ever could within one place be fownd,  
 Though all the wealth which is, or was of yore,  
 Could gathered be through all the world arownd,  
 And that above were added to that under grownd.

xxxII. The charge thereof unto a covetous Spright  
 Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,  
 And warily awaited day and night,  
 From other covetous feends it to defend,  
 Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.  
 Then Mammon, turning to that warriour, said;  
 "Loe! here the worldes blis: loe! here the end,  
 To which al men doe ayme, rich to be made:  
 Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid."

xxxIII. "Certes," (sayd he) "I n'll thine offred grace,  
 Ne to be made so happy doe intend:  
Another blis before mine eyes I place,  
Another happines, another end.  
 To them that list these base regards I lend;  
 But I in armes, and in atchievements brave,  
 Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,  
 And to be Lord of those that riches have,  
 Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile slave."

NB

xxxIV. Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,  
 And griev'd so long to lacke his greedie pray;  
 For well he weened that so glorious bayte  
 Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay;  
 Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,  
 More light then Culver in the Faulcons fist.

Eternall God thee save from such decay!  
 But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,  
 Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

xxxv. Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly brought  
 Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright  
 To him did open, as it had been taught.  
 Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,  
 And hundred founaces all burning bright:  
 By every founace many feendes did byde,  
 Deformed creatures, horrible in sight;  
 And every feend his busie paines applyde  
 To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

xxxvi. One with great bellows gathered filling ayre,  
 And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;  
 Another did the dying bronds repayre  
 With yron tongs, and sprinckled ofte the same  
 With liquid waves, fiers Vulcans rage to tame,  
 Who, maystring them, renewd his former heat:  
 Some scumd the drosse that from the metall came;  
 Some stird the molten owre with ladles great;  
 And every one did swincke, and every one did sweat.

xxxvii. But, when an earthly wight they present saw  
 Glistring in armes and battailous aray,  
 From their whot work they did themselves withdraw  
 To wonder at the sight; for till that day  
 They never creature saw that cam that way:  
 Their staring eyes sparckling with fervent fyre  
 And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,  
 That, were it not for shame, he would retyre;  
 Till that him thus bespake their soveraine Lord and  
 syre;

xxxviii. "Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,  
 That living eye before did never see.  
 The thing, that thou didst crave so earnestly,  
 To weet whence all the wealth late shewd by mee  
 Proceeded, lo! now is reveald to thee.  
 Here is the fountaine of the worldes good:  
 Now, therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,  
 Advise thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood,  
 Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood."

xxxix. " Suffise it then, thou Money God," (quoth hee)  
 " That all thine ydle offers I refuse.  
All that I need I have: what needeth mee  
To covet more then I have cause to use?  
 With such vaine shewes thy worldlinges vyle abuse;  
 But give me leave to follow mine emprise."  
 Mammon was much displeasd, yet no'te he chuse  
 But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise;  
 And thence him forward ledd him further to entise.

xl. He brought him, through a darksom narrow strayt,  
 To a broad gate all built of beaten gold:  
 The gate was open; but therein did wayt  
 A sturdie villein, stryding stiffe and bold,  
 As if the highest God defy he would:  
 In his right hand an yron club he held,  
 But he himselfe was all of golden mould,  
 Yet had both life and sence, and well could weld  
 That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

xli. Disdayne he called was, and did disdayne  
 To be so cald, and who so did him call:  
 Sterne was his looke, and full of stomacke vayne;  
 His portaunce terrible, and stature tall,  
 Far passing th' hight of men terrestriall,  
 Like an huge Gyant of the Titans race;  
 That made him scorne all creatures great and small.  
 And with his pride all others powre deface:  
 More fitt emongst black fiendes then men to have his  
 place.

xlII. Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye,  
 That with their brightnesse made that darknes light,  
 His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,  
 And threaten batteill to the Faery knight;  
 Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,  
 Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,  
 And counseld him abstaine from perilous fight;  
 For nothing might abash the villein bold,  
 Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

xlIII. So having him with reason pacifyde,  
 And that fiers Carle commaunding to forbear,

He brought him in. The rowme was large and wyde,  
 As it some Gyeld or solemne Temple weare.  
 Many great golden pillours did upbeare  
 The massy roofe, and riches huge sustayne;  
 And every pillour decked was full deare  
 With crownes, and Diademes, and titles vaine,  
 Which mortall Princes wore whiles they on earth did  
 rayne.

XLIV. A route of people there assembled were,  
 Of every sort and nation under skye,  
 Which with great uprore preaced to draw nere  
 To th' upper part, where was advaunced hye  
 A stately siege of soveraine majestye;  
 And thereon satt a woman, gorgeous gay  
 And richly cladd in robes of royaltie,  
 That never earthly Prince in such array  
 His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pryde display.

XLV. Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,  
 That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw  
 Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:  
 Yet was not that same her owne native hew,  
But wrought by art and counterfett shew,  
Thereby more lovers unto her to call:  
 Nath'lesse most heavenly faire in deed and vew  
 She by creation was, till she did fall;  
 Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crime  
 withall.

XLVI. There, as in glistring glory she did sitt,  
 She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,  
 Whose upper end to highest heaven was knitt,  
 And lower part did reach to lowest Hell;  
 And all that preace did rownd about her swell  
 To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby  
 To climbe aloft, and others to excell:  
 That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,  
 And every linck thereof a step of dignity.

XLVII. Some thought to raise themselves to high degree  
 By riches and unrighteous reward;  
 Some by close shouldring; some by flatteree;

Others through friendes; others for base regard,  
 And all by wrong waies for themselves prepard:  
 Those that were up themselves kept others low;  
 Those that were low themselves held others hard,  
 Ne suffred them to ryse or greater grow;  
 But every one did strive his fellow downe to throw.

XLVIII. Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,  
 What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,  
 And what she was that did so high aspyre?  
 Him Mammon answered; "That goodly one,  
 Whom all that folke with such contention  
 Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is:  
 Honour and dignitie from her alone  
 Derived are, and all this worldes blis,  
 For which ye men doe strive; few gett, but many mis:

XLIX. "And fayre Philotime she rightly hight,  
 The fairest wight that wonneth under skie,  
 But that this darksom neather world her light  
 Doth dim with horror and deformity;  
 Worthie of heven and hye felicitie,  
 From whence the gods have her for envy thrust:  
 But, sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,  
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,  
 That she may thee advance for works and merits just."

L. "Gramercy, Mammon," (said the gentle knight)  
 "For so great grace and offred high estate;  
 But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,  
 Unworthy match for such immortall mate  
 My selfe well wote, and mine unequall fate:  
 And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,  
 And love avowd to other Lady late,  
 That to remove the same I have no might:  
 To chaunge love causelesse is reproch to warlike knight."

LI. Mammon emmoved was with inward wrath;  
 Yet, forcing it to fayne, him forth thence ledd,  
 Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,  
 Into a gardin goodly garnished  
 With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be redd:  
 Not such as earth out of her fruitfull wombe



Throwes forth to men, sweet and well savored,  
 But direfull deadly black, both leafe and bloom,  
 Fitt to adorne the dead, and deck the drery toombe.

LII. There mournfull Cypresse grew in greatest store,  
 And trees of bitter Gall, and Heben sad;  
 Dead sleeping Poppy, and black Hellebore;  
 Cold Coloquintida, and Tetra mad;  
 Mortall Samnitis, and Cicuta bad,  
 With which th' unjust Atheniens made to dy  
 Wise Socrates; who, thereof quaffing glad,  
 Poured out his life and last Philosophy  
 To the fayre Critias, his dearest Belamy!

LIII. The Gardin of Proserpina this hight;  
 And in the midst thereof a silver seat,  
 With a thick Arber goodly over-dight,  
 In which she often usd from open heat  
 Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat:  
 Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,  
 With braunches broad dispredd and body great,  
 Clothed with leaves, that non the wood mote see,  
 And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.

LIV. Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,  
 That goodly was their glory to behold;  
 On earth like never grew, ne living wight  
 Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold;  
 For those which Hercules, with conquest bold  
 Got from great Atlas daughters, hence began,  
 And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold;  
 And those with which th' Eubœan young man wan  
 Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out ran.

LV. Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,  
 With which Acontius got his lover trew,  
 Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit:  
 Here eke that famous golden Apple grew  
 The which emongst the gods false Ate threw;  
 For which th' Idæan Ladies disagreed,  
 Till partiall Paris dempt it Venus dew,  
 And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,  
 That many noble Greekes and Trojans made to bleed.



- LVI. The warlike Elfe much wondred at this tree,  
So fayre and great that shadowed all the ground,  
And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,  
Did stretcht themselves without the utmost bound  
Of this great gardin, compast with a mound;  
Which over-hanging, they themselves did steepe  
In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round.  
That is the river of Cocytus deepe,  
In which full many soules do endlesse wayle and weepe.
- LVII. Which to behold he clomb up to the bancke,  
And looking downe saw many damned wightes  
In those sad waves, which direfull deadly stancke,  
Plonged continually of cruell Sprighes,  
That with their piteous cryes, and yelling shrighes,  
They made the further shore resounden wide.  
Emongst the rest of those same ruefull sightes,  
One cursed creature he by chaunce espide,  
That drenched lay full deepe under the Garden side.
- LVIII. Deepe was he drenched to the upmost chin,  
Yet gaped still as coveting to drinke  
Of the cold liquor which he waded in;  
And stretching forth his hand did often thinke  
To reach the fruit which grew upon the brincke;  
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth,  
Did fly abacke, and made him vainely swincke;  
The whiles he sterv'd with hunger, and with drouth,  
He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen couth.
- LIX. The knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,  
Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby?  
Who, groning deepe, thus answerd him againe;  
“ Most cursed of all creatures under skye,  
Lo! Tantalus I here tormented lye:  
Of whom high Jove wont whylome feasted bee;  
Lo! here I now for want of food doe dye:  
But, if that thou be such as I thee see,  
Of grace I pray thee, give to eat and drinke to mee! ”
- LX. “ Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus,” (quoth he)  
“ Abide the fortune of thy present fate;  
And unto all that live in high degree,

Ensample be of mind intemperate,  
 To teach them how to use their present state."  
 Then gan the cursed wretch alowd to cry,  
 Accusing highest Jove and gods ingrate;  
 And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,  
 As author of injustice, there to let him dye.

LXI. He lookt a litle further, and espyde  
 Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent  
 Within the river, which the same did hyde;  
 But both his handes, most filthy feculent,  
 Above the water were on high extent,  
 And faynd to wash themselves incessantly,  
 Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,  
 But rather fowler seemed to the eye;  
 — So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

LXII. The knight him calling asked who he was?  
 Who, lifting up his head, him answered thus;  
 "I Pilate am, the falsest Judge, alas!  
 And most unjust; that, by unrighteous  
 And wicked doome, to Jewes despiteous  
Delivered up the Lord of life to dye,  
 And did acquite a murdrer felonous;  
 — The whiles my handes I washt in purity,  
 The whiles my soule was soyld with fowle iniquity."

LXIII. Infinite moe tormented in like paine  
 He there beheld, too long here to be told:  
 Ne Mammon would there let him long remayne,  
 For terrour of the tortures manifold,  
 In which the damned soules he did behold,  
 But roughly him bespake: "Thou fearefull foole,  
 Why takest not of that same fruite of gold?  
 Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole,  
 To rest thy weary person in the shadow coole?"

LXIV. All which he did to do him deadly fall  
 In frayle intemperaunce through sinfull bayt;  
 To which if he inclyned had at all,  
 That dreadfull feend, which did behinde him wayt,  
 Would him have rent in thousand peeces strait:  
 But he was wary wise in all his way,

And well perceived his deceitfull sleight,  
Ne suffred lust his safety to betray.  
So goodly did beguile the Guyler of his pray.

LXV. And now he has so long remained theare,  
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan  
For want of food and sleepe, which two upbeare,  
Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man,  
That none without the same endure can:  
For now three dayes of men were full out-wrought,  
Since he this hardy enterprize began:  
Forthy great Mammon fayrely he besought  
Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him brought.

NB

LXVI. The God, though loth, yet was constraynd t' obay;  
For lenger time then that no living wight  
Below the earth might suffred be to stay:  
So backe againe him brought to living light.  
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright  
Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,  
As overcome with too exceeding might,  
The life did flit away out of her nest,  
And all his sences were with deadly fit opprest.

## CANTO VIII

Sir Guyon, layd in swowne, is by  
 Acrates sonnes despoild;  
 Whom Arthure soone hath reskewed,  
 And Paynim brethren foyld.

- I. AND is there care in heaven? And is there love  
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,  
 That may compassion of their evilles move?  
 There is: else much more wretched were the cace  
 Of men then beasts. But O! th' exceeding grace  
Of highest God that loves his creatures so,  
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,  
 That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,  
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.
- II. How oft do they their silver bowers leave,  
 To come to succour us that succour want!  
 How oft do they with golden pineons cleave  
 The flitting skyes, like flying Pursuivant,  
 Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!  
 They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,  
 And their bright Squadrons round about us plant;  
 And all for love, and nothing for reward.  
 O! why should heavenly God to men have such regard?
- III. During the while that Guyon did abide  
 In Mamons house, the Palmer, whom whyleare  
 That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,  
 By further search had passage found elsewhere;  
 And, being on his way, approached neare  
 Where Guyon lay in traunce; when suddenly  
 He heard a voyce that called lowd and cleare,  
 "Come hither! hither! O, come hastily!"  
 That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.
- IV. The Palmer lent his eare unto the noyce,  
 To weet who called so importunely:  
 Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,

That bad him come in haste. He by and by  
His feeble feet directed to the cry;  
Which to that shady delve him brought at last,  
Where Mammon earst did sunne his treasury;  
There the good Guyon he found slumbring fast  
In senceles dreame; which sight at first him sore aghast.

v. Beside his head there satt a faire young man,  
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares,  
Whose tender bud to blossome new began,  
And flourish faire above his equall peares:  
His snowy front, curled with golden heares,  
Like Phœbus face adorn'd with sunny rayes,  
Divinely shone; and two sharpe winged sheares,  
Decked with diverse plumes, like painted Jayes,  
Were fixed at his backe to cut his ayery wayes.

vi. Like as Cupido on Idæan hill,  
When having laid his cruell bow away  
And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill  
The world with murderous spoiles and bloody pray,  
With his faire mother he him dights to play,  
And with his goodly sisters, Graces three:  
The Goddesses, pleased with his wanton play,  
Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguiled to bee,  
The whiles the other Ladies mind theyr mery glee.

vii. Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was  
Through fear and wonder that he nought could say,  
Till him the childe bespoke; "Long lackt, alas!  
Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay,  
While deadly fitt thy pupill doth dismay.  
Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend Sire!  
But dread of death and dolor doe away;  
For life ere long shall to her home retire,  
And he that breathlesse seems shal corage both respire.

viii. "The charge, which God doth unto me arrett,  
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;  
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett  
The care thereof my selfe unto the end,  
But evermore him succour, and defend  
Against his foe and mine: watch thou, I pray,

For evill is at hand him to offend.”  
 So having said, eftsoones he gan display  
 His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

ix. The Palmer seeing his lefte empty place,  
 And his slow eies beguiled of their sight,  
Woxe sore affraid, and standing still a space  
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight.  
 At last, him turning to his charge behight,  
 With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try;  
 Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,  
 He much rejoyst, and courd it tenderly,  
 — As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

x. At last he spide where towards him did pace  
Two Paynim knights al armd as bright as skie,  
 And them beside an aged Sire did trace,  
 And far before a light-foote Page did flie,  
 That breathed strife and troublous enmitie.  
 Those were the two sonnes of Acrates old,  
 Who, meeting earst with Archimago slie  
 Foreby that idle strond, of him were told  
 That he which earst them combattet was Guyon bold.

xi. Which to avenge on him they dearly vowd,  
 Where ever that on ground they mote him find:  
 False Archimage provokte their corage prowde,  
 And stryful Atin in their stubborne mind  
 Coles of contention and whot vengeance tind.  
 Now bene they come whereas the Palmer sate,  
 Keeping that slombred corse to him assind:  
 Well knew they both his person, sith of late  
 With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.

xii. Whom when Pyrochles saw, inflam'd with rage  
 That sire he fowl bespake: Thou dotard vile,  
 That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age,  
 Abandon soone, I read, the caytive spoile  
 Of that same outcast carcass, that erewhile  
 Made it selfe famous through false trechery,  
 And crownd his coward crest with knightly stile;  
 — Loe! where he now inglorious doth lye,  
 To proove he lived il that did thus fowly dye.



- xiii. To whom the Palmer fearlesse answered:  
 " Certes, Sir knight, ye bene too much to blame,  
 Thus for to blott the honor of the dead,  
 And with fowle cowardize his carcas shame,  
 Whose living handes immortalizd his name.  
 Vile is the vengeaunce on the ashes cold,  
 And envy base to barke at sleeping fame.  
 Was never wight that treason of him told:  
 Your self his prowesse prov'd, and found him fiers and  
 bold."
- xiv. Then sayd Cymochles: " Palmer, thou doest dote,  
 Ne canst of prowesse ne of knighthood deeme,  
 Save as thou seest or hearst. But well I wote,  
 That of his puissance tryall made extreeme:  
 Yet gold al is not that doth golden seeme; —  
 Ne all good knights that shake well speare and shield.  
 The worth of all men by their end esteeme,  
 And then dew praise or dew reproch them yield;  
 Bad therefore I him deeme that thus lies dead on field."
- xv. " Good or bad," gan his brother fiers reply,  
 " What doe I recke, sith that he dide entire?  
 Or what doth his bad death now satisfy  
 The greedy hunger of revenging yre,  
 Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire?  
 Yet since no way is lefte to wreake my spight,  
I will him reave of armes, the victors hire,  
 And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;  
 For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright? "
- xvi. " Fayr Sir," said then the Palmer suppliant,  
 " For knighthoods love doe not so fowle a deed,  
 Ne blame your honor with so shamefull vaunt  
 Of vile revenge. To spoile the dead of weed  
Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed:  
 But leave these relicks of his living might  
 To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke steed."  
 " What herce or steed " (said he) " should he have dight,  
 But be entombed in the raven or the kight? "
- xvii. With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,  
 And th' other brother gan his helme unlace,  
 Both fiercely bent to have him disaraid;

Till that they spyde where towards them did pace  
 An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,  
 Whose squire bore after him an heben launce  
 And covered shield. Well kend him so far space  
 Th' enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,  
 When under him he saw his Lybian steed to prounce;

xviii. And to those brethren sayd; " Rise, rise bylive,  
 And unto batteil doe your selves addresse;  
 For yonder comes the prowest knight alive,  
Prince Arthur, flowre of grace and noblesse,  
 That hath to Paynim knights wrought gret distresse,  
 And thousand Sar'zins fowly donne to dye."  
 That word so deepe did in their harts impresse,  
 That both eftsoones upstarte furiously,  
 And gan themselves prepare to batteill greedily.

xix. But fiers Pyrochles, lacking his owne sword,  
 The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,  
 And Archimage besought, him that afford  
 Which he had brought for Braggadochio vaine.  
 " So would I," (said th' enchaunter) " glad and faine  
 Beteeme to you this sword, you to defend,  
 Or ought that els your honour might maintaine;  
 But that this weapons powre I well have kend  
 To be contrary to the worke which ye intend:

xx. " For that same knights owne sword that is, of yore  
 Which Merlin made by his almightie art  
 For that his noursling, when he knighthood swore,  
 Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart.  
 The metall first he mext with Medæwart,  
 That no enchauntment from his dint might save;  
 Then it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,  
 And seven times dipped in the bitter wave  
 Of hellish Styx, which hidden vertue to it gave.

xxi. " The vertue is, that nether steele nor stone  
 The stroke thereof from entraunce may defend;  
 Ne ever may be used by his fone,  
 Ne forst his rightful owner to offend;  
 Ne ever will it breake, ne ever bend:  
 Wherefore Morddure it rightfully is hight.

In vaine therefore, Pyrochles, should I lend  
The same to thee, against his lord to fight;  
For sure yt would deceive thy labor and thy might."

xxii. "Foolish old man," said then the Pagan wroth,  
"That weenest words or charms may force withstond:  
Soone shalt thou see, and then beleeeve for troth,  
That I can carve with this inchaunted brond  
His Lords owne flesh." Therewith out of his hond  
That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away,  
And Guyons shield about his wrest he bond:  
So ready dight fierce battaile to assay,  
And match his brother proud in battailous aray!

xxiii. By this, that straunger knight in presence came,  
And goodly salued them; who nought againe  
Him answered, as courtesie became;  
But with sterne lookes, and stomachous disdaine,  
Gave signes of grudge and discontentment vaine.  
Then, turning to the Palmer, he gan spy  
Where at his feet, with sorrowfull demayne  
And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,  
In whose dead face he redd great magnanimity.

xxiv. Sayd he then to the Palmer: "Reverend Syre,  
What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?  
Or did his life her fatall date expyre,  
Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?  
How ever, sure I rew his pitteous plight."  
"Not one, nor other," sayd the Palmer grave,  
"Hath him befalne; but cloudes of deadly night  
A while his heavy eylids cover'd have,  
And all his sences drowned in deep sencelesse wave:

xxv. "Which those his cruell foes, that stand hereby,  
Making advauntage, to revenge their spight,  
Would him disarm and treaten shamefully;  
Unworthie usage of redoubted knight.  
But you, faire Sir, whose honourable sight  
Doth promise hope of helpe and timely grace,  
Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,  
And by your powre protect his feeble cace?  
First prayse of knighthood is fowle outrage to deface."

xxvi. "Palmer," (said he) "no knight so rude, I weene,  
 As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost;  
 Ne was there ever noble corage seene,  
 That in advauntage would his puissaunce bost:  
 Honour is least where oddes appeareth most.  
 May bee, that better reason will aswage  
 The rash revengers heat. Words, well dispost,  
 Have secrete powre t' appease inflamed rage:  
 If not, leave unto me thy knights last patronage."

xxvii. Tho, turning to those brethren, thus bespoke:  
 "Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might,  
 It seemes, just wronges to vengeance doe provoke,  
 To wreake your wrath on this dead seeming knight,  
 Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,  
 And settle patience in so furious heat?  
 Not to debate the chalenge of your right,  
 But for his carkas pardon I entreat,  
 Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest seat."

xxviii. To whom Cymochles said; "For what art thou,  
 That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong  
 The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me now  
 On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,  
 And made his carkas as the outcast dong?  
 Why should not that dead carrion satisfye  
 The guilt which, if he lived had thus long,  
 His life for dew revenge should deare abyge?  
 The trespass still doth live, albee the person dye."

xxix. "Indeed," then said the Prince, "the evill donne  
 Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leave;  
 But from the grandsyre to the Nephewes sonne,  
 And all his seede the curse doth often cleave,  
Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave:  
So streightly God doth judge. But gentle Knight,  
 That doth against the dead his hand upheave,  
 His honour staines with rancour and despight,  
 And great disparagment makes to his former might."

xxx. Pyrochles gan reply the second tyme,  
 And to him said: "Now, felon, sure I read,  
 How that thou art partaker of his cryme:

Therefore, by Termagaunt thou shalt be dead.”  
With that his hand, more sad then lomp of lead,  
Uplifting high, he weened with Morddure,  
His owen good sword Morddure, to cleave his head.  
The faithfull steele such treason no’uld endure,  
But, swarving from the marke, his Lordes life did assure.

xxxI. Yet was the force so furious and so fell,  
That horse and man it made to reele asyde:  
Nath’lesse the Prince would not forsake his sell,  
For well of yore he learned had to ryde,  
But full of anger fiersly to him cryde;  
“False traitour! miscreant! thou broken hast  
The law of armes to strike foe undefide:  
But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt taste  
Right sowre, and feele the law the which thou hast  
defast.”

xxxII. With that his balefull speare he fiercely bent  
Against the Pagans brest, and therewith thought  
His cursed life out of her lodge have rent;  
But ere the point arrived where it ought,  
That seven fold shield, which he from Guyon brought,  
He cast between to ward the bitter stownd:  
Through all those foldes the steelehead passage wrought,  
And through his shoulder perst; wherwith to ground  
He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

xxxIII. Which when his brother saw, fraught with great grieve  
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,  
And fowly saide: “By Mahoune, cursed thiefe,  
That direfull stroke thou dearly shalt aby:”  
Then, hurling up his harmefull blade on hy,  
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,  
That from his saddle forced him to fly;  
Els mote it needes downe to his manly brest  
Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dispossess.

xxxIV. Now was the Prince in daungerous distresse,  
~~Wanting~~ his sword when he on foot should fight:  
His single speare could doe him small redresse  
Against two foes of so exceeding might,  
The least of which was match for any knight.  
And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,



Had reard him selfe againe to cruel fight  
 Three times more furious and more puissaunt,  
 Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

xxxv. So both attonce him charge on either syde  
 With hideous strokes and importable powre, —  
 That forced him his ground to traverse wyde,  
 And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre;  
 For in his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,  
 Their strokes did raine: yet did he never quaile,  
 Ne backward shrinke, but as a stedfast towre,  
 Whom foe with double battry doth assaile,  
 Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them nought  
 availe.

xxxvi. So stoutly he withstood their strong assay;  
 Till that at last, when he advantage spyde,  
 His poynant speare he thrust with puissant sway  
 At proud Cymochles, whiles his shield was wyde,  
 — That through his thigh the mortall steele did gryde:  
 He, swarving with the force, within his flesh  
 Did breake the launce, and let the head abyde.  
 Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,  
 That underneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

xxxvii. Horribly then he gan to rage and rayle,  
 Cursing his Gods, and him selfe damning deepe:  
 Als when his brother saw the red blood rayle  
 Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,  
 For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,  
 And said; "Caytive, curse on thy cruell hond,  
 That twice hath spedd; yet shall it not thee keepe  
 From the third brunt of this my fatall brond:  
 — Lo! where the dreadfull Death behynd thy backe doth  
 stond."

xxxviii. With that he strooke, and thother strooke withall,  
 That nothing seemd mote beare so monstrous might:  
 The one upon his covered shield did fall,  
 And glauncing downe would not his owner byte;  
 But thother did upon his troncheon smyte,  
 Which hewing quite asunder, further way  
 It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,



The which dividing with importune sway,  
It seized in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

xxxix. Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,  
Red as the Rose, thence gushed grievously;  
That when the Paynym spyde the streaming blood,  
Gave him great hart and hope of victory.  
On th' other side, in huge perplexity  
The Prince now stood, having his weapon broke;  
Nought could he hurt, but still at warde did ly:  
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke  
Cymochles twise, that twise him forst his foot revoke.

xl. Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,  
Sir Guyon's sword he lightly to him raught,  
And said; "Fayre Sonne, great God thy right hand  
blesse,  
To use that sword so well as he it ought!"  
Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage fraught,  
When as againe he armed felt his hond:  
Then like a Lyon, which hath long time saught  
His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond  
Emongst the shepeheard swaynes, then wexeth wood  
and yond:

xli. So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes  
On either side, that neither mayle could hold,  
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:  
Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told;  
Eft to Cymochles twise so many fold;  
Then, backe againe turning his busie hond,  
Them both atonce compeld with courage bold  
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;  
And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not both  
withstond.

xlII. As salvage Bull, whom two fierce mastives bayt,  
When rancour doth with rage him once engore,  
Forgets with wary warde them to awayt,  
But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,  
Or flings aloft, or treades downe in the flore,  
Beathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,  
That all the forest quakes to heare him rore:

So rag'd Prince Arthur twixt his foemen twaine,  
That neither could his mightie puissaunce sustaine.

- XLIII. But ever at Pyrochles when he smitt,  
(Who Guyons shield cast ever him before,  
Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtract was writt,)  
His hand relented and the stroke forbore,  
And his deare hart the picture gan adore;  
Which oft the Paynim sav'd from deadly stowre:  
But him henceforth the same can save no more;  
— For now arrived is his fatall howre,  
That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.
- XLIV. For when Cymochles saw the fowle reproch,  
Which them appeached, prickt with guiltie shame  
And inward grieve, he fiercely gan approach,  
Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,  
Or dye with honour and desert of fame;  
And on the haubergh stroke the Prince so sore,  
That quite disparted all the linked frame,  
— And pierced to the skin, but bit no more;  
Yet made him twice to reele, that never moov'd afore.
- XLV. Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharp regret,  
He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,  
That it empierst the Pagans burganet;  
And, cleaving the hard steele, did deepe invade  
Into his head, and cruell passage made  
Quite through his brayne. He, tombling downe on  
ground,  
Breathd out his ghost, which, to th' infernall shade  
Fast flying, there eternall torment found  
For all the sinnes wherewith his lewd life did abound.
- XLVI. Which when his german saw, the stony feare  
Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd,  
Ne thenceforth life ne corage did appeare;  
But as a man whom hellish feendes have frayd,  
Long trembling still he stode: at last thus sayd;  
"Traytour, what hast thou doen? How ever may  
Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayd  
Against that knight! Harrow and well away!  
After so wicked deede why liv'st thou lenger day?"

XLVII. With that all desperate, as loathing light,  
And with revenge desyring soone to dye,  
Assembling all his force and utmost might,  
With his owne swerd he fierce at him did flye,  
And strooke, and foynd, and lasht outrageously,  
Withouten reason or regard. Well knew  
The Prince, with pacience and sufferaunce sly  
So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew:  
Tho, when this breathlesse woxe, that batteil gan renew.

XLVIII. As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,  
That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,  
The clowdes, as thinges affrayd, before him flye;  
But all so soone as his outrageous powre  
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to showre;  
And, as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,  
Now all attonce their malice forth do poure:  
So did Prince Arthur beare himselfe in fight,  
And suffred rash Pyrochles waste his ydle might.

XLIX. At last, when as the Sarazin perceiv'd  
How that straunge sword refusd to serve his neede,  
But when he stroke most strong the dint deceiv'd,  
He flog it from him; and, devoyd of dreed,  
Upon him lightly leaping without heed  
Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,  
Thinking to overthrowe and downe him tred:  
But him in strength and skill the Prince surpast,  
And through his nimble sleight did under him down cast.

L. Nought booted it the Paynim then to strive;  
For as a Bittur in the Eagles clawe,  
That may not hope by flight to scape alive,  
Still waytes for death with dread and trembling aw;  
So he, now subject to the victours law,  
Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,  
For vile disdaine and rancour, which did gnaw  
His hart in twaine with sad melancholy;  
As one that loathed life, and yet despysd to dye.

LI. But full of princely bounty and great mind,  
The Conquerour nought cared him to slay;  
But casting wronges and all revenge behind,

More glory thought to give life then decay,  
 And sayd; "Paynim, this is thy dismall day;  
 Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreaunce,  
 And my trew liegeman yield thy selfe for ay,  
 — Life will I graunt thee for thy valiaunce,  
 And all thy wronges will wipe out of my sovenaunce."

LII. "Foole!" (sayd the Pagan) "I thy gift defye.  
 But use thy fortune as it doth befall;  
 And say, that I not overcome doe dye,  
 But in despight of life for death doe call."  
 Wroth was the Prince, and sory yet withall,  
 That he so wilfully refused grace;  
 Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,  
 His shining Helmet he gan soone unlace,  
 — And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

LIII. By this Sir Guyon from his traunce awakt,  
 Life having maystered her sencelesse foe,  
 And looking up, whenas his shield he lakt  
 And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe;  
 But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe  
 Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad he grew,  
 And saide; "Deare sir, whom wandring to and fro  
 I long have lackt, I joy thy face to vew:  
Firme is thy faith, whom daunger never fro me drew.

LIV. "But read, what wicked hand hath robbed mee  
 Of my good sword and shield?" The Palmer, glad  
 With so fresh hew uprysing him to see,  
 Him answered: "Fayre sonne, be no whit sad  
 For want of weapons; they shall soone be had."  
 So gan he to discourse the whole debate,  
 Which that straunge knight for him sustained had,  
 And those two Sarazins confounded late,  
 Whose carcasses on ground were horribly prostrate.

LV. Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,  
 His hart with great affection was embayd,  
 And to the Prince, bowing with reverence dew  
 As to the patrone of his life, thus sayd;  
 / "My Lord, my liege, by whose most gracious ayd  
 I live this day, and see my foes subdewd,

What may suffice to be for meede repayd  
Of so great graces as ye have me shewd,  
But to be ever bound ”——

- LVI. To whom the Infant thus; “ Fayre Sir, what need  
Good turnes be counted as a servile bond  
To bind their doers to receive their meed?  
Are not all knightes by oath bound to withstond  
Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond?  
Suffise that I have done my dew in place.”  
So goodly purpose they together fond  
Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace;  
The whiles false Archimage and Atin fled apace.

## CANTO IX

The house of Temperance, in which  
 Doth sober Alma dwell,  
 Besiegd of many foes, whom straung-  
 er knightes to flight compell.

- I. OF all Gods workes which doe this worlde adorne,  
 There is no one more faire and excellent  
 Then is mans body, both for powre and forme,  
 Whiles it is kept in sober government;  
 But none then it more fowle and indecent,  
 Distempred through misrule and passions bace;  
 It growes a Monster, and incontinent  
 Doth loose his dignity and native grace:  
 Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.
- II. After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,  
 The Briton Prince recov'ring his stolne sword,  
 And Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere  
 Forth passed on their way in fayre accord,  
 Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord:  
 "Sir knight, mote I of you this court'sy read,  
 To weet why on your shield, so goodly scord,  
 Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?  
 Full lively is the semblaunt, though the substance dead."
- III. "Fayre Sir," (sayd he) "if in that picture dead  
 Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew;  
 What mote ye weene, if the trew lively-head  
 Of that most glorious visage ye did vew:  
 But yf the beauty of her mind ye knew,  
 That is, her bounty, and imperiall powre,  
 Thousand times fairer than her mortall hew,  
 O! how great wonder would your thoughts devoure,  
 And infinite desire into your spirite poure.
- IV. "Shee is the mighty Queene of Faery,  
 Whose faire retraits I in my shield doe beare;  
 Shee is the flowre of grace and chastity



Throughout the world, renowned far and neare,  
 My liefe, my liege, my Sovereaine, my deare,  
 Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,  
 And with her light the earth enlumines cleare:  
 Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,  
 As well in state of peace, as poussaunce in warre."

v. "Thrise happy man," (said then the Briton knight)  
 "Whom gracious lott and thy great valiaunce  
 Have made thee soldier of that Princesse bright,  
 Which with her bounty and glad countenaunce  
 Doth blesse her servaunts, and them high advaunce.  
 How may straunge knight hope ever to aspire,  
 By faithfull service and meete amenaunce,  
 Unto such blisse? sufficient were that hire  
 For losse of thousand lives, to die at her desire." ||

vi. Said Guyon, "Noble Lord, what meed so great,  
 Or grace of earthly Prince so souveraine,  
 But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat  
 Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?  
 But were your will her sold to entertaine,  
 And numbred be mongst knights of Maydenhed,  
 Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,  
 And in her favor high bee reckoned,  
 As Arthegall and Sophy now beene honored."

vii. "Certes," (then said the Prince) "I God avow,  
 That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,  
 My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,  
 To serve that Queene with al my powre and might.  
 Seven times the Sunne, with his lamp-burning light,  
 Hath walkte about the world, and I no lesse,  
 Sith of that Goddesse I have sought the sight,  
 Yet no where can her find: such happinesse  
 Heaven doth to me envy, and fortune favourlesse."

viii. "Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce,  
 "Seldom" (said Guyon) "yields to vertue aide,  
 But in her way throwes mischief and mischaunce,  
 Whereby her course is stopt and passage staid:  
 But you, faire Sir, be not herewith dismaid,  
 But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;

Which, were it not that I am els delaid  
 With hard adventure which I have in hand,  
 I labour would to guide you through al Faery land."

- ix. "Gramercy Sir," said he; "but mote I weete  
 What straunge adventure doe ye now pursew?  
 Perhaps my succour or advizement meete  
 Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew."  
 Then gan Sir Guyon all the story shew  
 Of false Acrasia, and her wicked wiles;  
 Which to avenge the Palmer him forth drew  
 From Faery court. So talked they, the whiles  
 They wasted had much way, and measurd many miles.
- x. And now faire Phœbus gan decline in haste  
 His weary wagon to the Westernne vale,  
 Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plaste  
 Foreby a river in a pleasaunt dale;  
 Which choosing for that evenings hospitale,  
 They thither marcht: but when they came in sight,  
 And from their sweaty Coursers did avale,  
 They found the gates fast barred long ere night,  
 And every loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.
- xi. Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch  
 Was to them doen, their entraunce to forestall,  
 Till that the Squire gan nigher to approach,  
 And wind his horne under the castle wall,  
 That with the noise it shooke as it would fall.  
 Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire  
 The watch, and lowd unto the knights did call,  
 To weete what they so rudely did require?  
 Who gently answered, They entraunce did desire.
- xii. "Fly fly, good knights," (said he) "fly fast away,  
 If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should;  
 Fly fast, and save your selves from neare decay;  
 Here may ye not have entraunce, though we would:  
We would, and would againe, if that we could;  
 But thousand enemies about us rave,  
 And with long siege us in the castle hould.  
 Seven yeares this wize they us besieged have,  
 And many good knights slaine that have us sought to save."

- xiii. Thus as he spoke, loe! with outrageous cry  
A thousand villeins rownd about them swarmd ~  
Out of the rockes and caves adjoyning nye;  
Vile caitive wretches, ragged, rude, deformd,  
All threatning death, all in straunge manner arm'd;  
Some with unweldy clubs, some with long speares,  
Some rusty knifes, some staves in fier warmd:  
Sterne was their looke; like wild amazed steares,  
Staring with hollow eies, and stiffe upstanding heares.
- xiv. Fiersly at first those knights they did assayle,  
And drove them to recoil; but when againe  
They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to fayle,  
Unhable their encounter to sustaine;  
For with such puissance and impetuous maine  
Those Champions broke on them, that forst them fly, ~  
Like scattered Sheepe, whenas the Shepherds swaine  
A Lyon and a Tigre doth espye,  
With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nye.
- xv. A while they fled, but soone retourn'd againe  
With greater fury then before was fownd;  
And evermore their cruell Capitaine  
Sought with his raskall routs t' enclose them rownd,  
And, overronne, to tread them to the grownd:  
But soone the knights with their bright burning blades  
Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confownd,  
Hewing and slashing at their idle shades;  
For though they bodies seem, yet substaunce from  
them fades.
- xvi. As when a swarme of Gnats at eventide  
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,  
Their murmuring small trompetts sownden wide,  
Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,  
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;  
Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast  
For their sharpe wounds and noyous injuries,  
Till the fierce Northerne wind with blustering blast  
Doth blow them quite away, and in the Ocean cast.
- xvii. Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,  
Unto the castle gate they come againe,  
And entraunce crav'd which was denied erst.

Now when report of that their perloous paine,  
 And combrous conflict which they did sustaine,  
 Came to the Ladies eare which there did dwell,  
 Shee forth issewed with a goodly traine  
 Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,  
 And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

xviii. Alma she called was; a virgin bright,  
That had not yet felt Cupides wanton rage;  
 Yet was shee woo'd of many a gentle knight,  
 And many a Lord of noble parentage,  
 That sought with her to lincke in marriage:  
 For shee was faire as faire mote ever bee,  
 And in the flowre now of her freshest age;  
 Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,  
 That even heven rejoyced her sweete face to see.

xix. In robe of lilly white she was arayd,  
 That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught;  
 The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,  
 Braunched with gold and perle most richly wrought,  
 And borne of two faire Damsels which were taught  
 That service well. Her yellow golden heare  
 Was trimly woven and in tresses wrought,  
 Ne other tire she on her head did weare,  
 But crowned with a garland of sweete Rosiere.

xx. Goodly shee entertaind those noble knights,  
 And brought them up into her castle hall;  
 Where gentle court and gracious delight  
 Shee to them made, with mildnesse virginall,  
 Shewing her selfe both wise and liberall.  
 Then, when they rested had a season dew,  
 They her besought of favour speciall  
 Of that faire Castle to affoord them vew:  
 Shee graunted; and, them leading forth, the same did shew.

xxi. First she them lead up to the Castle wall,  
 That was so high as foe might not it clime, —  
 And all so faire and fensible withall;  
 Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,  
 But of thing like to that Ægyptian slime,  
 Whereof king Nine whilome built Babell towre.

But O great pitty! that no lenger time  
 So goodly workemanship should not endure:  
 Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

- xxii. The frame thereof seemd partly circular,  
 And part triangulare; O worke divine!  
 Those two the first and last proportions are;  
 The one imperfect, mortall, fœminine,  
 Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine;  
 And twixt them both a quadrate was the base  
 Proportiond equally by seven and nine;  
 Nine was the circle sett in heavens place:  
 All which compacted made a goodly Diapase.
- xxiii. Therein two gates were placed seemly well:  
 The one before, by which all in did pas,  
 Did th' other far in workmanship excell;  
 For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,  
 But of more worthy substance fram'd it was:  
 Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,  
 That when it locked none might thorough pas,  
 And when it opened, no man might it close,  
 Still open to their friendes, and closed to their foes.
- xxiv. Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,  
 Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,  
 Then Jett or Marble far from Ireland brought;  
 Over the which was cast a wandring vine,  
 Enchaced with a wanton yvie twine;  
 And over it a fayre Portcullis hong,  
 Which to the gate directly did incline  
 With comely compasse and compacture strong,  
 Nether unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.
- xxv. Within the Barbican a Porter sate,  
 Day and night duely keeping watch and ward;  
 Nor wight nor word mote passe out of the gate,  
 But in good order, and with dew regard;  
 Utterers of secrets he from thence debard,  
 Bablers of folly, and blazers of cryme:  
 His larumbell might lowd and wyde be hard  
 When cause requyrd, but never out of time;  
 Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.



xxvi. And rownd about the porch on every syde  
 Twise sixteene warders satt, all armed bright  
 In glistring steele, and strongly fortifyde:  
 Tall yeomen seemed they and of great might,  
 And were enraunged ready still for fight.  
 By them as Alma passed with her guestes,  
They did obeysaunce, as beseemed right,  
 And then againe retourned to their restes:  
 The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gestes.

xxvii. Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,  
 Wherein were many tables fayre dispred,  
 And ready dight with drapets festivall,  
 Against the viaundes should be ministred.  
 At th' upper end there sate, yclad in red  
 Downe to the ground, a comely personage,  
 That in his hand a white rod menaged:  
 He Steward was, hight Diet; rype of age,  
 And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

xxviii. And through the Hall there walked to and fro  
 A jolly yeoman, Marshall of the same,  
 Whose name was Appetite: he did bestow  
 Both guestes and meate, when ever in they came,  
 And knew them how to order without blame,  
 As him the Steward badd. They both attone  
 Did dewty to their Lady, as became;  
 Who, passing by, forth ledd her guestes anone  
 Into the kitchen rowme, ne spard for nicenesse none.

xxix. It was a vault ybuilt for great dispence,  
 With many raunges reard along the wall,  
 And one great chimney, whose long tonrell thence  
 The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all  
 There placed was a caudron wide and tall  
 Upon a mightie fornace, burning whott,  
 More whott then Aetn', or flaming Mongiball  
 For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,  
 So long as any thing it in the caudron gott.

xxx. But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce  
 It might breake out and sett the whole on fyre,  
 There added was by goodly ordinaunce



An huge great payre of bellowes, which did styre  
Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.  
 About the Caudron many Cookes accoyld  
 With hookes and ladles, as need did requyre;  
 The whyles the viaundes in the vessell boyld  
 They did about their businesse sweat, and sorely toyl.

xxxI. The maister Cooke was cald Concoction;  
 A carefull man, and full of comely guyse.  
 The kitchin clerke, that hight Digestion,  
 Did order all th' Achates in seemely wise,  
 And set them forth, as well he could devise.  
 The rest had severall offices assynd;  
 Some to remove the scum as it did rise;  
 Others to beare the same away did mynd;  
 And others it to use according to his kynd.

xxxII. But all the liquour, which was fowle and waste,  
 Not good nor serviceable elles for ought,  
 They in another great rownd vessell plaste,  
 Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought:  
 And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,  
 By secret wayes, that none might it espy,  
 Was close convaidd, and to the backgate brought,  
 That cleped was Port Esquiline, whereby  
 It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

xxxIII. Which goodly order and great workmans skill  
 Whenas those knightes beheld, with rare delight  
 And gazing wonder they their mindes did fill;  
 For never had they seene so straunge a sight.  
 Thence backe againe faire Alma led them right,  
 And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,  
 That was with royall arras richly dight,  
 In which was nothing pourtrahed nor wrought;  
 Not wrought nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought.

xxxIV. And in the midst thereof upon the floure  
 A lovely bevy of faire Ladies sate,  
 Courted of many a jolly Paramoure,  
 The which them did in modest wise amate,  
 And each one sought his Lady to aggrate:  
 And eke emongst them litle Cupid playd

His wanton sportes, being retourned late  
 From his fierce warres, and having from him layd  
 His cruel bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

xxxv. Diverse delights they fownd them selves to please;  
 Some song in sweet consort; some laught for joy;  
 Some plaid with strawes; some ydly satt at ease;  
 But other some could not abide to toy;  
 All pleasaunce was to them grieve and annoy:  
 This frownd, that faund, the third for shame did blush,  
 Another seemd envious or coy,  
 Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush;  
 But at these straungers presence every one did hush.

xxxvi. Soone as the gracious Alma came in place,  
 They all attonce out of their seates arose,  
 And to her homage made with humble grace:  
 Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose  
 Themselves to court, and each a damzell chose.  
 The Prince by chaunce did on a Lady light,  
 That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,  
 But somewhat sad and solemne eke in sight,  
 As if some pensive thought constraind her gentle spright.

xxxvii. In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold  
 Was fretted all about, she was arayd;  
 And in her hand a Poplar braunch did hold:  
 To whom the Prince in courteous maner sayd;  
 "Gentle Madame, why beene ye thus dismayd,  
 And your faire beautie doe with sadnes spill?  
 Lives any that you hath thus ill apayd?  
 Or doen you love? or doen you lack your will?  
 What ever bee the cause, it sure beseemes you ill."

xxxviii. "Fayre Sir," said she, halfe in disdaineful wise,  
 "How is it that this mood in me ye blame,  
 And in your selfe doe not the same advise?  
 Him ill beseemes anothers fault to name,  
 That may unwares bee blotted with the same:  
 Pensive I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,  
 Through great desire of glory and of fame;  
 Ne ought, I weene, are ye therein behynd,  
 That have three years sought one, yet no where can her  
 find."

- xxxix. The Prince was inly moved at her speach,  
 Well weeting trew what she had rashly told;  
 Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hyde the breach,  
 Which chaunge of colour did perforce unfold,  
 Now seeming flaming whott, now stony cold:  
 Tho, turning soft aside, he did inqyre  
 What wight she was that Poplar braunch did hold?  
 It answered was, her name was Prays-desire,  
That by well doing sought to honour to aspyre.
- xl. The whyles the Faery knight did entertayne  
 Another Damsell of that gentle crew,  
 That was right fayre and modest of demayne,  
 But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew.  
 Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,  
 Close rownd about her tuckt with many a plight:  
 Upon her fist the bird, which shonneth vew,  
 And keepes in coverts close from living wight,  
 Did sitt, as yet ashamed how rude Pan did her dight.
- xli. So long as Guyon with her commoned,  
 Unto the grownd she cast her modest eye,  
 And ever and anone with rosy red  
 The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did dye,  
 That her became, as polisht yvory  
 Which cunning Craftesman hand hath overlayd  
 With fayre vermilion or pure Castory.  
 Great wonder had the knight to see the mayd  
 So straungely passioned, and to her gently said:
- xlII. "Fayre Damzell, seemeth by your troubled cheare,  
 That either me too bold ye weene, this wise  
 You to molest, or other ill to feare  
 That in the secret of your hart close lyes,  
 From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, aryse.  
 If it be I, of pardon I you pray;  
 But if ought else that I mote not devyse,  
 I will, if please you it discure, assay  
 To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may."
- xlIII. She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame  
 Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face  
 The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,

And the strong passion mard her modest grace,  
 That Guyon mervayld at her uncouth cace;  
 Till Alma him bespake: "Why wonder yee,  
 Faire Sir, at that which ye so much embrace?  
 She is the fountaine of your modestee:  
 You shamefast are, but Shamefastnes it selfe is shee."

XLIV. Thereat the Elfe did blush in privitee,  
 And turned his face away, but she the same  
 Dissembled faire, and faynd to oversee.  
 Thus they awhile with court and goodly game  
 Themselves did solace each one with his Dame,  
 Till that great Lady thence away them sought  
 To vew her Castles other wondrous frame:  
 Up to a stately Turret she them brought,  
 Ascending by ten steps of Alabaster wrought.

XLV. That Turrets frame most admirable was,  
 Like highest heaven compassed around,  
 And lifted high above this earthly masse,  
 Which it survewd as hils doen lower ground;  
 But not on ground mote like to this be found:  
 Not that, which antique Cadmus whylome built  
 In Thebes, which Alexander did confound;  
 Nor that proud towre of Troy, though richly guilt,  
 From which young Hectors blood by cruell Greekes was  
 spilt.

XLVI. The rooffe hereof was arched over head,  
 And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily:  
 Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stead,  
 Therein gave light, and flamd continually;  
 For they of living fire most subtilly  
 Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,  
 Cover'd with lids deviz'd of substance sly,  
 That readily they shut and open might.  
 O! who can tell the prayes of that makers might?

XLVII. Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell,  
 This parts great workemanship and wondrous powre,  
 That all this other worldes worke doth excell,  
 And likest is unto that heavenly towre  
 That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.  
 Therein were divers rowmes, and divers stages;

But three the chiefest and of greatest powre,  
In which there dwelt three honorable sages,  
The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their ages.

XLVIII. Not he, whom Greece, the Nourse of all good arts,  
By Phœbus doome the wisest thought alive,  
Might be compar'd to these by many parts:  
Nor that sage Pyliaſ syre, which did survive  
Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,  
By whose advise old Priams citie fell,  
With these in praise of pollicies mote strive.  
These three in these three rowmes did sondry dwell,  
And counsell'd faire Alma how to governe well.

XLIX. The first of them could things to come foresee;  
The next could of thinges present best advize;  
The third thinges past could keep in memoree:  
So that no time nor reason could arize,  
But that the same could one of these comprize.  
For-thy the first did in the forepart sit,  
That nought mote hinder his quicke prejudize:  
He had a sharpe foresight and working wit  
That never idle was, ne once would rest a whit.

L. His chamber was dispaigned all within  
With sondry colours, in the which were writ  
Infinite shapes of thinges dispersed thin;  
Some such as in the world were never yit,  
Ne can devized be of mortall wit;  
Some daily seene and knowen by their names,  
Such as in idle fantasies do flit;  
Infernall Hags, Centaurs, feendes, Hippodames,  
Apes, Lyons, Aegles, Owles, fooles, lovers, children, Dames

LI. And all the chamber filled was with flies  
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound  
That they encombred all mens eares and eyes;  
Like many swarmes of Bees assembled round,  
After their hives with honny do abound.  
All those were idle thoughtes and fantasies,  
Devices, dreames, opinions unsound,  
Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophesies;  
And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.



- LII. Emongst them all sate he which wonned there,  
 That hight Phantastes by his nature trew;  
 A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere,  
 Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,  
 That him full of melancholy did shew;  
 Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,  
 That mad or foolish seemd: one by his vew  
 Mote deeme him borne with ill-disposed skyes,  
 When oblique Saturne sate in th' house of agonyes.
- LIII. Whom Alma having shewed to her guesstes,  
 Thence brought them to the second rowme, whose wals  
 Were painted faire with memorable gestes  
 Of famous Wisards; and with picturals  
 Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,  
 Of commen-wealthes, of states, of pollicy,  
 Of lawes, of judgements, and of decretals,  
 All artes, all science, all Philosophy,  
 And all that in the world was ay thought wittily.
- LIV. Of those that rowme was full; and them among  
 There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,  
 Who did them meditate all his life long,  
 That through continuall practise and usage  
 He now was growne right wise and wondrous sage:  
 Great pleasure had those straunger knightes to see  
 His goodly reason and grave personage,  
 That his disciples both desyrd to bee;  
 But Alma thence them led to th' hindmost rowme of three.
- LV. That chamber seemed ruinous and old,  
 And therefore was removed far behind,  
 Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,  
 Right firme and strong, though somewhat they declind;  
 And therein sat an old old man, halfe blind,  
 And all decrepit in his feeble corse,  
 Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,  
 And recompenst them with a bitter scorse:  
 Weake body wel is chang'd for minds redoubled forse.
- LVI. This man of infinite remembraunce was,  
 And things foregone through many ages held,  
 Which he recorded still as they did pas,  
 Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,



As all things els the which this world doth weld;  
 But laid them up in his immortall scrine,  
 Where they for ever incorrupted dweld:  
 The warres he well remembred of king Nine,  
 Of old Assaracus, and Inachus divine.

LVII. The yeares of Nestor nothing were to his,  
 Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest liv'd;  
 For he remembred both their infancis:  
 Ne wonder then, if that he were depriv'd  
 Of native strength now that he them surviv'd.  
 His chamber all was hangd about with rolls  
 And old records from auncient times derivd,  
 Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolls,  
 That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes.

LVIII. Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,  
 Tossing and turning them withouten end;  
 But for he was unhable them to fett,  
 A litle boy did on him still attend  
 To reach, when ever he for ought did send;  
 And oft when thinges were lost, or laid amis,  
 That boy them sought and unto him did lend:  
 Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is;  
 And that old man Eumnestes, by their propertis.

LIX. The knightes there entring did him reverence dew,  
 And wondred at his endlesse exercise:  
 Then as they gan his Library to vew,  
 And antique Regesters for to avise,  
 There chaunced to the Princes hand to rize  
 An auncient booke, hight *Briton moniments*, *um*  
 That of this lands first conquest did devise,  
 And old division into Regiments,  
 Till it reduced was to one mans governements.

LX. Sir Guyon chaunst eke on another booke,  
 That hight *Antiquitee of Faery lond* :  
 In which whenas he greedily did looke,  
 Th' ofspring of Elves and Faeryes there he fond,  
 As it delivered was from hond to hond:  
 Whereat they, burning both with fervent fire  
 Their countreys auncestry to understond,  
 Crav'd leave of Alma and that aged sire  
 To read those bookes; who gladly graunted their desire.

## CANTO X

A chronicle of Briton kings,  
 From Brute to Uthers rayne;  
 And rolls of Elfin Emperours,  
 Till time of Gloriane.

- I. WHO now shall give unto me words and sound  
 Equall unto this haughty enterprise?  
 Or who shall lend me wings, with which from ground  
 My lowly verse may loftily arise,  
 And lift it selfe unto the highest skyes?  
 More ample spirit than hitherto was wount  
 Here needes me, whiles the famous auncestries  
 Of my most dreaded Sovereaine I recount,  
 By which all earthly Princes she doth far surmount.
  
- II. Ne under Sunne that shines so wide and faire,  
 Whence all that lives does borrow life and light,  
 Lives ought that to her linage may compaire;  
 Which though from earth it be derived right  
 Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to heavens hight,  
 And all the world with wonder overspred;  
 A labor huge, exceeding far my might.  
 How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,  
 Conceive such souveraine glory and great bountyhed?
  
- III. Argument worthy of Mæonian quill;  
 Or rather worthy of great Phœbus rote,  
 Whereon the ruines of great Ossa hill,  
 And triumphes of Phlegræan Jove, he wrote,  
 That all the Gods admird his lofty note.  
 But if some relish of that heavenly lay  
 His learned daughters would to me report  
 To decke my song withall, I would assay  
 Thy name, O souveraine Queene! to blazon far away.
  
- IV. Thy name, O souveraine Queene! thy realme, and race,  
 From this renowned Prince derived arre,  
 Who mightily upheld that royall mace

Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended farre  
From mighty kings and conquerours in warre,  
Thy fathers and great Grandfathers of old,  
Whose noble deeds above the Northern starre  
Immortall fame for ever hath enrold;  
As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

- v. The land which warlike Britons now possesse,  
And therein have their mighty empire rayds,  
In antique times was salvage wilderness,  
Unpeopled, unmannurd, unprov'd, unpraysd;  
Ne was it Island then, ne was it payd  
Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought  
Of merchants farre for profits therein prayd;  
But was all desolate, and of some thought  
By sea to have been from the Celticke maynland brought.
- vi. Ne did it then deserve a name to have,  
Till that the venturous Mariner that way  
Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,  
Which all along the Southerne sea-coast lay  
Threatning unheedy wrecke and rash decay,  
For safety that same his sea-marke made,  
And named it ALBION: But later day,  
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,  
Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.
- vii. But far in land a salvage nation dwelt  
Of hideous Giaunts, and halfe beastly men,  
That never tasted grace, nor goodnes felt;  
But wild like beastes lurking in loathsome den,  
And flying fast as Roebucke through the fen,  
All naked without shame or care of cold,  
By hunting and by spoiling liveden;  
Of stature huge, and eke of corage bold,  
That sonnes of men amazd their sternnesse to behold.
- viii. But whence they sprong, or how they were begott,  
Uneath is to assure; uneath to wene  
That monstrous error, which doth some assott,  
That Dioclesians fifty daughters shene  
Into this land by chaunce have driven bene;  
Where, companing with feends and filthy Sprights

Through vaine illusion of their lust unclene,  
 They brought forth Geaunts, and such dreadful wights  
 As far exceeded men in their immeasurd mightes.

ix. They held this land, and with their filthinesse  
 Polluted this same gentle soyle long time;  
 That their owne mother loathed their beastlinesse,  
 And gan abhorre her broods unkindly crime,  
 —All were they borne of her owne native slime:  
 Until that Brutus, anciently deriv'd  
 From roiall stocke of old Assaracs line,  
 Driven by fatall error here arriv'd,  
 And them of their unjust possession depriv'd.

x. But ere he had established his throne,  
 And spred his empire to the utmost shore,  
 He fought great batteils with his salvage fone;  
 In which he them defeated evermore,  
 And many Giaunts left on groning flore:  
 That well can witness yet unto this day  
 The westerne Hogh, besprincled with the gore  
 Of mighty Goëmot, whome in stout fray  
 Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

xi. And eke that ample Pitt, yet far renownd  
 For the large leape which Debon did compell  
 Coulin to make, being eight lugs of grownd,  
 Into the which retourning backe he fell:  
 But those three monstrous stones doe most excell,  
 Which that huge sonne of hideous Albion,  
 Whose father Hercules in Fraunce did quell,  
 Great Godmer threw, in fierce contention,  
 At bold Canutus; but of him was slaine anon.

xii. In meed of these great conquests by them gott,  
 Corineus had that Province utmost west  
 To him assigned for his worthy lott,  
 Which of his name and memorable gest  
 He called Cornwaile, yet so called best;  
 And Debons shayre was that is Devonshyre;  
 But Canute had his portion from the rest,  
 The which he cald Canutium, for his hyre;  
 Now Cantium, which Kent we comenly inquire.

- xiii. Thus Brute this Realme unto his rule subdewd,  
And raigned long in great felicity,  
Lov'd of his freends, and of his foes eschewd:  
He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,  
Borne of fayre Inogene of Italy;  
Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,  
And Locrine left chiefe Lord of Britany.  
At last ripe age bad him surrender late  
His life, and long good fortune, unto finall fate.
- xiv. Locrine was left the souveraine Lord of all:  
But Albanact had all the Northerne part,  
Which of himselfe Albania he did call;  
And Camber did possesse the Western quart.  
Which Severne now from Logris doth depart:  
And each his portion peaceably enjoyed,  
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,  
That once their quiet government annoyd;  
But each his paynes to others profit still employd.
- xv. Until a nation straunge, with visage swart,  
And corage fierce that all men did affray,  
Which through the world then swarmd in every part,  
And overflowd all countries far away,  
Like Noyes great flood, with their importune sway,  
This land invaded with like violence,  
And did themselves through all the North display:  
Untill that Locrine for his Realmes defence,  
Did head against them make and strong munificence.
- xvi. He them encountred, a confused rout,  
Foreby the River that whylome was hight  
The ancient Abus, where with courage stout  
He them defeated in victorious fight,  
And chaste so fiercely after fearefull flight,  
That forst their chiefetain, for his safeties sake,  
(Their Chiefetain Humber named was aright,)  
Unto the mighty streame him to betake,  
Where he an end of batteill and of life did make.
- xvii. The king retourned proud of victory,  
And insolent wox through unwonted ease,  
That shortly he forgot the jeopardy,

Which in his land he lately did appease,  
 And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:  
 He lov'd faire Ladie Estrild, leudly lov'd,  
 Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,  
 That quite his hart from Guendolene remov'd,  
 From Guendolene his wife, though alwaies faithful prov'd.

xviii. The noble daughter of Corinëus  
 Would not endure to bee so vile disdaind,  
 But, gathering force and corage valorous,  
 Encountred him in batteill well ordaind,  
 In which him vanquisht she to fly constraind:  
 But she so fast pursewd, that him she tooke  
 And threw in bands, where he till death remaind;  
 Als his faire Lemman flying through a brooke  
 She overhent, nought moved with her piteous looke;

xix. But both her selfe, and eke her daughter deare,  
 Begotten by her kingly Paramoure,  
 The faire Sabrina, almost dead with feare,  
 She there attached, far from all succoure;  
 The one she slew upon the present floure;  
 But the sad virgin, innocent of all,  
 Adowne the rolling river she did poure,  
 Which of her name now Severne men do call:  
 Such was the end that to disloyall love did fall.

xx. Then for her sonne, which she to Locrin bore,  
 Madan was young, unmeet the rule to sway,  
 In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,  
 Till ryper years he raught and stronger stay;  
 During which time her powre she did display  
 Through all this Realme, the glory of her sex,  
 And first taught men a woman to obay:  
 But, when her sonne to mans estate did wex,  
 She it surrendred, ne her selfe would lenger vex.

xxi. Tho Madan raignd, unworthie of his race,  
 For with all shame that sacred throne he fild.  
 Next Memprise, as unworthy of that place;  
 In which being consorted with Manild,  
 For thirst of single kingdom him he kild.  
 But Ebranck salved both their infamies



With noble deedes, and warreyd on Brunchild  
In Henault, where yet of his victories  
Brave moniments remaine, which yet that land envies.

xxii. An happy man in his first dayes he was,  
And happy father of faire progeny:  
For all so many weekes as the yeare has,  
So many children he did multiply:  
Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply  
Their mindes to prayse and chevalrous desyre:  
Those germans did subdew all Germany,  
Of whom it hight; but in the end their Syre  
With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to retyre.

xxiii. Which blott his sonne succeeding in his seat,  
The second Brute, the second both in name  
And eke in semblaunce of his puissaunce great,  
Right well recur'd, and did away that blame  
With recompence of everlasting fame:  
He with his victour sword first opened  
The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,  
And taught her first how to be conquered;  
Since which, with sondrie spoiles she hath been ransacked.

xxiv. Let Scaldis tell, and let tell Hania,  
And let the marsh of Esthambruges tell,  
What colour were their waters that same day,  
And all the moore twixt Elversham and Dell,  
With blood of Henalois which therein fell.  
How oft that day did sad Brunchildis see  
The greene shield dyde in dolorous vermell?  
That not *Scuith guiridh* it mote seeme to bee,  
But rather *y scuith gogh*, signe of sad crueltee.

xxv. His sonne, king Leill, by fathers labour long,  
Enjoyd an heritage of lasting peace,  
And built Cairleill, and built Cairleon strong.  
Next Huddibras his realme did not encrease,  
But taught the land from wearie wars to cease:  
Whose footsteps Bladud following, in artes  
Exceld at Athens all the learned preace,  
From whence he brought them to these salvage parts,  
And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne harts.

- xxvi. Ensample of his wondrous faculty,  
Behold the boyling bathes at Cairbadon,  
Which seeth with secret fire eternally,  
And in their entrailles, full of quick Brimston,  
Nourish the flames which they are warmd upon,  
That to their people wealth they forth do well,  
And health to every forreyne nation:  
Yet he at last, contending to excell  
The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief fell.
- xxvii. Next him king Leyr in happie peace long raynd,  
But had no issue male him to succeed,  
But three faire daughters, which were well uptraind  
In all that seemed fitt for kingly seed:  
Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed  
To have divided. Tho, when feeble age  
Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,  
He cald his daughters, and with speeches sage  
Inquyrd, which of them most did love her parentage?
- xxviii. The eldest, Gonorill, gan to protest  
That she much more than her owne life him lov'd;  
And Regan greater love to him profest  
Then all the world, when ever it were proof'd;  
But Cordeill said she lov'd him as behoov'd:  
Whose simple answer, wanting colours fayre  
To paint it forth, him to displeasaunce moov'd,  
That in his crown he counted her no hayre,  
But twixt the other twain his kingdom whole did shayre.
- xxix. So wedded th' one to Maglan king of Scottes,  
And thother to the king of Cambria,  
And twixt them shayrd his realme by equall lottes;  
But without dowre the wise Cordelia  
Was sent to Aggannip of Celtica.  
Their aged Syre, thus eased of his crowne,  
A private life ledd in Albania  
With Gonorill, long had in great renowne,  
That nought him griev'd to beene from rule deposed  
downe.
- xxx. But true it is that, when the oyle is spent,  
The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away:  
So, when he had resign'd his regiment,

His daughter gan despise his drouping day,  
And wearie wax of his continuall stay.  
Tho to his daughter Regan he repayrd,  
Who him at first well used every way;  
But when of his departure she despayrd,  
Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd.

xxxI. The wretched man gan then avise too late,  
That love is not where most it is profest;  
Too truely tryde in his extremest state.  
At last, resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,  
He to Cordelia him selfe addrest,  
Who with entyre affection him receav'd,  
As for her Syre and king her seemed best;  
And after all an army strong she leav'd,  
To war on those which him had of his realme bereav'd.

xxxII. So to his crowne she him restord againe;  
In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,  
And after wild it should to her remaine,  
Who peaceably the same long time did weld,  
And all mens harts in dew obedience held;  
Till that her sisters children, woxen strong,  
Through proud ambition against her rebeld,  
And overcommen kept in prison long,  
Till weary of that wretched life her selfe she hong.

xxxIII. Then gan the bloody brethren both to raine;  
But fierce Cundah gan shortly to envy  
His brother Morgan, prickt with proud disdaine  
To have a pere in part of soverainty;  
And kindling coles of cruell enmity,  
Raisd warre, and him in batteill overthrew.  
Whence as he to those woody hilles did fly,  
Which hight of him Glamorgan, there him slew:  
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew.

xxxIV. His sonne Rivall' his dead rowme did supply;  
In whose sad time blood did from heaven rayne.  
Next great Gurgustus, then faire Cæcily,  
In constant peace their kingdomes did contayne.  
After whom Lago, and Kinmarke did rayne,  
And Gorbogud, till far in years he grew:

Then his ambitious sonnes unto them twayne  
 Arraught the rule, and from their father drew;  
 Stout Ferrex and sterne Porrex him in prison threw.

xxxv. But O! the greedy thirst of royall crowne,  
 That knowes no kinred, nor regards no right,  
 Stird Porrex up to put his brother downe;  
 Who, unto him assembling forreigne might,  
 Made warre on him, and fell him selfe in fight:  
 Whose death t'avenge, his mother mercillesse,  
 Most mercillesse of women, Wyden hight,  
 Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,  
 And with most cruell hand him murdred pittillesse.

xxxvi. Here ended Brutus sacred progeny,  
 Which had seven hundred yeares this scepter borne  
 With high renowme and great felicity:  
 The noble braunch from th' antique stocke was torne  
 Through discord, and the roiall throne forlorne.  
 Thenceforth this Realme was into factions rent,  
 Whilest each of Brutus boasted to be borne,  
 That in the end was left no moniment  
 Of Brutus, nor of Britons glorie auncient.

xxxvii. Then up arose a man of matchlesse might,  
 And wondrous wit to menage high affayres,  
 Who, stird with pittie of the stressed plight  
 Of this sad realme, cut into sondry shayres  
 By such as claymd themselves Brutes rightfull hayres,  
Gathered the Princes of the people loose  
To taken counsell of their common cares;  
 Who, with his wisdom won, him streight did choose  
 Their king, and swore him fealty to win or loose.

xxxviii. Then made he head against his enimies,  
 And Ymner slew of Logris miscreate;  
 Then Ruddoc and proud Stater, both allyes,  
 This of Albany newly nominate,  
 And that of Cambry king confirmed late,  
 He overthrew through his owne valiaunce;  
 Whose countries he redus'd to quiet state,  
 And shortly brought to civile governaunce,  
 Now one, which earst were many made through  
 variaunce.

xxxix. Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say  
Were unto him reveal'd in vision;  
By which he freed the Traveilers high-way,  
The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,  
Restraining stealth and strong extortion,  
The gracious Numa of great Britany;  
For till his dayes, the chiefe dominion  
By strength was wielded without pollicy:  
Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignity.

xl. Donwallo dyde, (for what may live for ay?)  
And left two sonnes, of pearelesse prowesse both,  
That sacked Rome too dearly did assay,  
The recompence of their perjured oth;  
And ransackt Greece wel tryde, when they were wroth;  
Besides subjected France and Germany,  
Which yet their praises speake, all be they loth,  
And inly tremble at the memory  
Of Brennus and Belinus, kinges of Britany.

xli. Next them did Gurgiunt, great Belinus sonne,  
In rule succede, and eke in fathers praise;  
He Easterland subdewd, and Denmarke wonne,  
And of them both did foy and tribute raise,  
The which was dew in his dead fathers daies.  
He also gave to fugitives of Spayne,  
Whom he at sea found wandring from their waies,  
A seate in Ireland safely to remayne,  
Which they should hold of him, as subject to Britayne.

xlII. After him raign'd Guitheline his hayre,  
The justest man and trewest in his daies,  
Who had to wife Dame Mertia the fayre,  
A woman worthy of immortall praise,  
Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,  
And wholesome Statutes to her husband brought.  
Her many deem'd to have beene of the Fayes,  
As was Aegerie that Numa taught:  
Those yet of her be Mertian lawes both nam'd and thought.

xlIII. Her sonne Sisillus after her did rayne;  
And then Kimarus; and then Danius:  
Next whom Morindus did the crowne sustayne;



Who, had he not with wrath outrageous  
 And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous  
 And mightie deedes, should matched have the best:  
 As well in that same field victorious  
 Against the forreine Morands he exprest;  
 Yct lives his memorie, though carcas sleepe in rest.

XLIV. Five sonnes he left, begotten of one wife,  
 All which successively by turnes did rayne:  
 First Gorboman, a man of vertuous life;  
 Next Archigald, who for his proud disdayne  
 Deposed was from pryncedome soverayne,  
 And pitteous Elidurc put in his sted;  
 Who shortly it to him restord agayne,  
 Till by his death he it recovered:  
 But Peridure and Vigent him dithronized.

XLV. In wretched prison long he did remaine,  
 Till they outraigned had their utmost date,  
 And then therein reseized was againe,  
 And ruled long with honorable state,  
 Till he surrendered Realme and life to fate.  
 Then all the sonnes of these five brethren raynd  
 By dew successe, and all their Nephewes late;  
 Even thrise eleven descents the crowne retaynd,  
 Till aged Hely by dew heritage it gaynd.

XLVI. He had two sonnes, whose eldest, called Lud,  
 Left of his life most famous memory,  
 And endlesse moniments of his great good:  
 The ruin'd wals he did reædifye  
 Of Troynovant, gainst force of enemy,  
 And built that gate which of his name is hight,  
 By which he lyes entombed solemnly.  
 He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,  
 Androgeus and Tenantius, pictures of his might.

XLVII. Whilst they were young, Cassibalane, their Eme,  
 Was by the people chosen in their sted,  
 Who on him tooke the roiall Diademe,  
 And goodly well long time it governed;  
 Till the prowde Romanes him disquieted,  
 And warlike Cæsar, tempted with the name



Of this sweet Island never conquered,  
 And envying the Britons blazed fame,  
 (O hideous hunger of dominion!) hither came.

XLVIII. Yet twise they were repulsed backe againe,  
 And twise renforst backe to their ships to fly;  
 The whiles with blood they all the shore did staine,  
 And the gray Ocean into purple dy:  
 Ne had they footing found at last, perdie,  
 Had not Androgeus, false to native soyle,  
 And envious of Uncles soveraintie,  
 Betrayd his countrey unto forreine spoyle.  
 Nought els but treason from the first this land did foyle.

XLIX. So by him Cæsar got the victory,  
 Through great bloodshed and many a sad assay,  
 In which himselfe was charged heavily  
 Of hardy Nennius, whom he yet did slay,  
 But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.  
 Thenceforth this land was tributarie made  
 T' ambitious Rome, and did their rule obey,  
 Till Arthur all that reckoning defrayd:  
 Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly swayd.

L. Next him Tenantius raignd; then Kimbeline,  
 What time th' eternall Lord in fleshly slime  
 Enwombed was, from wretched Adams line  
 To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime.  
 O joyous memorie of happy time,  
 That heavenly grace so plenteously displayd!  
 (O too high ditty for my simple rime!)  
 Soone after this the Romanes him warrayd;  
 For that their tribute he refusd to let be payd.

LI. Good Claudius, that next was Emperour,  
 An army brought, and with him batteile fought,  
 In which the king was by a Treachetour  
 Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:  
 Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought;  
 For Arvirage his brothers place supplyde  
 Both in his armes and crowne, and by that draught  
 Did drive the Romanes to the weaker syde,  
 That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifyde.

- LII. Was never king more highly magnifide,  
 Nor dredd of Romanes, then was Arvirage;  
 For which the Emperour to him allide  
 His daughter Genuiss' in marriage:  
 Yet shortly he renounst the vassallage  
 Of Rome againe, who hither hastily sent  
 Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage  
 Forwasted all, till Genuissa gent  
 Persuaded him to ceasse, and her lord to relent.
- LIII. He dide, and him succeeded Marius,  
 Who joyd his dayes in great tranquillity.  
 Then Coyll; and after him good Lucius,  
 That first received Christianity,  
 The sacred pledge of Christes Evangely.  
 Yet true it is, that long before that day  
 Hither came Joseph of Arimathy,  
 Who brought with him the holy grayle, they say,  
 And preacht the truth; but since it greatly did decay.
- LIV. This good king shortly without issew dide,  
 Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,  
 That did her selfe in sondry parts divide,  
 And with her powre her owne selfe overthrew,  
 Whilest Romanes daily did the weake subdew:  
 Which seeing, stout Bunduca up arose,  
 And taking armes the Britons to her drew;  
 With whom she marched streight against her foes,  
 And them unwares besides the Severne did enclose.
- LV. There she with them a cruell batteill tryde,  
 Not with so good successe as shee deserv'd;  
 By reason that the Captaines on her syde,  
 Corrupted by Paulinus, from her swerv'd:  
 Yet, such as were through former flight preserv'd  
 Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,  
 And with fresh corage on the victor servd:  
 But being all defeated, save a few,  
 Rather then fly, or be captiv'd, her selfe she slew.
- LVI. O famous moniment of womens prayse!  
 Matchable either to Semiramis,  
 Whom antique history so high doth rayse,

Or to Hypsiphil', or to Thomiris.  
 Her Host two hundred thousand numbred is;  
 Who, whiles good fortune favoured her might,  
 Triumphed oft against her enemies;  
 And yet, though overcome in haplesse fight,  
 Shee triumphed on death, in enemies despiht.

LVII. Her reliques Fulgent having gathered,  
 Fought with Severus, and him overthrew;  
 Yet in the chace was slaine of them that fled,  
 So made them victors whome he did subdew.  
 Then gan Carausius tirannize anew,  
 And gainst the Romanes bent their proper powre;  
 But him Allectus treacherously slew,  
 And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure:  
 Nath'lesse the same enjoyed but short happy howre:

LVIII. For Asclepiodate him overcame,  
 And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,  
 Without or robe or rag to hide his shame:  
 Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne,  
 But shortly was by Coyll in batteill slaine:  
 Who after long debate, since Lucies tyme,  
 Was of the Britons first crownd Soveraine.  
 Then gan this Realme renew her passed prime:  
 He of his name Coylchester built of stone and lime.

LIX. Which when the Romanes heard, they hither sent  
 Constantius, a man of mickle might,  
 With whome king Coyll made an agreëment,  
 And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,  
 Fayre Helena, the fairest living wight;  
 Who in all godly thewes and goodly praise  
 Did far excell, but was most famous hight  
 For skil in Musicke of all in her daies,  
 As well in curious instruments as cunning laies.

LX. Of whom he did great Constantine begett,  
 Who afterward was Emperour of Rome,  
 To which whiles absent he his mind did sett,  
 Octavius here lept into his roome,  
 And it usurped by unrighteous doome:  
 But he his title justifide by might,

Slaying Traherne, and having overcome  
 The Romane legion in dreadfull fight.  
 So settled he his kingdome, and confirmd his right:

LXI. But wanting yssew male, his daughter deare  
 He gave in wedlocke to Maximian,  
 And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,  
 Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,  
 Till murdred by the freends of Gratian.  
 Then gan the Hunnes and Picts invade this land,  
 During the raigne of Maximinian;  
 Who dying left none heire them to withstand,  
 But that they overran all parts with easy hand.

LXII. The weary Britons, whose war-hable youth,  
 Was by Maximian lately ledd away,  
 With wretched miseryes and woefull ruth,  
 Were to those Pagans made an open pray,  
 And daily spectacle of sad decay:  
 Whome Romane warres, which now fowr hundred yeares  
 And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;  
 Til, by consent of Commons and of Peares,  
 Thy crowned the second Constantine with joyous teares.

LXIII. Who having oft in batteill vanquished  
 Those spoylefull Picts, and swarming Easterlings,  
 Long time in peace his realme established,  
 Yet oft annoyd with sondry bordragings,  
 Of neighbour Scots, and forrein Scatterlings  
 With which the world did in those dayes abound:  
 Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings  
 From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound,  
 Which from Alcluid to Panwelt did that border bownd.

LXIV. Three sones he dying left, all under age;  
 By meanes whereof their uncle Vortigere  
 Usurpt the crowne during their pupillage;  
 Which th' Infants tutors gathering to feare,  
 Them closely into Armorick did beare:  
 For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,  
 He sent to Germany straunge aid to reare;  
 From whence eftsoones arrived here three hoyes  
 Of Saxons, whom he for his safety imployes.

- LXV. Two brethren were their Capitayns, which hight  
Hengist and Horsus, well approv'd in warre,  
And both of them men of renownmed might;  
Who making vantage of their civile jarre,  
And of those forreyners which came from farre,  
Grew great, and got large portions of land,  
That in the Realme ere long they stronger arre  
Then they which sought at first their helping hand,  
And Vortiger have forst the kingdome to aband.
- LXVI. But by the helpe of Vortimere his sonne,  
He is againe unto his rule restord;  
And Hengist, seeming sad for that was donne,  
Received is to grace and new accord,  
Through his faire daughters face and flattrring word.  
Soone after which three hundred Lords he slew  
Of British blood, all sitting at his bord;  
Whose dolefull moniments who list to rew,  
Th' eternall marks of treason may at Stonheng vew.
- LXVII. By this the sonnes of Constantine, which fled,  
Ambrose and Uther, did ripe yeares attayne,  
And, here arriving, strongly challenged  
The crowne which Vortiger did long detayne:  
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slayne;  
And Hengist eke soon brought to shamefull death.  
Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did rayne,  
Till that through poyson stopped was his breath;  
So now entombed lies at Stoneheng by the heath.
- LXVIII. After him Uther, which Pendragon hight,  
Succeeding—There abruptly it did end,  
Without full point, or other Cesure right;  
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,  
Or th' Author selfe could not at least attend  
To finish it: that so untimely breach  
The Prince him selfe halfe seemed to offend;  
Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,  
And wonder of antiquity long stopt his speach.
- LXIX. At last, quite ravisht with delight to heare  
The royall Ofspring of his native land,  
Cryde out; "Deare countrey! O! how dearely deare

Ought thy remembraunce and perpetuall band  
 Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand  
 Did commun breath and nouriture receave.  
 How brutish is it not to understand  
 How much to her we owe, that all us gave;  
 That gave unto us all what ever good we have.

LXX. But Guyon all this while his booke did read,  
 Ne yet has ended; for it was a great  
 And ample volume, that doth far exceed /  
 My leasure so long leaves here to repeat:  
 It told how first Prometheus did create  
 A man, of many parts from beasts deryv'd,  
 And then stole fire from heven to animate  
 His worke, for which he was by Jove depryv'd  
 Of life him selfe, and hart-strings of an Aegle ryv'd.

LXXI. That man so made he called Elfe, to weet  
 Quick, the first author of all Elfin kynd;  
 Who, wandring through the world with wearie feet,  
 Did in the gardins of Adonis fynd  
 A goodly creature, whom he deemed in mynd  
 To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,  
 Or Angell, th' authour of all woman kynd;  
 Therefore a Fay he her according hight,  
 Of whom all Faeryes spring, and fetch their lignage right.

LXXII. Of these a mighty people shortly grew,  
 And puissant kinges which all the world warrayd,  
 And to them selves all Nations did subdew.  
 The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,  
 Was Elfin; him all India obayd,  
 And all that now America men call:  
 Next him was noble Elfinan, who laid  
 Cleopolis foundation first of all:  
 But Elfiline enclosd it with a golden wall.

LXXIII. His sonne was Elfinell, who overcame  
 The wicked Gobbelines in bloody field;  
 But Elfant was of most renowned fame,  
 Who all of Christall did Panthea build:  
 Then Elfar, who two brethren gyauntes kild,  
 The one of which had two heades, th' other three:



Then Elfinor, who was in magick skild;  
 He built by art upon the glassy See  
 A bridge of bras, whose sound heavens thunder seem'd  
 to bee.

LXXIV. He left three sonnes, the which in order raynd,  
 And all their Ofspring, in their dew descents;  
 Even seven hundred Princes, which maintaynd  
 With mightie deedes their sondry governments;  
 That were too long their infinite contents  
 Here to record, ne much materiall:  
 Yet should they be most famous moniments,  
 And brave ensample, both of martiall  
 And civil rule, to kinges and states imperiall.

LXXV. After all these Elficleos did rayne,  
 The wise Elficleos, in great Majestie,  
 Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,  
 And with rich spoyles and famous victorie  
 Did high advaunce the crowne of Faery:  
 He left two sonnes, of which faire Elferon,  
 The eldest brother, did untimely dy;  
 Whose emptie place the mightie Oberon  
 Doubly supplide, in spousall and dominion.

LXXVI. Great was his power and glorie over all  
 Which, him before, that sacred seate did fill,  
 That yet remains his wide memoriall.  
 He dying left the fairest Tanaquill,  
 Him to succeede therein, by his last will:  
 Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,  
 Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;  
 Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flowre:  
 Long mayst thou, Glorian, live in glory and great powre!

LXXVII. Beguyld thus with delight of novelties,  
 And naturall desire of countryes state,  
 So long they redd in those antiquities,  
 That how the time was fled they quite forgate;  
 Till gentle Alma, seeing it so late,  
 Perforce their studies broke, and them besought  
 To thinke how supper did them long awaite:  
 So halfe unwilling from their bookes them brought,  
 And fayrely feasted as so noble knightes she ought.

## CANTO XI

The enimies of Temperaunce  
Besiege her dwelling place:  
Prince Arthure them repelles, and fowle  
Maleger doth deface.

*Alma*

I. WHAT warre so cruel, or what siege so sore,  
As that which strong affections doe apply  
Against the forte of reason evermore,  
To bring the sowle into captivity?  
Their force is fiercer through infirmity  
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,  
And exercise most bitter tyranny  
Upon the partes brought into their bondage:  
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull vellenage.

*conflict*

*between*

*reason + passion*

*flesh*

*int of orig.*

II. But in a body which doth freely yeeld  
His partes to reasons rule obedient,  
And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,  
All happy peace and goodly government  
Is settled there in sure establishment.  
There Alma, like a virgin Queene most bright,  
Doth florish in all beautie excellent;  
And to her guestes doth bounteous banket dight,  
Attempted goodly well for health and for delight.

*glut use*

*more*

*what el*

*orig use.*

III. Early, before the Morne with cremosin ray  
The windowes of bright heaven opened had,  
Through which into the world the dawning day  
Might looke, that maketh every creature glad,  
Uprose Sir Guyon, in bright armour clad,  
And to his purposd journey him prepar'd:  
With him the Palmer eke in habit sad  
Him selfe addrest to that adventure hard:  
So to the rivers syde they both together far'd:

IV. Where them awaited ready at the ford  
The Ferriman, as Alma had behight,  
With his well-rigged bote: They goe aboard,

And he eftsoones gan launch his barke forthright.  
 Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,  
 And fast the land behynd them fled away.  
 But let them pas, whiles wind and wether right  
 Doe serve their turnes: here I a while must stay,  
 To see a cruell fight doen by the prince this day.

- v. For all so soone as Guyon thence was gon  
 Upon his voyage with his trustie guyde,  
That wicked band of villeins fresh begon  
That castle to assaile on every side,  
 And lay strong siege about it far and wyde.  
 So huge and infinite their numbers were,  
 That all the land they under them did hyde;  
 So fowle and ugly, that exceeding feare  
 Their visages imprest when they approached neare.
- vi. Them in twelve troupes their Captein did dispart,  
 And round about in fittest steades did place,  
 Where each might best offend his proper part,  
 And his contrary object most deface,  
 As every one seem'd meetest in that cace.  
 Seven of the same against the Castle gate  
 In strong entrenchments he did closely place,  
 Which with incessaunt force and endlesse hate  
 They battred day and night, and entraunce did awate.
- vii. The other five five sondry wayes he sett  
 Against the five great Bulwarkes of that pyle,  
 And unto each a Bulwarke did arrett,  
 T' assaile with open force or hidden guyle,  
 In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.  
 They all that charge did fervently apply  
 With greedie malice and importune toyle,  
 And planted there their huge artillery,  
 With which they dayly made most dreadfull battery.
- viii. The first troupe was a monstrous rablement  
 Of fowle misshapen wightes, of which some were  
 Headed like Owles, with bekes uncomely bent;  
 Others like Dogs; others like Gryphons dreare;  
 And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare:  
 And every one of them had Lynces eyes;

And every one did bow and arrowes beare.  
 All those were lawlesse lustes, currupt envyes,  
 And covetous aspects, all cruell enimyes.

ix. Those same against the bulwarke of the Sight  
 Did lay strong siege and battailous assault,  
 Ne once did yield it respitt day nor night;  
 But soone as Titan gan his head exault,  
 And soone againe as he his light withhault,  
 Their wicked engins they against it bent;  
 That is, each thing by which the eyes may fault  
 But two then all more huge and violent,  
 Beautie and Money, they that Bulwarke sorely rent.

x. The second Bulwarke was the Hearing sence,  
 Gainst which the second troupe assignment makes;  
 Deformed creatures, in straunge difference,  
 Some having heads like Harts, some like to Snakes,  
 Some like wilde Bores late rouzd out of the brakes:  
 Slaunderous reproches, and fowle infamies.  
 Leasinges, backbytinges, and vain-glorious crakes,  
 Bad counsels, prayses, and false flatteries:  
 All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

xi. Likewise that same third Fort, that is the Smell,  
 Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd;  
 Whose hideous shapes were like to feendes of hell,  
 Some like to houndes, some like to Apes, dismayd,  
 Some like to Puttockes, all in plumes arayd;  
 All shap't according their conditions:  
 For by those ugly formes weren pourtrayd  
 Foolish delights, and fond abusions,  
 Which doe that sence besiege with light illusions.

xii. And that fourth band which cruell battry bent  
 Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the Taste,  
 Was, as the rest, a grysie rablement;  
 Some mouth'd like greedy Oystiges; some faste  
 Like loathly Toades; some fashioned in the waste  
 Like swine: for so deformd is luxury,  
 Surfeat, misdiet, and unthrifitie waste,  
 Vaine feastes, and ydle superfluity:  
 All those this sences Fort assayle incessantly.

- XIII. But the fift troupe, most horrible of hew  
 And ferce of force, is dreadfull to report;  
 For some like Snailles, some did like spyders snew,  
 And some like ugly Urchins thick and short:  
 Cruelly they assaged that fift Fort,  
 Armed with dartes of sensuall Delight,  
 With stinges of carnall lust, and strong effort  
 Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night  
 Against that same fift bulwarke they continued fight.
- XIV. Thus these twelve troupes with dreadfull puissance  
 Against that Castle restlesse siege did lay,  
 And evermore their hideous Ordinaunce  
 Upon the Bulwarkes cruelly did play,  
 That now it gan to threaten neare decay:  
 And evermore their wicked Capitayn  
 Provoked them the breaches to assay,  
 Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope of gayn,  
 Which by the ransack of that peece they should attayn.
- XV. On th' other syde, th' assieged Castles ward  
 Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,  
 And many bold repulse and many hard  
 Atchievement wrought, with perill and with payne,  
 That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine:  
 And those two brethren Gyauntes did defend  
 The walles so stoutly with their sturdie mayne,  
 That never entraunce any durst pretend,  
 But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did send.
- XVI. The noble Virgin, Ladie of the Place,  
 Was much dismayed with that dreadful sight,  
 For never was she in so evill cace;—  
 Till that the Prince, seeing her wofull plight,  
 Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,  
Offering his service, and his dearest life  
For her defence against that Carle to fight,  
 Which was their chiefe and th' authour of that strife:  
 She him remerciéd as the Patrone of her life.
- XVII. Eftsoones himselfe in glitterand armes he dight,  
 And his well proved weapons to him hent;  
 So, taking courteous congé, he behight

Those gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went.  
 Fayre mote he thee, the prowest and most gent,  
 That ever brandished bright steele on hye!  
 Whome soone as that unruly rablement  
 With his gay Squyre issewing did espye,  
 They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry:

xviii. And therewithall attonce at him let fly  
 Their fluttring arrowes, thicke as flakes of snow,  
 And round about him flocke impetuously,  
 Like a great water flood, that tombling low  
 From the high mountaines, threatens to overflow  
 With suddein fury all the fertile playne,  
 And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw  
 Adowne the streame, and all his vowes make vayne;  
 Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustayne.

xix. Upon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,  
 And with his sword disperst the raskall flockes,  
 Which fled asonder, and him fell before;  
 As withered leaves drop from their dried stockes,  
 When the wroth Western wind does reave their locks:  
 And underneath him his courageous steed,  
 The fierce Spumador, trode them downe like docks;  
 The fierce Spumador, borne of heavenly seed,  
 Such as Laomedon of Phœbus race did breed.

xx. Which suddeine horroure and confused cry  
 When as their Capteine heard, in haste he yode  
 The cause to weet, and fault to remedy:  
 Upon a Tygre swift and fierce he rode,  
 That as the winde ran underneath his lode,  
 Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground.  
 Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,  
 But of such subtile substance and unsound,  
 That like a ghost he seem'd whose grave-clothes were  
 unbound:

xxi. And in his hand a bended bow was seene,  
 And many arrowes under his right side,  
 All deadly daungerous, all cruell keene,  
 Headed with flint, and fethers bloody dide;  
 Such as the Indians in their quivers hide: —  
 Those could he well direct and streight as line,



And bid them strike the marke which he had eyde;  
Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,  
That mote recure their wounds; so inly they did tine.

xxii. As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,  
His body leane and meagre as a rake,  
And skin all withered like a dried rooke;  
Thereto as cold and drery as a snake,  
That seemd to tremble evermore and quake;  
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,  
And girded with a belt of twisted brake:  
Upon his head he wore an Helmet light,  
Made of a dead mans skull, that seemd a ghastly sight.

xxiii. Maleger was his name; and after him  
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,  
With hoary lockes all loose, and visage grim;  
Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,  
And both as swift on foot as chased Stags;  
And yet the one her other legge had lame,  
Which with a staffe, all full of litle snags,  
She did support, and Impotence her name.  
But th' other was Impatience, arm'd with raging flame.

xxiv. Soone as the Carle from far the Prince espyde  
Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,  
His Beast he felly prickt on either syde,  
And his mischievous bow full readie bent,  
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent:  
But he was warie, and it warded well  
Upon his shield, that it no further went,  
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:  
Then he another and another did expell.

xxv. Which to prevent the Prince his mortall speare  
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,  
To be avenged of that shot whyleare;  
But he was not so hardy to abide  
That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside  
His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare:  
Whom to pursue the Infant after hide  
So fast as his good Courser could him beare;  
But labour lost it was to weene approach him neare.

- xxvi. For as the winged wind his Tigre fled,  
 That vew of eye could scarce him overtake,  
 Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tred:  
 Through hils and dales he speedy way did make,  
 Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake;  
 And in his flight the villein turn'd his face  
 (As wonts the Tartar by the Caspian lake,  
 Whenas the Russian him in fight does chace)  
 Unto his Tygres taile, and shot at him apace.
- xxvii. Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,  
 Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew;  
 And oftentimes he would relent his pace,  
 That him his foe more fiercely should poursew:  
 But when his uncouth manner he did vew,  
 He gan avize to follow him no more,  
 But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,  
 Untill he quite had spent his perlous store,  
 And then assayle him fresh, ere he could shift for more.
- xxviii. But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew  
 His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,  
 And to him brought, fresh batteill to renew;  
 Which he espying cast her to restraine  
 From yielding succour to that cursed Swaine,  
 And her attaching thought her hands to tye;  
 But soone as him dismounted on the plaine  
 That other Hag did far away espye  
 Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily;
- xxix. And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,  
Him backward overthrew, and downe him stayd  
 With their rude handes and gryesly graplement;  
 Till that the villein, comming to their ayd,  
 Upon him fell, and lode upon him layd:  
 Full litle wanted but he had him slaine,  
 And of the battell balefull end had made,  
 Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,  
 And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter bane.
- xxx. So greatest and most glorious thing on ground  
May often need the helpe of weaker hand;  
So feeble is mans state, and life unsound,

That in assuraunce it may never stand,  
 Till it dissolved be from earthly band.  
 Proofo be thou, Prince, the prowdest man alyve,  
 And noblest borne of all in Britayne land;  
 Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearely drive,  
 That, had not grace thee blest, thou shouldest not  
survive.

xxxI. The Squyre arriving fiercely in his armes  
 Snatcht first the one, and then the other Jade,  
 His chiefest letts and authors of his harmes,  
 And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,  
 Least that his Lord they should behinde invade;  
 The whiles the Prince, prickt with reprochful shame,  
 As one awakte out of long slombring shade,  
 Revivying thought of glory and of fame,  
 United all his powres to purge him selfe from blame.

xxxII. Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave  
 Hath long bene underkept and down suppress,  
 With murmurous disdayne doth inly rave,  
 And grudge in so streight prison to be prest,  
 At last breakes forth with furious unrest,  
 And strives to mount unto his native seat;  
 All that did earst it hinder and molest,  
 Yt now devoures with flames and scorching heat,  
 And carries into smoake with rage and horror great.

xxxIII. So mightely the Briton Prince him roud  
 Out of his holde, and broke his caytive bands;  
 And as a Beare, whom angry cures have touzd,  
 Having off-shakt them and escapt their hands,  
 Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands  
 Treads down and overthrowes. Now had the Carle  
 Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands  
 Discharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,  
 To seize upon his foe flatt lying on the marle.

xxxIV. Which now him turnd to disavantage deare;  
 For neither can he fly, nor other harme,  
 But trust unto his strength and manhood meare,  
 Sith now he is far from his monstrous swarme,  
 And of his weapons did himselfe disarm.  
 The knight, yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,

Fiercely advaunst his valorous right arme,  
 And him so sore smott with his yron mace,  
 That groveling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

xxxv. Wel weened hee that field was then his owne,  
 And all his labor brought to happy end;  
 When suddein up the villeine overthrowne  
 Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend,  
 And gan him selfe to second battaill bend,  
 As hurt he had not beene. Thereby there lay  
An huge great stone, which stood upon one end,  
And had not bene removed many a day;  
 Some land-marke seemd to bee, or signe of sundry way:

xxxvi. The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway  
 Threw at his foe, whe was right well aware  
 To shonne the engin of his meant decay;  
 It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,  
 But grownd he gave, and lightly lept areare:  
 Eft fierce retourning, as a faulcon fayre,  
 That once hath failed of her souse full neare,  
 Remounts againe into the open ayre,  
 And unto better fortune doth her selfe prepayre.

xxxvii. So brave retourning, with his brandisht blade  
 He to the Carle him selfe agayn adrest,  
 And strooke at him so sternely, that he made  
 An open passage through his riven brest,  
 That halfe the steele behind his backe did rest;  
 Which drawing backe, he looked evermore  
 When the hart blood should gush out of his chest,  
 Or his dead corse should fall upon the flore;  
 But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathemore.

xxxviii. Ne drop of blood appeared shed to bee,  
 All were the wovnd so wide and wonderous  
 That through his carcas one might playnly see.  
 Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,  
 And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,  
 Again through both the sides he strooke him quight,  
 That made his spright to grone full piteous;  
 Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright,  
But freshly, as at first, prepared himselfe to fight.

xxxix. Thereat he smitten was with great affright,  
And trembling terror did his hart apall;  
Ne wist he what to thinke of that same sight,  
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all:  
He doubted least it were some magickall  
Illusion that did beguile his sense,  
Or wandring ghost that wanted funerall,  
Or aery spirite under false pretence,  
Or hellish feend raysd up through divelish science.

xl. His wonder far exceeded reasons reach,  
That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,  
And oft of error did himselfe appeach:  
Flesh without blood, a person without spright,  
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,  
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,  
That could not die, yet seemd a mortall wight,  
That was most strong in most infirmittee;  
Like did he never heare, like did he never see.


xli. Awhile he stood in this astonishment,  
Yet would he not for all his great dismay  
Give over to effect his first intent,  
And th' utmost meanes of victory assay,  
Or th' utmost yssew of his owne decay.  
His owne good sword Mordure, that never fayld  
At need till now, he lightly threw away,  
And his bright shield that nought him now avayld;  
And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

xlII. Twixt his two mighty armes him up he snatcht,  
And crusht his carcas so against his brest,  
That the disdainfull sowle he thence dispatcht,  
And th' ydle breath all utterly exprest.  
Tho, when he felt him dead, adowne he kest  
The lumpish corse unto the sencelesse grownd:  
Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,  
That backe againe it did alofte rebownd, *m*  
And gave against his mother earth a gronefull sownd.

xlIII. As when Joves harness-bearing Bird from hye  
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdayne,  
The stone-dead quarrey falls so forcibly,

That yt rebownds against the lowly playne,  
 A second fall redoubling backe agayne.  
 Then thought the Prince all peril sure was past,  
 And that he victor onely did remayne;  
No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast  
Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he down was cast.

XLIV. Nigh his wits end then woxe th' amazed knight,  
 And thought his labour lost, and travell vayne,  
 Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight:  
 Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty mayne,  
 That, whiles he marveild still, did still him payne;  
 Forthy he gan some other wayes advize,  
 How to take life from that dead-living swayne,  
 Whom still he marked freshly to arize  
 From th' earth, and from her womb new spirits to reprice.

XLV. He then remembered well, that had bene sayd,  
 How th' Earth his mother was, and first him bore;   
 She eke, so often as his life decayd,  
Did life with usury to him restore,  
 And reysd him up much stronger than before,  
 So soone as he unto her wombe did fall:  
 Therefore to grownd he would him cast no more,  
 Ne him committ to grave terrestriall,  
 But beare him farre from hope of succour usuall.

XLVI. Tho up he caught him twixt his puissant hands,  
 And having scruzd out of his carrion corse  
 The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull bands,  
 Upon his shoulders carried him perforce  
 Above three furlongs, taking his full course  
 Until he came unto a standing lake;  
 Him thereinto he threw without remorse,  
 Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake:  
 So end of that Carles dayes and his owne paynes did  
 make.

XLVII. Which when those wicked Hags from far did spye,  
 Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands,  
 And th' one of them with dreadfull yelling crye,  
 Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,  
 And having quencht her burning fier-brands,



Hedlong her selfe did cast into that lake;  
But Impotence with her owne wilfull hands  
One of Malegers cursed darts did take,  
So ryv'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.

XLVIII. Thus now alone he conquerour remaines:  
Tho, cumming to his Squyre that kept his steed,  
Thought to have mounted; but his feeble vaines  
Him faild thereto, and served not his need,  
Through losse of blood which from his wounds did bleed,  
That he began to faint, and life decay:  
But his good Squyre, him helping up with speed,  
With stedfast hand upon his horse did stay,  
And led him to the Castle by the beaten way.

XLIX. Where many Groomes and Squyres ready were  
To take him from his steed full tenderly;  
And eke the fayrest Alma mett him there  
With balme, and wine, and costly spicery,  
To comfort him in his infirmity.  
Eftesoones shee causd him up to be convayd,  
And of his armes despoyled easily  
In sumptuous bed shee made him to be layd;  
And al the while his wounds were dressing by him stayd.

## CANTO XII

Guyon, by Palmers governaunce,  
 Passing through perilles great,  
 Doth overthrow the Bowre of blis,  
 And Acrasy defeat.

- i. Now gинnes that goodly frame of Temperaunce  
 Fayrely to rise, and her adorned hed  
 To pricke of highest prayse forth to advaunce,  
 Formerly grounded and fast setteled  
 On firme foundation of true bountyhed:  
 And this brave knight, that for this vertue fightes,  
 Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,  
 Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,  
 Mongst thousand dangers, and ten thousand Magick  
 mights.
- ii. Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,  
 Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,  
 Ne ought save perill still as he did pas:  
 Tho, when appeared the third Morrow bright  
 Upon the waves to spred her trembling light,  
 An hideous roring far away they heard,  
 That all their sences filled with affright;  
 And streight they saw the raging surges reard  
 Up to the skyes, that them of drowning made affeard.
- iii. Said then the Boteman, " Palmer, stere aright.  
 And keepe an even course; for yonder way  
 We needes must pas (God doe us well acquight!)  
 That is the Gulfe of Greedinesse, they say,  
 That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray;  
 Which having swallowd up excessively,  
 He soone in vomit up againe doth lay,  
 And belcheth forth his superfluity,  
 That all the seas for feare doe seeme away to fly.
- iv. " On thother syde an hideous Rocke is pight  
 Of mightie Magnes stone, whose craggie clift  
 Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,

Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,  
 And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift  
 On whoso cometh nigh; yet nigh it drawes  
 All passengers, that none from it can shift:  
 For, whiles they fly that Gulfes devouring jawes,  
 They on this rock are rent, and sunck in helples wawes."

v. Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,  
 Untill they nigh unto that Gulfe arryve,  
 Where streame more violent and greedy growes:  
 Then he with all his puisaunce doth stryve  
 To strike his oares, and mightily doth drive  
 The hollow vessell through the threatfull wave;  
 Which, gaping wide to swallow them alyve  
 In th' huge abyссе of his engulphing grave,  
 Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terrour rave.

vi. They, passing by, that grisely mouth did see  
 Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,  
 That seemd more horrible then hell to bee,  
 Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare steepe  
 Through which the damned ghosts doen often creepe  
 Backe to the world, bad livers to torment:  
 But nought that falles into this direfull deepe  
 Ne that approacheth nigh the wyde descent,  
 May backe retourne, but is condemned to be drent.

vii. On thother side they saw that perilous Rocke,  
 Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,  
 On whose sharp cliftes the ribs of vessels broke;  
 And shivered ships, which had beene wrecked late,  
 Yet stuck with carkases exanimate  
 Of such, as having all their substance spent  
 In wanton joyes and lustes intemperate,  
 Did afterwards make shipwrack violent  
 Both of their life and fame, for ever fowly blent.

viii. Forthy this hight The Rocke of vile Reproch,  
 A daungerous and detestable place,  
 To which nor fish nor fowle did once approach,  
 But yelling Meawes, with Seagulles hoars and bace,  
 And Cormoyraunts, with birds of ravenous race,  
 Which still sat waiting on that wastfull clift

For spoile of wretches, whose unhappy cace,  
 After lost credit and consumed thrift,  
 At last them driven hath to this despairefull drift.

- ix. The Palmer, seeing them in safetie past,  
 Thus saide; "Behold th' ensamples in our sights  
 Of lustfull luxurie and thriftlesse wast.  
 What now is left of miserable wightes,  
 Which spent their looser daies in leud delightes,  
 But shame and sad reproch, here to be red  
 By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plights?  
 Let all that live hereby be counselled  
 To shunne Rocke of Reproch, and it as death to dred!"
- x. So forth they rowed; and that Ferryman  
 With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,  
 That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,  
 And the light bubbles daunced all along,  
 Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.  
 At last far off they many Islandes spy  
 On every side floting the floodes emong:  
 Then said the knight; "Lo! I the land descry;  
 Therefore, old Syre, thy course doe thereunto apply."
- xi. "That may not bee," said then the Ferryman,  
 "Least wee unweeting hap to be fordonne;  
 For those same Islands, seeming now and than,  
 Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,  
 But stragling plots which to and fro doe ronne  
 In the wide waters: therefore are they hight  
 The Wandering Islands. Therefore doe them shonne;  
 For they have ofte drawne many a wandering wight  
 Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight.
- xii. "Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth vew,  
 Both faire and fruitfull, and the grownd dispred  
 With grassy greene of delectable hew;  
 And the tall trees with leaves appareled  
 Are deckt with blossoms dyde in white and red,  
 That mote the passengers thereto allure;  
 But whosoever once hath fastened  
 His foot thereon, may never it recure,  
 But wandreth evermore uncertain and unsure.

- xiii. "As th' Isle of Delos whylome, men report,  
Amid th' Aegæan sea long time did stray,  
Ne made for shipping any certeine port,  
Till that Latona traveiling that way,  
Flying from Junoes wrath and hard assay,  
Of her fayre twins was there delivered,  
Which afterwards did rule the night and day:  
Thenceforth it firmly was established,  
And for Apolloes temple highly herried."
- xiv. They to him hearken, as beseemeth meete,  
And passe on forward: so their way does ly,  
That one of those same Islands, which doe fleet  
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,  
Which seemd so sweet and pleasaunt to the eye,  
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:  
Upon the banck they sitting did espy  
A daintie damsell dressing of her heare,  
By whom a little skippet floting did appeare.
- xv. She, them espying, loud to them can call,  
Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore,  
For she had cause to busie them withall;  
And therewith lowdly laught: But nathemore  
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:  
Which when she saw, she left her lockes undight,  
And running to her boat withouten ore,  
From the departing land it launched light,  
And after them did drive with all her power and might.
- xvi. Whom overtaking, she in merry sort  
Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly;  
Now faining dalliaunce and wanton sport,  
Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodestly;  
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly  
Her to rebuke for being loose and light:  
Which not abiding, but more scornfully  
Scoffing at him that did her justly wite,  
She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.
- xvii. That was the wanton Phædria, which late  
Did ferry him over the Idle lake:  
Whom nought regarding they kept on their gate,

And all her vaine allurements did forsake;  
 When them the wary Boteman thus bespake:  
 " Here now behoveth us well to avyse,  
 And of our safety good heede to take;  
 For here before a perlous passage lyes,  
 Where many Mermayds haunt making false melodies:

- xviii. " But by the way there is a great Quicksand,  
 And a whirlpoole of hidden jeopardy;  
 Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an even hand.  
 For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly."   
 Scarse had he saide, when hard at hand they spy  
 That quicksand nigh with water covered;  
 But by the checked wave they did descry  
 It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:  
 It called was the quikesand of Unthriftyhed.
- xix. They, passing by, a goodly Ship did see  
 Laden from far with precious merchandize,  
 And bravely furnished as ship might bee,  
 Which through great disaventure, or mesprize,  
 Her selfe had ronne into that hazardize;  
 Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle  
 Labour'd in vaine to have recur'd their prize,  
 And the rich wares to save from pitteous spoyle;  
 But neither toyle nor traveill might her backe recoyle.
- xx. On th' other side they see that perilous Poole,  
 That called was the Whirlepoole of decay;  
 In which full many had with haplesse doole  
 Beene suncke, of whom no memorie did stay:  
 Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,  
 Like to a restlesse wheele, still ronning round,  
 Did covet, as they passed by that way,  
 To draw their bote within the utmost bound  
 Of his wide Labyrinth, and then to have them dround.
- xxi. But th' heedful Boteman strongly forth did stretch  
 His brawnie armes, and all his bodie straine,  
 That th' utmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,  
 Whiles the dredd daunger does behind remaine.  
 Suddeine they see from midst of all the Maine  
 The surging waters like a mountaine rise.



And the great sea, puffed up with proud disdain,  
To swell above the measure of his guise,  
As threatening to devour all that his power despise.

xxii. The waves come rolling, and the billows rore  
Outragiously, as they enraged were,  
Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive before  
His whirling charet for exceeding feare;  
For not one puffe of winde there did appeare,  
That all the three thereat woxe much afraid,  
Unweeting what such horreur straunge did reare.  
Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd  
Of huge Sea monsters, such as living sence dismayd:

xxiii. Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,  
Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,  
Or shame that ever should so fowle defects  
From her most cunning hand escaped bee;  
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:  
*Came -* Spring-headed Hydres; and sea-shouldring Whales;  
Great whirlpooles which all fishes make to flee;  
Bright Scolopendraes arm'd with silver scales;  
Mighty Monoceroses with immeasured tayles.

xxiv. The dreadful Fish that hath deserv'd the name  
Of Death, and like him looks in dreadfull hew;  
The griesly Wasserman, that makes his game  
The flying ships with swiftnes to pursew:  
The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew  
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme;  
Huge Ziffius, whom Mariners eschew  
No lesse then rockes, (as travellers informe)  
And greedy Rosmarines with visages deforme.

xxv. All these, and thousand thousands many more,  
And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,  
With dreadfull noise and hollow rombling rore  
Came rushing, in the fomy waves enrold,  
Which seem'd to fly for feare them to behold.  
Ne wonder, if these did the knight appall;  
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,  
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,  
Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall.

- xxvi. "Feare nought," then saide the Palmer well aviz'd,  
 "For these same Monsters are not these in deed,  
 But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd  
 By that same witch, to worke us dreed,  
 And draw from on this journey to proceed."  
 Tho lifting up his vertuous staffe on hye,  
 He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,  
 And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan flye  
 Into great Tethys bosome, where they hidden lye.
- xxvii. Quit from that danger forth their course they kept;  
 And as they went they heard a ruefull cry  
 Of one that wayld and pittifully wept,  
 That through the sea resounding plaints did fly:  
 At last they in an Island did espy  
 A seemely Maiden sitting by the shore,  
 That with great sorrow and sad agony  
 Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,  
 And lowd to them for succour called evermore.
- xxviii. Which Guyon hearing streight his Palmer bad  
 To stere the bote towards that dolefull Mayd,  
 That he might know and ease her sorrow sad;  
 Who, him avizing better, to him sayd:  
 "Faire Sir, be not displeasd if disobayd:  
 For ill it were to hearken to her cry,  
 For she is inly nothing ill apayd;  
 But onely womanish fine forgery,  
 Your stubborne hart t'affect with fraile infirmity.
- xxix. "To which when she your courage hath inclind  
 Through foolish pitty, then her guilefull bayt  
 She will embosome deeper in your mind,  
 And for your ruine at the last awayt."  
 The Knight was ruled, and the Boteman strayt  
 Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,  
 Ne ever shroncke, ne ever sought to bayt  
 His tyred armes for toylesome wearinesse,  
 But with his oares did sweepe the watry wilderness.
- xxx. And now they nigh approched to the sted  
 Whereas those Mermayds dwelt: it was a still  
 And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered

With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill;  
On th'other side an high rocke toured still,  
That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they made,  
And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill:  
There those five sisters had continuall trade,  
And usd to bath themselves in that deceitfull shade.

xxxI. They were faire Ladies, till they fondly striv'd  
With th' Heliconian maides for maystery;  
Of whom they, over-comen, were depriv'd  
Of their proud beautie, and th' one moyity  
Transformd to fish for their bold surquedry;  
But th' upper halfe their hew retayned still,  
And their sweet skill in wonted melody;  
Which ever after they abusd to ill,  
T' allure weake traveillers, whom gotten they did kill.

xxxII. So now to Guyon, as he passed by,  
Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applyde:  
"O thou fayre sonne of gentle Faery,  
That art in mightie armes most magnifyde  
Above all knights that ever batteill tryde,  
O! turne thy rudder hitherward awhile  
Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely ryde,  
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,  
The worldes sweet In from paine and wearisome  
turmoyle."

xxxIII. With that the rolling sea, resounding soft,  
In his big base them fitly answered;  
And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft  
A solemne Meane unto them measured;  
The whiles sweet Zephyrus lowd whistled  
His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony,  
Which Guyons senses softly tickeled,  
That he the boteman bad row easily,  
And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

xxxIV. But him the Palmer from that vanity  
With temperate advice discoursell'd,  
That they it past, and shortly gan descry  
The land to which their course they leveled;  
When suddeinly a grosse fog over-spredd  
With his dull vapour all that desert has.

And heavens chearefull face enveloped,  
 That all things one, and one as nothing was,  
 And this great Universe seemd one confused mas.

xxxv. Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist  
 How to direct theyr way in darkenes wide,  
 But feard to wander in that wastefull mist,  
 For tomling into mischiefe unespide:  
 Worse is the daunger hidden then descride.  
 Suddenly an innumerable flight  
 Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering cride,  
 And with their wicked wings them ofte did smight,  
 And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.

xxxvi. Even all the nation of unfortunate  
 And fatall birds about them flocked were,  
 Such as by nature men abhorre and hate;  
 The ill-faste Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere;  
 The hoars Night-raven, trump of dolefull dreere;  
 The lether-winged Batt, dayes enemy;  
 The ruefull Strich, still waiting on the bere;  
 The whistler shrill, that whoso heares doth dy;  
 The hellish Harpyes, prophets of sad destiny.

xxxvii. All those, and all that els does horror breed,  
 About them flew, and fild their sayles with feare:  
 Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,  
 Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stiffly steare;  
 Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,  
 And the faire land it selfe did playnly sheow.  
 Said then the Palmer; "Lo! where does appeare  
 The sacred soile where all our perills grow.  
 Therefore, Sir knight, your ready arms about you throw."

xxxviii. He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,  
 The whiles the nimble bote so well her sped,  
 That with her crooked keele the land she strooke:  
 Then forth the noble Guyon sallied,  
 And his sage Palmer that him governed;  
 But th' other by his bote behind did stay.  
 They marched fayrly forth, of nought ydred.  
 Both firmly armd for every hard assay,  
 With constancy and care, gainst daunger and dismay.

xxxix. Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing  
Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,  
As if that hungers poynt or Venus sting  
Had them enraged with fell surquedry:  
Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,  
Untill they came in vew of those wilde beasts,  
Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,  
And rearing fercely their upstaring crests,  
Ran towards to devoure those unexpected guests.

xl. But soone as they approcht with deadly threat,  
The Palmer over them his staffe upheld,  
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat.  
Eftesoones their stubborne corages were queld,  
And high advaunced crests downe meekely feld;  
Instead of fraying, they them selves did feare,  
And trembled as them passing they beheld:  
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,  
All monsters to subdew to him that did it beare.

xli. Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,  
Of which Caduceus whilome was made,  
Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,  
With which he wonts the Stygian realmes invade  
Through ghastly horror and eternall shade:  
Th' infernall feends with it he can asswage,  
And Orcus tame, whome nothing can persuade,  
And rule the Furies when they most doe rage.  
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.

xlII. Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryve  
Whereas the Bowre of Blisse was situate;  
A place pickt out by choyce of best alyvè,  
That natures worke by art can imitate:  
In which whatever in this worldly state  
Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,  
Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,  
Was poured forth with plentifull dispençe,  
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

xlIII. Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,  
As well their entred guestes to keep within,  
As those unruly beasts to hold without;

Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin:  
 Nought feard theyr force that fortilage to win,  
 But wisdomes powre, and temperaunces might,  
 By which the mightiest things efforced bin:  
 And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,  
 Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

XLIV. Yt framed was of precious yvory,  
 That seemd a worke of admirable witt;  
 And therein all the famous history  
 Of Jason and Medæa was ywritt;  
 Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt;  
 His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,  
His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt;  
 The wondred Argo, which in venturous peece  
 First through the Euxine seas bore all the flowr of Greece.

XLV. Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry  
 Under the ship as thorough them she went,  
 That seemd the waves were into yvory,  
 Or yvory into the waves were sent;  
 And otherwhere the snowy substaunce sprent  
 With vermell, like the boyes blood therein shed,  
 A piteous spectacle did represent;  
 And otherwhiles, with gold besprinkeled,  
 Yt seemd thenchaunted flame which did Crëusa wed.

XLVI. All this and more might in that goodly gate  
 Be red, that ever open stood to all  
 Which thither came; but in the Porch there sate  
 A comely personage of stature tall,  
 And semblaunce pleasing, more then naturall,  
 That traveillers to him seemd to entize:  
 His looser garment to the ground did fall,  
 And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,  
 Not fitt for speedy pace, or manly exercise.

XLVII. They in that place him Genius did call:  
 Not that celestially powre, to whom the care  
 Of life, and generation of all  
 That lives, pertaines in charge particulare,  
 Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,  
 And straunge phantomes doth lett us ofte foresee,



And ofte of secret ill bids us beware:  
That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,  
Yet each doth in him selfe it well perceive to bee.

XLVIII. Therefore a God him sage Antiquity  
 Did wisely make, and good Agdistes can;  
But this same was to that quite contrary,  
The foe of life, that good envyes to all,  
That secretly doth us procure to fall  
Through guilefull semblants which he makes us see:  
He of this Gardin had the governall,  
And Pleasures porter was devizd to bee,  
 Holding a staffe in hand for mere formalitee.

XLIX. With diverse flowres he daintily was deckt,  
 And strowed rownd about; and by his side  
 A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was sett,  
 As if it had to him bene sacrifice,  
 Wherewith all new-come guests he gratyfide:  
 So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by;  
 But he his ydle curtesie defide,  
 And overthrew his bowle disdainfully,  
 And broke his staffe with which he charmed semblants  
 sly.

L. Thus being entred, they behold arownd  
 A large and spacious plaine, on every side  
 Strowed with pleasauns; whose fayre grassy grownd  
 Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide  
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,  
Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne  
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride  
Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,  
 When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early  
 morne.

LI. Therewith the Heavens alwayes joviall  
 Lookte on them lovely, still in stedfast state,  
 Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,  
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate;  
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,  
 T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;  
 But the milde ayre with season moderate

Gently attempred, and disposd so well,  
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holesom  
smell:

- LII. More sweet and holesome then the pleasaunt hill  
Of Rhodope, on which the Nimphe that bore  
A gyaunt babe herselfe for grieve did kill;  
Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore  
Fayre Daphne Phœbus hart with love did gore;  
Or Ida, where the Gods lov'd to repayre,  
When ever they their heavenly bowres forlore;  
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fayre;  
Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote compayre.
- LIII. Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aspect  
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight  
To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect,  
But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,  
Brydling his will and maystering his might,  
Till that he came unto another gate;  
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight  
With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate  
Their claspng armes in wanton wreathings intricate:
- LIV. So fashioned a Porch with rare device.  
Archt over head with an embracing vine,  
Whose bounces hanging downe seemd to entice  
All passers by to taste their lushious wine,  
And did them selves into their hands incline,  
As freely offering to be gathered;  
Some deepe empurpled as the Hyacine,  
Some as the Rubine laughing sweetely red,  
Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well ripened.
- LV. And them amongst some were of burnisht gold,  
So made by art to beautify the rest,  
Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,  
As lurking from the vew of covetous guest,  
That the weake boughes, with so rich load opprest  
Did bow adowne as overburdened.  
Under that Porch a comely dame did rest  
Clad in fayre weedes but fowle disordered,  
And garments loose that seemd unmeet for womanhed.

- LVI. In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,  
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,  
 Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,  
 Into her cup she scruzd with daintie breach  
 Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,  
 That so faire winepresse made the wine more sweet:  
 Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,  
 Whom passing by she happened to meet:  
 It was her guise all Straungers goodly so to greet.
- LVII. So she to Guyon offred it to tast,  
 Who, taking it out of her tender hond,  
 The cup to ground did violently cast,  
 That all in peeces it was broken fond,  
 And with the liquor stained all the lond:  
 Whereat Excesse exceedingly was wroth,  
 Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,  
 But suffered him to passe, all were she loth;  
 Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward goth.
- LVIII. There the most daintie Paradise on ground  
 It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,  
 In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,  
 And none does others happinesse envye;  
 The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye,  
 The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,  
 The trembling groves, the christall running by,  
 And, that which all faire workes doth most aggrace,  
The art which all that wrought appeared in no place.
- LIX. One would have thought, (so cunningly the rude  
 And scorned partes were mingled with the fine)  
 That nature had for wantonnesse ensude  
 Art, and that Art at nature did repine; *W*  
 So striving each th' other to undermine,  
 Each did the others worke more beautify;  
So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine:  
 So all agreed, through sweet diversity,  
 This Gardin to adorne with all variety.
- LX. And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,  
 Of richest substance that on earth might bee,  
 So pure and shiny that the silver flood

Through every channell running one might see;  
 Most goodly it with curious ymageree  
 Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boyes,  
 Of which some seemd with lively jollitee  
 To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,  
 Whylest others did them selves embay in liquid joyes.

LXI. And over all of purest gold was spred  
 A trayle of yvie in his native hew;  
 For the rich metall was so coloured,  
 That wight who did not well avis'd it vew  
 Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew:  
 Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,  
 That themselves dipping in the silver dew  
 Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,  
 Which drops of Christall seemd for wantones to weep.

LXII. Infinit streames continually did well  
 Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,  
 The which into an ample laver fell,  
 And shortly grew into so great quantitie,  
 That like a litle lake it seemd to bee;  
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,  
 That through the waves one might the bottom see,  
 All pav'd beneath with Jaspas shining bright,  
 That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

LXIII. And all the margent round about was sett  
 With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend  
 The sunny beames which on the billowes bett,  
 And those which therein bathed mote offend.  
 As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,  
 Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,  
 Which therein bathing seemed to contend  
 And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde  
 Their dainty partes from vew of any which them eyd.

LXIV. Sometimes the one would lift the other quight  
 Above the waters, and then downe againe  
 Her plong, as over-maystered by might,  
 Where both awhile would covered remaine,  
 And each the other from to rise restraine;  
 The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,

So through the christall waves appeared plaine:  
Then suddainly both would themselves unhele,  
And th' amarus sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

LXV. As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,  
His dewy face out of the sea doth reare;  
Or as the Cyprian goddess, newly borne  
Of th' Ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare:  
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare  
Christalline humor dropped downe apace.  
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,  
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace;—  
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

LXVI. The wanton Maidens, him espying, stood  
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise;  
Then th' one her selfe low ducked in the flood,  
Abasht that her a straunger did advise;  
But thother rather higher did arise,  
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,  
And all that might his melting hart entyse  
To her delights she unto him bewrayd;  
The rest hidd underneath him more desirous made.

LXVII. With that the other likewise up arose,  
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd  
Up in one knott, she low adowne did lose,  
Which flowing low and thick her cloth'd arownd,  
And th' yvorie in golden mantle gownd:  
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,  
Yet that which reft it no lesse faire was fownd.  
So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,  
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

LXVIII. Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,  
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,  
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.  
Now when they spyde the knight to slacke his pace,  
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face  
The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,  
Their wanton meriments they did encrease,  
And to him beckned to approach more neare,  
And shewed him many sights that corage cold could  
reare.



LXIX. On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,  
He much rebuk't those wandering eyes of his,  
And counseld well him forward thence did draw.  
 Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of blis,  
 Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis,  
 When thus the Palmer: "Now, Sir, well advise;  
 For here the end of all our traveill is:  
Here wonnes Acrasia, whom we must surprise,  
Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise."

LXX. Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,  
 Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,  
 Such as attonce might not on living ground,  
 Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere:  
 Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,  
 To read what manner musicke that mote bee;  
 For all that pleasing is to living eare  
 Was there consorted in one harmonie;  
 Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree:

LXXI. The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade  
 Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet;  
 Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made  
 To th' instruments divine response meet;  
 The silver sounding instruments did meet  
 With the base murmure of the waters fall;  
 The waters fall with difference discreet,  
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;  
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

LXXII. There, whence that Musick seemed heard to bee,  
 Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing  
 With a new Lover, whom, through sorcerie  
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither bring:  
 There she had him now laid aslumbering  
 In secret shade after long wanton joyes;  
 Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing  
 Many faire Ladies and lascivious boyes,  
 That ever mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

LXXIII. And all that while right over him she hong  
 With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,  
 As seeking medicine whence she was stong,



Or greedily depasturing delight;  
And oft inclining downe, with kisses light  
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,  
And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,  
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;  
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rewde.

LXXIV. The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay:  
Ah! see, whoso fayre thing doest faine to see,  
In springing flowre the image of thy day.  
Ah! see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee  
Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,  
That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may.  
Lo! see soone after how more bold and free  
Her bared bosome she doth broad display;  
Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls away.

LXXV. So passeth, in the passing of a day,  
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre;  
Ne more doth florish after first decay,  
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre  
Of many a lady', and many a Paramowre.  
Gather therefore the Rose whilest yet is prime,  
For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre;  
Gather the Rose of love whilest yet is time,  
Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.

LXXVI. He ceast; and then gan all the quire of birdes  
Their diverse notes t'attune unto his lay,  
As in approvaunce of his pleasing wordes,  
The constant payre heard all that he did say,  
Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way  
Through many covert groves and thickets close,  
In which they creeping did at last display  
That wanton Lady with her lover lose,  
Whose sleepe head she in her lap did soft dispose.

LXXVII. Upon a bed of Roses she was layd,  
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin;  
And was arayd, or rather disarayd,  
All in a vele of silke and silver thin,  
That hid no whit her alablaster skin,  
But rather shewed more white, if more might bee:  
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin;

Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see  
Of scorched deaw, do not in th' ayre more lightly flee.

LXXVIII. Her snowy brest was bare to ready spoyle  
Of hungry eies, which n'ote therewith be fild;  
And yet, through languour of her late sweet toyle,  
Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth distild,  
That like pure Orient perles adowne it trild;  
And her faire eyes, sweet smyling in delight,  
Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrild  
Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light,  
Which, sparckling on the silent waves, does seeme more  
bright.

LXXIX. The young man, sleeping by her, seemd to be  
Some goodly swayne of honorable place, ~~///~~  
That certes it great pittie was to see  
Him his nobility so fowle deface:  
A sweet regard and amiable grace,  
Mixed with manly sternesse, did appeare,  
Yet sleeping, in his well proportiond face;  
And on his tender lips the downy heare  
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms beare.

LXXX. His warlike Armes, the ydle instruments  
Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree;  
And his brave shield, full of old moniments,  
Was fowly ras't, that none the signes might see:  
Ne for them ne for honour cared hee,  
Ne ought that did to his advauncement tend;  
But in lewd loves, and wastfull luxuree,  
His dayes, his goods, his bodie, he did spend: —  
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend!

LXXXI. The noble Elfe and carefull Palmer drew  
So nigh them, minding nought but lustfull game,  
That suddein forth they on them rusht, and threw  
A subtile net, which only for that same  
The skilfull Palmer formally did frame:  
So held them under fast; the whiles the rest  
Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.  
The faire Enchauntresse, so unwares opprest,  
Tryde all her arts and all her sleights thence out to  
wrest.

- LXXXII. And eke her lover strove, but all in vaine;  
 For that same net so cunningly was wound,  
 That neither guile nor force might it distraine.  
 They tooke them both, and both them strongly bound  
 In captives bandes, which there they readie found:  
 But her in chaines of adamant he tyde;  
 For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound:  
 But Verdant (so he hight) he soone untyde,  
 And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applyde.
- LXXXIII. But all those pleasaunt bowres, and Pallace brave,  
Guyon broke downe with rigour pittillesse;  
 Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save  
 Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,  
 But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse.  
 Their groves he feld; their gardins did deface;  
 Their arbers spoyle; their Cabinets suppress;  
 Their banket houses burne; their buildings race;  
 And, of the fayrest late, now made the fowlest place.
- LXXXIV. Then led they her away, and eke that knight  
 They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad.  
 The way they came, the same retourn'd they right,  
 Till they arrived where they lately had  
 Charm'd those wild-beasts that rag'd with furie mad;  
 Which, now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,  
 As in their mistresse reskew whom they lad;  
 But them the Palmer soone did pacify.  
 Then Guyon askt, what meant those beastes which  
 there did ly?
- LXXXV. Sayd he; "These seeming beasts are men indeed,  
 Whom this Enchauntress hath transformed thus;  
 Whylome her lovers, which her lustes did feed,  
 Now turned into figures hideous,  
According to their mindes like monstrous."  
 "Sad end," (quoth he) "of life intemperate,  
 And mourneful meed of joyes delicious!  
 But, Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,  
 Let them returned be unto their former state."
- LXXXVI. Streight way he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,  
 And streight of beastes they comely men became;

Yet being men they did unmanly looke,  
And stared ghastly; some for inward shame,  
And some for wrath to see their captive Dame:  
But one above the rest in speciall  
That had an hog beene late, hight Grylle by name,  
Repyned greatly and did him miscall  
That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

- LXXXVII. Saide Guyon; " See the mind of beastly man,  
That hath so soone forgot the excellence  
Of his creation, when he life began,  
That now he chooseth with vile difference  
To be a beast, and lacke intelligence! "  
To whom the Palmer thus: " The donghill kinde  
Delightes in filth and fowle incontinence:  
*in* Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish minde;  
But let us hence depart whilest wether serves and  
winde."

## THE THIRD BOOKE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY.

- I. It falls me here to write of Chastity,  
The fayrest vertue, far above the rest:  
For which what needes me fetch from Faery  
Forreine ensamples it to have exprest?  
Sith it is shrined in my Soveraines brest,  
And formd so lively in each perfect part,  
That to all Ladies, which have it profest,  
Need but behold the pourtraict of her hart;  
If pourtrayd it might bee by any living art.
- II. But living art may not least part expresse,  
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paynt:  
All were it Zeuxis or Praxiteles,  
His dædale hand would faile and greatly faynt,  
And her perfections with his error taynt:  
Ne Poets witt, that passeth Painter farre  
In picturing the parts of beauty daynt,  
So hard a workemanship adventure darre,  
For feare, through want of words, her excellence to  
marre.
- III. How then shall I, Apprentice to the skill  
That whilome in divinest wits did rayne,  
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?  
Yet now my lucklesse lott doth me constrayne  
Hereto perforce. But, O dredd Soverayne!  
Thus far-forth pardon, sith that choicest witt  
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure playne,  
That I in colourd shoves may shadow itt,  
And antique praises unto present persons fitt.
- IV. But if in living colours, and right hew,  
Thy selfe thou covet to see pictured,  
Who can it doe more lively, or more trew,  
Then that sweete verse, with Nectar sprinckeled.

In which a gracious servaunt pictured  
His Cynthia, his heavens fayrest light?  
That with his melting sweetnes ravished,  
And with the wonder of her beames bright,  
My senses lulled are in slomber of delight.

- v. But let that same delitious Poet lend  
A little leave unto a rusticke Muse  
To sing his mistresse prayse; and let him mend.  
If ought amis her liking may abuse:  
Ne let his fayrest Cynthia refuse  
In mirrours more then one her selfe to see;  
But either Gloriana let her chuse,  
Or in Belphebe fashioned to bee;  
In th' one her rule, in th' other her rare chastitee.



## CANTO I

Guyon encountreth Britomart:  
 Fayre Florimell is chaced:  
 Duessaes traines and Malecas-  
 taes champions are defaced.

- I. THE famous Briton Prince and Faery knight,  
 After long wayes and perilous paines endur'd,  
 Having their weary limbes to perfect plight  
 Restord, and sory wounds right well recur'd,  
 Of the faire Alma greatly were procur'd  
 To make there lenger sojourne and abode;  
 But when thereto they might not be allur'd,  
 From seeking praise and deeds of armes abroad,  
 They courteous congé tooke, and forth together yode.
- II. But the captiv'd Acrasia he sent,  
 Because of traveill long, a nigher way,  
 With a strong gard, all reskew to prevent,  
 And her to Faery court safe to convey;  
 That her for witnes of his hard assay  
 Unto his Faery Queene he might present:  
 But he him selfe betooke another way,  
 To make more triall of his hardiment,  
 And seek adventures as he with Prince Arthure went.
- III. Long so they traiveiled through wastefull wayes,  
 Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,  
 To hunt for glory and renowned prayse.  
 Full many Countreyes they did overronne,  
 From the uprising to the setting Sunne,  
 And many hard adventures did atchieve;  
 Of all the which they honour ever wonne,  
 Seeking the weake oppressed to relieve,  
 And to recover right for such as wrong did grieve.
- IV. At last, as through an open plaine they yode,  
 They spide a knight that towards pricked fayre;  
 And him beside an aged Squire there rode,

*Kn. speare  
with shield  
with Lion  
on it*

That seemd to couch under his shield three-square,  
As if that age badd him that burden spare,  
And yield it those that stouter could it wield.  
He them espying gan him selfe prepare,  
And on his arme addresse his goodly shield  
That bore a Lion passant in a golden field.

- v. Which seeing, good Sir Guyon deare besought  
The Prince of grace to let him ronne that turne.  
He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught  
His poynant speare, and sharply gan to spurne  
His fomy steed, whose fiery feete did burne  
The verdant gras as he thereon did tread;  
Ne did the other backe his foote returne,  
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,  
And bent his dreadful speare against the others head.

- vi. They beene ymett, and both theyr points arriv'd;  
But Guyon drove so furious and fell,  
That seemd both shield and plate it would have riv'd;  
Nathelesse it bore his foe not from his sell,  
But made him stagger, as he were not well:  
But Guyon selfe, ere well he was aware,  
Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell;  
Yet in his fall so well him selfe he bare,  
That mischievous mischaunce his life and limbs did spare.

- vii. Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke;  
For never yet, sith warlike armes he bore  
And shivering speare in bloody field first shooke,  
He fownd him selfe dishonored so sore.  
Ah! gentlest knight, that ever armor bore,  
Let not thee grieve dismounted to have beene,  
And brought to grownd that never wast before;  
For not thy fault, but secret powre unseene:  
That speare enchanted was which layd thee on the greene.

- viii. But weenedst thou what wight thee overthrew,  
Much greater grieve and shamefuller regrett  
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,  
That of a single damzell thou wert mett  
On equall plaine, and there so hard besett:  
Even the famous Britomart it was,

*fact  
iron  
never  
had  
beaten*

Whom straunge adventure did from Britayne sett  
 To seeke her lover (love far sought alas!)  
 Whose image shee had seene in Venus looking glas.

ix. Full of disdainefull wrath he fierce uprose  
 For to revenge that fowle reprochefull shame,  
 And snatching his bright sword began to close  
 With her on foot, and stoutly forward came:  
 Dye rather would he then endure that same.  
 Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to feare  
 His toward perill, and untoward blame,  
 Which by that new rencounter he should reare;  
 For death sate on the point of that enchaunted speare:

*got up  
to fight  
again  
not to  
the shame*

x. And hasting towards him gan fayre perswade  
 Not to provoke misfortune, nor to weene  
 His speares default to mend with cruell blade;  
 For by his mightie Science he had seene  
 The secrete vertue of that weapon keene,  
 That mortall puissaunce mote not withstond.  
 Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene:  
 Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,  
 To loose long gotten honour with one evill hond.

xi. By such good meanes he him discourselled  
 From prosecuting his revenging rage:  
 And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,  
 His wrathfull will with reason to aswage;  
 And laid the blame, not to his carriage,  
 But to his starting steed that swarv'd asyde,  
 And to the ill purveyaunce of his page,  
 That had his furnitures not firmly tyde.  
 So is his angry corage fayrly pacifyde.

*Diames  
horse and  
boy for toppin  
his furnitures*

xii. Thus reconcilment was betweene them knitt,  
 Through goodly temperaunce and affection chaste;  
 And either vowd with all their power and witt  
 To let not others honour be defaste  
 Of friend or foe, who ever it embaste;  
 Ne armes to beare against the others syde:  
 In which accord the Prince was also plaste,  
 And with that golden chaine of concord tyde.  
 So goodly all agreed they forth yfere did ryde.

*guys  
become  
good friends*

XIII. O! goodly usage of those antique tymes,  
 In which the sword was servaunt unto right;  
 When not for malice and contentious crymes,  
 But all for prayse, and prooffe of manly might,  
 The martiall brood accustomed to fight:  
 Then honour was the meed of victory,  
 And yet the vanquished had no despyght.  
 Let later age that noble use envy,  
 Vyle rancor to avoid and cruel surquedry.

XIV. Long they thus traueiled in friendly wise,  
 Through countreyes waste, and eke well edifyde,  
 Seeking adventures hard, to exercise  
 Their puissaunce, whylome full dernly tryde.  
 At length they came into a forest wyde,  
 Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sownd,  
 Full griesly seemd: Therein they long did ryde,  
 Yet tract of living creature none they fownd,  
 Save Beares, Lyons, and Bulls, which romed them arownd.

xv. All suddenly out of the thickest brush,  
 Upon a milkwhite Palfrey all alone,  
 A goodly Lady did foreby them rush,  
 Whose face did seeme as cleare as Christall stone,  
 And eke, through feare, as white as whales bone:  
 Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,  
 And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,  
 Which fledd so fast that nothing mote him hold,  
 And scarce them leasure gave her passing to behold.

xvi. Still as she fledd her eye she backward threw,  
 As fearing evill that poursewd her fast;  
 And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,  
 Loosely disperst with puff of every blast:  
 All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast  
 His hearie beames, and flaming lockes dispredd,  
 At sight whereof the people stand aghast;  
 But the sage wisard telles, as he has redd,  
 That it importunes death and dolefull dreryhedd.

xvii. So as they gazed after her a whyle,  
 Lo! where a griesly foster forth did rush,  
 Breathing out beastly lust her to defyle:

His tyreling Jade he fiersly forth did push  
 Through thicke and thin, both over banck and bush,  
 In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,  
 That from his gory sydes the blood did gush.  
 Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,  
 And in his clownish hand a sharp bore speare he shooke.

thing  
chose  
her, is  
bleeding

xviii. Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,  
 Full of great envy and fell gealosity  
 They stayd not to avise who first should bee,  
 But all spurd after, fast as they mote fly,  
 To ~~reskew her from~~ shamefull villany.  
 The Prince and Guyon equally bylive  
 Her selfe pursewd, in hope to win thereby  
 Most goodly meede, the fairest Dame alive:  
 But after the foule foster Timias did strive.

Prince + G  
chose her  
so as to  
win favour  
of damers

xix. The whiles faire Britomart, whose constant mind  
 Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,  
 Ne reckt of Ladies Love, did stay behynd,  
 And them awayted there a certaine space,  
 To weet if they would turne backe to that place;  
 But when she saw them gone she forward went,  
 As lay her journey, through that perlous Pace,  
 With stedfast corage and stout hardiment:  
 — Ne evil thing she feard, ne evill thing she ment.

unchang  
Britom  
won't chas

xx. At last, as nigh out of the wood she came,  
 A stately Castle far away she spyde,  
 To which her steps directly she did frame.  
 That Castle was most goodly edifyde,  
 And plaste for pleasure nigh that forrest syde:  
 But faire before the gate a spatious playne,  
 Mantled with greene, it selfe did spredden wyde,  
 On which she saw six knights, that did darrayne  
 Fiers battaill against one with cruell might and mayne.

Lady come  
to castle  
finds six  
knights fight  
against one  
brave  
man

xxi. Mainely they all attonce upon him laid,  
 And sore beset on every side arownd,  
 That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismaid,  
 Ne ever to them yielded foot of grownd,  
 All had he lost much blood through many a wownd,  
 But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every way,



## The Faerie Queene

they attacked  
em but no  
e wouldn't  
be overcome

To which he turned in his wrathfull stownd,  
Made them recoile, and fly from dredd decay,  
That none of all the six before him durst assay.

Britomart  
says  
no  
leave  
him  
alone

xxii. Like dastard Cures that, having at a bay  
The salvage beast embost in wearie chace,  
Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,  
Ne byte before, but rome from place to place  
To get a snatch when turned is his face.  
In such distresse and doubtfull jeopardy  
When Britomart him saw, she ran apace  
Unto his reskew, and with earnest cry  
Badd those same six forbear that single enemy.

they wouldn't  
listen so  
she jumps  
behind em  
asks  
why?

xxiii. But to her cry they list not lenden eare,  
Ne ought the more their mightie strokes surceasse.  
But gathering him rownd about more neare,  
Their direfull rancour rather did encrease;  
Till that she rushing through the thickest preasse  
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,  
And soone compeld to hearken unto peace.  
Tho gan she myldly of them to inquire  
The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

guy says  
ey beat me  
make me  
st love she  
love most

xxiv. Whereto that single knight did answer frame:  
"These six would me enforce by oddes of might  
To chaunge my lief, and love another Dame;  
That death me liefer were then such despight,  
So unto wrong to yield my wrested right:  
For I love one, the truest one on grownd,  
Ne list me chaunge; she th' Errant Damzell hight;  
For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd  
I have endurd, and tasted many a bloody wownd."

no  
his chastity  
- dynamic  
- valley of  
love

xxv. "Certes," (said she) "then beene ye sixe to blame,  
To weene your wrong by force to justify;  
For knight to leave his Lady were great shame  
That faithfull is, and better were to dy.  
All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,  
Then losse of love to him that loves but one:  
Ne may love be compeld by maistery;  
For soone as maistery comes sweet Love anone  
Taketh his nimble winges, and soone away is gone."

lady says six are wrong  
for trying to take man  
away from love



xxvi. Then spake one of those six; "There dwelleth here  
 Within this castle wall a Lady fayre,  
 Whose sovaine beautie hath no living pere;  
 Thereto so bounteous and so debonayre,  
 That never any mote with her compayre:  
 She hath ordaind this law, which we approve,  
 That every knight which doth this way repayre,  
 In case he have no Lady nor no love,  
 Shall doe unto her service, never to remove:

xxvii. "But if he have a Lady or a Love,  
 Then must he her forgoe with fowle defame,  
 Or els with us by dint of sword approve,  
 That she is fairer then our fairest Dame;  
 As did this knight, before ye hither came."  
 "Perdy," (said Britomart) "the choise is hard;  
 But what reward had he that overcame?"  
 "He should advaunced bee to high regard,"  
 (Said they) "and have our Ladies love for his reward."

xxviii. "Therefore aread, Sir, if thou have a love."  
 "Love hath I sure," (quoth she) "but Lady none;  
 Yet will I not fro mine own love remove,  
 Ne to your Lady will I service done,  
 But wreake your wronges wrought to this knight alone,  
 And prove his cause." With that, her mortall speare  
 She mightily aventred towards one,  
 And downe him smot ere well aware he weare;  
 Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did  
 beare.

xxix. Ne did she stay till three on ground she layd  
 That none of them himselfe could reare againe:  
 The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,  
 All were he wearie of his former paine;  
 That now there do but two of six remaine,  
 Which two did yield before she did them smight.  
 "Ah!" (said she then) "now may ye all see plaine,  
 That truth is strong, and trew love most of might,  
 That for his trusty servaunts doth so strongly fight."

xxx. "Too well we see," (saide they) "and prove too well  
 Our faulty weakenes, and your matchlesse might:  
 Forthy, faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,

Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,  
 And we your liegemen faith unto you plight."  
 So underneath her feet their swords they mard,  
 And, after, her besought, well as they might,  
 To enter in and reape the dew reward.  
 She graunted; and then in they all together far'd.

xxxI. Long were it to describe the goodly frame,  
 And stately port of Castle Joyeous,  
 (For so that Castle hight by commun name)  
 Where they were entertaynd with courteous  
 And comely glee of many gracious  
 Faire Ladies, and of many a gentle knight,  
 Who, through a Chamber long and spacious,  
 Eftsoones them brought unto their Ladies sight,  
 That of them cleeped was the Lady of Delight.

xxxII. But for to tell the sumptuous aray  
 Of that great chamber should be labour lost;  
 For living wit, I weene, cannot display  
 The roiall riches and exceeding cost  
 Of every pillour and of every post,  
 Which all of purest bullion framed were,  
 And with great perles and pretious stones embost;  
 That the bright glisten of their beames cleare  
 Did sparckle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.

xxxIII. These stranger knights, through passing, forth were led  
 Into an inner rowme, whose royaltee  
 And rich purveyance might uneath be red;  
 Mote Princes place be seeme so deckt to bee.  
 Which stately manner whenas they did see,  
 The image of superfluous riotize,  
 Exceeding much the state of meane degree,  
 They greatly wondred whence so sumptuous guise  
 Might be maintaynd, and each gan diversely devise.

xxxIV. The wals were round about appareiled  
 With costly clothes of Arras and of Toure;  
 In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed  
 The love of Venus and her Paramoure,  
 The fayre Adonis, turned to a flowre;  
 A worke of rare device and wondrous wit.

First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,  
Which her essayd with many a fervent fit,  
When first her tender hart was with his beautie smit.

xxxv. Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she  
*body loves*  
*boy to*  
*pleasures*  
Entyst the Boy, as well that art she knew,  
And wooed him her Paramoure to bee;  
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,  
To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew;  
Now leading him into a secret shade  
From his Beauperes, and from bright heavens vew,  
Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,  
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert glade:

xxxvi. And whilst he slept she over him would spread  
*could*  
*him to*  
*sleep*  
Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes,  
And her soft arme lay underneath his hed,  
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;  
And whilst he bath'd with her two crafty spyes  
She secretly would search each daintie lim,  
And throw into the well sweet Rosemaryes,  
And fragrant violets, and Paunces trim;  
And ever with sweet Nectar she did sprinkle him.

xxxvii. So did she steale his heedelesse hart away,  
*2d. sp*  
*and pured*  
*in*  
*the beams*  
And joyd his love in secret unespyde:  
But for she saw him bent to cruell play,  
To hunt the salvage beast in forrest wyde,  
Dreadfull of daunger that mote him betyde,  
She oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine  
From chase of greater beastes, whose brutish pryde  
Mote breede him scath unwares: but all in vaine;  
For who can shun the chance that dest'ny doth  
ordaine?

xxxviii. Lo! where beyond he lyeth languishing,  
*he bleed*  
*of*  
*any*  
*from*  
Deadly engored of a great wilde Bore;  
And by his side the Goddesse groveling  
Makes for him endlesse mone, and evermore  
With her soft garment wipes away the gore  
Which staynes his snowy skin with hatefull hew:  
But, when she saw no helpe might him restore,  
Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,  
Which in that cloth was wrought as if it lively grew.

room of  
1.51 and  
sex

xxxix. So was that chamber clad in goodly wize:  
And rownd about it many beds were dight,  
As whylome was the antique worldes guize,  
Some for untimely ease, some for delight,  
As pleased them to use that use it might;  
And all was full of Damzels and of Squyres,  
Dauncing and reveling both day and night,  
And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres;  
And Cupid still emongest them kindled lustfull fyres.

Kn's  
1.51 and  
sex

xl. And all the while sweet Musicke did divide  
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony;  
And all the while sweet birdes thereto applide  
Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,  
Ay caroling of love and jollity,  
That wonder was to heare their trim consort.  
Which when those knights beheld, with scornefull eye  
They sdeigned such lascivious disport,  
And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

lad  
isnt  
such a body  
sex machine

xli. Thence they were brought to that great Ladies vew,  
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed  
That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,  
As the proud Persian Queenes accustomed.  
She seemd a woman of great bountihed,  
And of rare beautie, saving that askaunce  
Her wanton eyes, ill signes of womanhed,  
Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,  
Without regard of grace or comely amenaunce.

Kn's  
disarmed  
body isnt

xlil. Long worke it were, and needlesse, to devise  
Their goodly entertainment and great glee.  
She caused them be led in courteous wize  
Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,  
And cheared well with wine and spiceree:  
The Redcrosse Knight was soon disarmed there;  
But the brave Mayd would not disarmed bee,  
But onely vented up her umbriere,  
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

xlili. As when fayre Cynthia, in darkesome night,  
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,  
Where she may finde the substance thin and light,

*Brit  
better  
than all*

Breakes forth her silver beames, and her bright hed  
Discovers to the world discomfited:  
Of the poore traveller that went astray  
With thousand blessings she is heried.  
Such was the beautie and the shining ray,  
With which fayre Britomart gave light unto the day.

XLIV. And eke those six, which lately with her fought,  
Now were disarmd, and did them selves present  
Unto her vew, and company unsought;  
For they all seemed courteous and gent,  
And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,  
Which had them traynd in all civillitee,  
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament:  
Now were they liegmen to this Ladie free,  
And her knights service ought, to hold of her in fee.

XLV. The first of them by name Gardantè hight,  
A jolly person, and of comely vew;  
The second was Parlantè, a bold knight;  
And next to him Jocantè did ensew;  
Basciantè did him selfe most courteous shew;  
But fierce Bacchantè seemd too fell and keene;  
And yett in armes Noctantè greater grew:  
All were faire knights, and goodly well beseene;  
But to faire Britomart they all but shadowes beene.

*Des.*

XLVI. For shee was full of amiable grace  
And manly terror mixed therewithall;  
That as the one stird up affections bace,  
So th' other did mens rash desires apall,  
And hold them backe that would in error fall:  
As hee that hath espide a vermeill Rose,  
To which sharp thornes and breres the way forstall,  
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,  
But wishing it far off his ydle wish doth lose.

*Brit sees  
with heart  
and hand*

XLVII. Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight,  
All ignorant of her contrary sex,  
(For shee her weend a fresh and lusty knight,)  
Shee greatly gan enamoured to wex  
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:  
Her fickle hart conceived hasty fyre,



Like sparkes of fire which fall in scclender flex,  
That shortly brent into extreme desyre,  
And ransackt all her veines with passion entyre.

XLVIII. Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience,  
And into termes of open outrage brust,  
That plaine discovered her incontinence;  
Ne reckt shee who her meaning did mistrust,  
For she was given all to fleshly lust,  
And poured forth in sensuall delight,  
That all regard of shame she had discust,  
And meet respect of honor putt to flight:  
So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathly sight.

XLIX. Faire Ladies, that to love captived arre,  
And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,  
Let not her fault your sweete affections marre,  
Ne blott the bounty of all womankind,  
'Mongst thousands good one wanton Dame to find:  
Emongst the Roses grow some wicked weeds:  
For this was not to love, but lust, inclin'd;  
For love does alwaies bring forth bounteous deeds,  
And in each gentle hart desire of honor breeds.

L. Nought so of love this looser Dame did skill,  
But as a cole to kindle fleshly flame,  
Giving the bridle to her wanton will,  
And treading under foote her honest name:  
Such love is hate, and such desire is shame.  
Still did she rove at her with crafty glaunce  
Of her false eies, that at her hart did ayme,  
And told her meaning in her countenance;  
But Britomart dissembled it with ignoraunce.

LI. Supper was shortly dight, and downe they satt;  
Where they were served with all sumptuous fare,  
Whiles fruitfull Ceres and Lyæus fatt  
Pourd out their plenty without spight or spare.  
Nought wanted there that dainty was and rare,  
And aye the cups their bancks did overflow;  
And aye betweene the cups she did prepare  
Way to her love, and secret darts did throw;  
But Britomart would not such guilfull message know.



- LII. So, when they slaked had the fervent heat  
 Of appetite with meates of every sort,  
 The Lady did faire Britomart entreat  
 Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport  
 To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort;  
 But when shee mote not thereunto be wonne,  
 (For shee her sexe under that straunge purport  
 Did use to hide, and plaine apparaunce shonne)  
 In playner wise to tell her grievance she begonne.
- LIII. And all attonce discovered her desire  
 With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, and piteous grieve,  
 The outward sparkes of her inburning fire;  
 Which spent in vaine, at last she told her brieve,  
 That but if she did lend her short reliefe  
 And doe her comfort, she mote algates dye:  
 But the chaste damzell, that had never priefe  
 Of such malengine and fine forgerye,  
 Did easely beleewe her strong extremitye.
- LIV. Full easy was for her to have believe,  
 Who by self-feeling of her feeble sexe,  
 And by long triall of the inward grieve  
 Wherewith imperious love her hart did vexe,  
 Could judge what paines doe loving harts perplexe.  
 Who meanes no guile be guiled soonest shall,  
 And to faire semblaunce doth light faith annexe:  
 The bird that knowes not the false fowlers call,  
 Into his hidden nett full easely doth fall.
- LV. Forthy she would not in discourteise wise  
 Scorne the faire offer of good will profest.  
 For great rebuke it is love to despise,  
 Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request;  
 But with faire countenance, as beseemd best,  
 Her entertaynd: nath'lesse shee inly deemd  
 Her love too light, to wooe a wandring guest;  
 Which she misconstruing, thereby esteemd  
 That from like inward fire that outward smoke had steemd.
- LVI. Therewith a while she her flit fancy fedd,  
 Till she mote winne fit time for her desire;  
 But yet her wound still inward freshly bledd,

And through her bones the false instilled fire  
 Did spred it selfe, and venime close inspire,  
 Tho were the tables taken all away;  
 And every knight, and every gentle Squire,  
 Gan choose his Dame with *Bascimano* gay,  
 With whom he ment to make his sport and courtly play.

LVII. Some fell to daunce, some fel to hazardry,  
 Some to make love, some to make meryment,  
 As diverse witts to diverse things apply;  
 And all the while faire Malecasta bent  
 Her crafty engins to her close intent.  
 By this th' eternall lampes, wherewith high Jove  
 Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,  
 And the moist daughters of huge Atlas strove  
 Into the Ocean deepe to drive their weary drove.

LVIII. High time it seemed then for everie wight  
 Them to betake unto their kindly rest:  
 Eftesoones long waxen torches weren light  
 Unto their bowres to guyden every guest.  
 Tho, when the Britonesse saw all the rest  
Avoided quite, she gan her selfe despoile,  
And safe committ to her soft fethered nest,  
 Wher through long watch, and late daies weary toile,  
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite assoile.

LIX. Now whenas all the world in silence deepe  
 Yshrowded was, and every mortall wight  
 Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe;  
 Faire Malecasta, whose engrieved spright  
 Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,  
 Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,  
 And, under the blacke vele of guilty Night,  
 Her with a scarlott mantle covered  
 That was with gold and Ermines faire enveloped.

LX. Then panting softe, and trembling every joynt,  
 Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she mov'd,  
 Where she for secret purpose did appoynt  
 To lodge the warlike maide, unwisely loov'd;  
 And, to her bed approaching, first she prov'd  
 Whether she slept or wakete: with her softe hand

She softly felt if any member moov'd,  
And lent her wary eare to understand  
If any puffe of breath or signe of sence shee fond.

goes to Bri  
bed to her  
for her

LXI. Which whenas none she fond, with easy shifte,  
For feare least her unwares she should abrayd,  
Th' embroder'd quilt she lightly up did lifte,  
And by her side her selfe she softly layd,  
Of every finest fingers touch affrayd;  
Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake,  
But inly sigh'd. At last the royall Mayd  
Out of her quiet slomber did awake,  
And chaunged her weary side the better ease to take.

comes  
in hand  
with  
Eril.

LXII. Where feeling one close couched by her side,  
She lightly lept out of her filed bedd,  
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride  
The loathed leachour. But the Dame, halfe dedd  
Through suddein feare and ghastly drerihedd,  
Did shrieke alowd, that through the hous it rong,  
And the whole family, therewith adredd,  
Rashly out of their rouzed ccuches sprong,  
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

Bri + wa  
lady grow  
all gone  
groves  
thence

LXIII. And those sixe knights, that ladies Champions  
And eke the Redcrosse knight ran to the stownd.  
Half armd and halfe unarmd, with them attons:  
Where when confusedly they came, they fownd  
Their lady lying on the sencelesse grownd:  
On thother side they saw the warlike Mayd  
Al in her snow-white smocke, with locks unbownd,  
Threatning the point of her avenging blaed;  
That with so troublous terror they were all dismayd.

come to  
see  
B. + re  
to (for

LXIV. About their Ladye first they flockt arownd;  
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,  
Shortly they reard out of her frozen swownd;  
And afterwarde they gan with fowle reproch  
To stirre up strife, and troublous contecke broch:  
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,  
None of them rashly durst to her approach,  
Ne in so glorious spoile themselves embosse:  
Her succourd eke the Champion of the bloody Crosse.

support  
realy  
try to  
rouse  
trouble

LXV. But one of those sixe knights, Gardantè hight,  
 Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,  
 Which forth he sent, with felonous despight  
 And fell intent, against the virgin sheene:  
 The mortall steele stayd not till it was seene  
 To gore her side; yet was the wound not deepe,  
 But lightly rased her soft silken skin,  
 That drops of purple blood thereout did weepe,  
 Which did her lilly smock with staines of vermeil steep.

LXVI. Wherewith enrag'd she fiercely at them flew,  
 And with her flaming sword about her layd,  
 That none of them foule mischief could eschew,  
 But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd:  
 Here, there, and every where, about her swayd  
 Her wrathfull steele, that none mote it abyde;  
 And eke the Redcrosse knight gave her good ayd,  
 Ay joyning foot to foot, and syde to syde;  
 That in short space their foes they have quite terrifyde.

LXVII. Tho, whenas all were put to shamefull flight,  
 The noble Britomartis her arayd,  
 And her bright armes about her body dight.  
 For nothing would she lenger there be stayd,  
 Where so loose life, and so ungentle trade,  
 Was usd of knightes and Ladies seeming gent:  
 So earely, ere the grosse Earthes gryesy shade  
 Was all disperst out of the firmament,  
 They tooke their steeds, and forth upon their journey  
 went.

## CANTO II

The Redcrosse knight to Britomart  
 Describeth Artegall:  
 The wondrous myrrhour, by which she  
 In love with him did fall.

- I. HERE have I cause in men just blame to find,  
 That in their proper praise too partiall bee,  
 And not indifferent to woman kind,  
 To whom no share in armes and chevalree  
 They doe impart, ne maken memoree  
 Of their brave gestes and prowesse martiall:  
 Scarse do they spare to one, or two, or three,  
 Rowme in their writtes; yet the same writing small  
 Does all their deedes deface, and dims their glories'all.
- II. But by record of antique times I finde  
 That wemen wont in warres to beare most sway,  
And to all great exploites them selves inclind,  
 Of wihch they still the girlond bore away;  
 Till envious Men, fearing their rules decay,  
Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty:  
 Yet sith they warlike armes have laide away,  
 They have exceld in artes and pollicy,  
 That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke t' envy.
- III. Of warlike puissaunce in ages spent,  
 Be thou, faire Britomart, whose prayse I wryte;  
 But of all wisdom bee thou precedent,  
 O soveraine Queene! whose prayse I would endyte,  
 Endite I would as dewtie doth excyte;  
 But ah! my rymes too rude and rugged arre,  
 When in so high an object they do lyte,  
 And, striving fit to make, I feare, doe marre:  
 Thy selfe thy prayses tell, and make them knownen farre.
- IV. She, traveiling with Guyon, by the way  
 Of sondry thinges faire purpose gan to find,  
 T' abridg their journey long, and lingring day;

K n. s. m. m.  
 de ca. p. 1.

Brit  
 "your  
 great"



looked like  
my kept  
when  
and  
v. Mongst which it fell into that Fairies mind  
To aske this Briton Maid, what uncouth wind  
Brought her into those partes, and what inquest  
Made her dissemble her disguised kind?  
Faire Lady she him seemd, like Lady drest.  
But fairest knight alive, when armed was her brest.

vi. Thereat she sighing softly had no powre  
To speake a while, ne ready answer make;  
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,  
As if she had a fever fitt, did quake,  
And every daintie limbe with horreur shake;  
And ever and anone the rosy red  
Flasht through her face, as it had beene a flake  
Of lightning through bright heven fulmined:  
At last, the passion past, she thus him answered.

vi. "Faie Sir, I let you weete, that from the howre  
I taken was from nourses tender pap,  
I have been trained up in warlike stowre,  
To tossen speare and shield, and to affrap  
The warlike ryder to his most mishap:  
Sithence I loathed have my life to lead,  
As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,  
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread,  
Me lever were with point of foemans speare be dead.

vii. "All my delight on deedes of armes is sett,  
To hunt out perilles and adventures hard,  
By sea, by land, where so they may be mett,  
Onely for honour and for high regard,  
Without respect of riches or reward:  
For such intent into these partes I came,  
Withouten compasse or withouten card,  
Far fro my native soyle; that is by name  
The greater Brytayne, here to seek for praise and fame.

viii. "Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery lond  
Doe many famous knightes and Ladies wonne,  
And many straunge adventures to bee fond,  
Of which great worth and worship may be wonne;  
Which to prove, I this voyage have begonnie.  
But mote I weet of you, right courteous knight,



Tydings of one that hath unto me donne  
Late foule dishonour and reprochfull spight,  
The which I seeke to wreake, and Arthegall he hight."

- ix. The worde gone out she backe againe would call,  
As her repenting so to have missayd,  
But that he, it uptaking ere the fall,  
Her shortly answered: "Faire martiall Mayd,  
Certes ye misavised beene t' upbrayd  
A gentle knight with so unknighly blame;  
For, weet ye well, of all that ever playd  
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,  
The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name.

- x. "Forthy great wonder were it, if such shame  
Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,  
Or ever doe that mote deserven blame:  
The noble corage never weeneth ought  
That may unworthy of it selfe be thought.  
Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,  
Least that too farre ye have your sorrow sought:  
You and your countrey both I wish welfare,  
And honour both; for each of other worthy are."

- xi. The royall Maid woxe inly wondrous glad,  
To heare her Love so highly magnifyde; ~~in~~  
And joyd that ever she affixed had  
Her hart on knight so goodly glorifyde,  
How ever finely she it faind to hyde.  
The loving mother, that nine monethes did beare  
In the deare closett of her painefull syde  
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,  
Doth not so much rejoyce as she rejoyced theare.

- xii. But to occasion him to further talke,  
To feed her humor with his pleasing style,  
Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke,  
And thus replyde: "How ever, Sir, ye fyle  
Your courteous tongue his prayses to compyle,  
It ill beseemes a knight of gentle sort,  
Such as ye have him boasted, to beguyle  
A simple maide, and worke so hainous tort,  
In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

XIII. "Let bee therefore my vengeaunce to dissuade,  
 And read where I that faytour false may find."  
 "Ah! but if reason faire might you perswade  
 To slake your wrath, and mollify your mind"  
 (Said he) "perhaps ye should it better find:  
 For hardie thing it is, to weene by might  
 That man to hard conditions to bind,  
 Or ever hope to match in equall fight,  
 Whose prowesse paragone saw never living wight.

XIV. "Ne soothlich is it easie for to read  
 Where now on earth, or how, he may be fownd;  
 For he ne wonneth in one certeine stead,  
 But restlesse walketh all the world arownd,  
 Ay doing thinges that to his fame redownd,  
 Defending Ladies cause and Orphans right,  
 Whereso he heares that any doth confownd  
 Them comfortlesse through tyranny or might:  
 So is his souveraine honour raise to hevens hight."

xv. His feeling wordes her feeble sence much pleased,  
 And softly sunck into her molten hart: —  
Hart that is inly hurt is greatly eased  
With hope of thing that may allegge his smart;  
 For pleasing wordes are like to Magick art,  
 That doth the charmed Snake in slomber lay.  
 Such secrete ease felt gentle Britomart,  
 Yet list the same efforce with faind gainesay;  
 So dischord ofte in Musick makes the sweeter lay:—

XVI. And sayd; "Sir knight, these ydle termes forbear;  
 And, sith it is uneath to finde his haunt,  
 Tell me some markes by which he may appeare,  
 If chaunce I him encounter paravaunt;  
 For perdy one shall other slay, or daunt:  
 What shape, what shield, what armes, what steed,  
 what stedd,  
 And what so else his person most may vaunt?"  
 All which the Redcrosse knight to point aredd,  
 And him in everie part before her fashioned.

XVII. Yet him in everie part before she knew,  
 However list her now her knowledge fayne,

love  
like a  
plant

Sith him whylome in Britayne she did vew,  
To her revealed in a mirrhour playne;  
Whereof did grow her first engrafted payne,  
Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,  
That but the fruit more sweetnes did contayne,  
Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote waste,  
And yield the pray of love to lothsome death at last.

xviii. By straunge occasion she did him behold,  
And much more straungely gan to love his sight,  
As it in bookes hath written beene of old.  
In Deheubarth, that now South-wales is hight,  
What time king Ryence raig'n'd and dealed right,  
The great Magitien Merlin had deviz'd,  
By his deepe science and hell-dreaded might,  
A looking glasse, right wondrously aguiz'd,  
Whose vertues through the wyde worlde soone were  
solemniz'd.

through  
mirror  
Merlin  
made

xix. It vertue had to shew in perfect sight  
Whatever thing was in the world contaynd,  
Betwixt the lowest earth and hevens hight,  
So that it to the looker appertaynd:  
Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,  
Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,  
Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;  
Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,  
V Like to the world itselfe, and seemd a world of glas.

mirror  
saw all

women  
on - case

xx. Who wonders not, that reades so wonderous worke?  
But who does wonder, that has red the Towre  
Wherein th' Aegyptian Phao long did lurke  
From all mens vew, that none might her discourse,  
Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?  
Great Ptolomæe it for his lemans sake  
Ybuided all of glasse, by Magicke powre,  
And also it impregnable did make;  
Yet when his love was false he with a peaze it brake.

xxi. Such was the glassy globe that Merlin made,  
And gave unto king Ryence for his gard,  
That never foes his kingdome might invade,  
But he it knew at home before he hard

Merlin

Tydings thereof, and so them still debar'd.  
 It was a famous Present for a Prince,  
 And worthy worke of infinite reward,  
 That treasons could bewray, and foes convince:  
 Happy this Realme, had it remayned ever since!

xxii. One day it fortun'd fayre Britomart  
 Into her fathers closet to repayre;  
 For nothing he from her reserv'd apart,  
 Being his onely daughter and his hayre;  
 Where when she had espyde that mirrhour fayre,  
 Her selfe awhile therein she vewd in vaine:  
 Tho, her avizing of the vertues rare  
 Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe  
 Her to bethinke of that mote to her selfe pertaine.

xxiii. But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts  
Imperious Love hath highest set his throne,  
 And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts  
 Of them that to him buxome are and prone.  
 So thought this Mayd (as maydens use to done)  
 Whom fortune for her husband would allot:  
 Not that she lusted after any one,  
 For she was pure from blame of sinfull blott;  
 Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same knot.

xxiv. Eftsoones there was presented to her eye  
A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,  
Through whose bright ventayle, lifted up on hye,  
His manly face, that did his foes agrize,  
 And frends to termes of gentle truce entize,  
 Lookt foorth, as Phoebus face out of the east  
 Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth arize:  
 Portly his person was, and much increast  
 Through his Heroicke grace and honourable gest.

xxv. His crest was covered with a couchant Hownd,  
 And all his armour seemd of antique mould,  
 But wondrous massy and assured sownd,  
 And round about yfretted all with gold,  
 In which there written was, with cyphres old,  
Achilles armes, which Arthegall did win:  
 And on his shield enveloped sevenfold

Female

He bore a crowned little Ermelin,  
That deckt the azure field with her fayre pouldred skin.

xxvi. The Damzell well did vew his Personage  
 And liked well, ne further fastned not,  
 But went her way; ne her unguilty age  
 Did weene, unwares, that her unlucky lot  
 Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot.  
 Of hurt unwist most daunger doth redound;  
 But the false Archer, which that arrow shot  
So slyly that she did not feelee the wound,  
 Did smyle full smoothly at her weetlesse wofull stound.

xxvii. Thenceforth the fether in her lofty crest,  
 Ruffed of love, gan lowly to availe;  
 And her prowd portaunce and her princely gest,  
 With which she earst tryumphed, now did quaile:  
Sad, solemn, sowre, and full of fancies fraile,  
She woxe; yet wist she nether how, nor why.  
She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did aile,  
 Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy;  
 Yet thought it was not love, but some melancholy.

xxviii. So soone as Night had with her pallid hew  
 Defaste the beautie of the shyning sbye,  
 And refte from men the worldes desired vew,  
 She with her Nourse adowne to sleepe did lye;  
 But sleepe full far away from her did fly:  
 In stead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe  
 Kept watch and ward about her warily,  
 That nought she did but wayle, and often steepe  
 Her dainty couch with teares which closely she did  
 weepe.

xxix. And if that any drop of slombring rest  
 Did chaunce to still into her weary spright.  
 When feeble nature felt her selfe opprest,  
 Streight-way with dreames, and with fantastick sight  
 Of dreadfull things, the same was put to flight;  
 That oft out of her bed she did astart,  
 As one with vew of ghastly feends affright:  
 Tho gan she to renew her former smart,  
 And thinke of that fayre visage written in her hart.



xxx. One night, when she was tost with such unrest,  
 Her aged Nourse, whose name was Glaucè hight,  
 Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,  
 Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,  
 And downe againe her in her warme bed dight:  
 "Ah! my deare daughter, ah! my dearest dread,  
 What uncouth fit," (sayd she) "what evill plight  
 Hath thee opprest, and with sad drearyhead  
 Chaunged thy lively cheare, and living made thee dead?"

xxxI. "For not of nought these suddein ghastly feares  
 All night afflict thy naturall repose;  
 And all the day, when as thine equall peares  
 Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,  
 Thou in dull corners doest thy selfe inclose;  
 Ne tastest Princes pleasures, ne doest spread  
 Abroad thy fresh youths fayrest flowre, but lose  
Both leafe and fruite, both too untimely shed,  
As one in wilfull bale for ever buried.

xxxII. "The time that mortall men their weary cares  
 Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,  
 And every river eke his course forbeares,  
 Then doth this wicked evill thee infest,  
 And rive with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest:  
 Like an huge Aetn' of deepe engulfed gryefe,  
 Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,  
 Whence foorth it breakes in sighes and anguish ryfe,  
 As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused stryfe.

xxxIII. "Ay me! how much I feare least love it bee!  
 But if that love it be, as sure I read  
By known signes and passions which I see,  
 Be it worthy of thy race and royall sead,  
 Then I avow, by this most sacred head  
 Of my deare foster childe, to ease thy griefe  
 And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread;  
 For death nor daunger from thy dew reliefe  
 Shall me debarre: tell me therefore, my liefest liefe!"

xxxIV. So having sayd, her twixt her armes twaine  
 Shee streightly straynd, and colled tenderly;  
 And every trembling joynt and every vaine



Nurse  
says Brit  
nel goes  
or trouble

Shee softly felt, and rubbed busily,  
To doe the frosen cold away to fly;  
And her faire deawy eies with kisses deare  
Shee ofte did bathe, and ofte againe did dry;  
And ever her importund not to feare  
To let the secret of her hart to her appeare.

No, telling  
you doubt's  
lose in pain

xxxv. The Damzell pauzd; and then thus fearfully:  
" Ah! Nurse, what needeth thee to eke my payne?  
Is not enough that I alone doe dye,  
But it must doubled bee with death of twaine?  
For nought for me but death there doth remaine."  
" O daughter deare! " (said she) " despire no whit;  
For never sore but might a salve obtaine:  
That blinded God, which hath ye blindly smit,  
Another arrow hath your lovers hart to hit."

God can  
help, but  
maybe it's  
too impossible

xxxvi. " But mine is not " (quoth she) " like other wewnd;  
For which no reason can finde remedy."  
" Was never such, but mote the like be fownd,"  
(Said she) " and though no reason may apply  
Salve to your sore, yet love can higher stye  
Then reasons reach, and oft hath wonders donne."  
" But neither God of love nor God of skye  
Can doe " (said she) " that which cannot be donne."  
" Things ofte impossible " (quoth she) " seeme, ere  
begonne."

OK..OK.  
I'll tell you  
why I ache

xxxvii. " These idle wordes " (said she) " doe nought aswage  
My stubborne smart, but more annoiaunce breed:  
For no, no usuall fire, no usuall rage  
Yt is, O Nourse! which on my life doth feed,  
And sucks the blood which from my hart doth bleed:  
But since thy faithful zeale lets me not hyde  
My crime, (if crime it be) I will it reed.  
Nor Prince nor pere it is, whose love hath gryde  
My feeble brest of late, and launched this wound wyde.

again  
xxxviii. " Nor man it is, nor other living wight,  
For then some hope I might unto me draw;  
But th' only shade and semblant of a knight,  
Whose shape or person yet I never saw,  
Hath me subjected to loves cruell law:

The same one day, as me misfortune led,  
I in my fathers wondrous mirrhour saw,  
And, pleased with that seeming goodly-hed,  
Unwares the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed.

xxxix. "Sithens it hath infixed faster hold  
Within my bleeding bowells, and so sore  
Now ranckleth in this same fraile fleshly mould,  
That all my entrailes flow with poisonous gore,  
And th' ulcer groweth daily more and more;  
Ne can my ronning sore finde remedee,  
Other than my hard fortune to deplore,  
And languish, as the leafe faln from the tree,  
Till death make one end of my daies and miseree!"

xl. "Daughter," (said she) "what need ye be dismayd?  
Or why make ye such Monster of your minde?  
Of much more uncouth thing I was affrayd,  
Of filthy lust, contrary unto kinde,  
But this affection nothing straunge I finde;  
For who with reason can you aye reprove  
To love the semblaunt pleasing most your minde,  
And yield your heart whence ye cannot remove?  
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of love,

xli. "Not so th' Arabian Myrrhe did set her mynd.  
Nor so did Biblis spend her pining hart;  
But lov'd their native flesh against al kynd,  
And to their purpose used wicked art:  
Yet playd Pasiphaë a more monstrous part,  
That lov'd a Bul, and learnd a beast to bee.  
Such shamefull lustes who loaths not, which depart  
From course of nature and of modestee?  
Sweete love such lewdnes bands from his faire com-  
panee.

xlii. "But thine, my Deare, (welfare thy heart, my deare!)  
Though straunge beginning had, yet fixed is  
On one that worthy may perhaps appeare;  
And certes seemes bestowed not amis:  
Joy thereof have thou and eternall blis!".  
With that, upleaning on her elbow weake,  
Her alablaster brest she soft did kis,

Which all that while shee felt to pant and quake,  
As it an Earth-quake were: at last she thus bespake.

XLIII. "Beldame, your words doe worke me litle ease;  
For though my love be not so lewdly bent  
As those ye blame, yet may it nought appease  
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,  
But rather doth my helpless grieve augment;  
For they, how ever shamefull and unkinde,  
Yet did possesse their horrible intent;  
Short end of sorrowes they therby did finde; —  
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their  
minde.

XLIV. "But wicked fortune mine, though minde be good,  
Can have no ende nor hope of my desire,  
But feed on shadowes whiles I die for food,  
And like a shadowe waxe, whiles with entire  
Affection I doe languish and expire.  
I, fonder then Cephisus foolish chyld,  
Who, having vewed in a fountaine shere  
His face, was with the love thereof beguyld;  
I, fonder, love a shade, the body far exyld."

XLV. "Nought like," (quoth shee) "for that same wretched boy  
Was of him selfe the ydle Paramoure,  
Both love and lover, without hope of joy,  
For which he faded to a watry flowre:  
But better fortune thine, and better howre,  
Which lov'st the shadow of a warlike knight;  
No shadow but a body hath in powre:  
That body, wheresoever that it light,  
May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke might.

XLVI. "But if thou may with reason yet repress  
The growing evill, ere it strength have gott,  
And thee abandond wholly do possesse,  
Against it strongly strive, and yield thee nott  
Til thou in open felde adowne be smott:  
But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,  
So that needs love or death must bee thy lott,  
Then, I avow to thee, by wrong or right  
To compas thy desire, and find that loved knight."

XLVII. Her chearefull words much cheard the feeble spright  
 Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd  
 In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might;  
 And the old-woman carefully displayd  
 The clothes about her round with busy ayd;  
 So that at last a litle creeping sleepe  
 Surprisd her sence: Shee, therewith well apayd,  
 The dronken lamp down in the oyl did steepe,  
 And sett her by to watch, and sett her by to weepe.

XLVIII. Earely, the morrow next, before that day  
 His joyous face did to the world revele,  
 They both uprose and tooke their ready way  
 Unto the Church, their praiers to appele  
 With great devotion, and with little zeale:  
 For the faire Damzel from the holy herse  
 Her love-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale;  
 And that old Dame said many an idle verse,  
 Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to reverse.

XLIX. Retournd home, the royall Infant fell  
 Into her former fitt, for-why no powre  
Nor guidaunce of herselfe in her did dwell:  
 But th' aged Nourse, her calling to her bowre,  
 Had gathered Rew, and Savine, and the flowre  
 Of Camphora, and Calamint, and Dill;  
 All which she in a earthen Pot did poure,  
 And to the brim with Coltwood did it fill,  
 And many drops of milk and blood through it did spill.

L. Then, taking thrise three heares from off her head,  
 Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,  
 And round about the Pots mouth bound the thread;  
 And, after having whispered a space  
 Certain sad words with hollow voice and bace,  
 Shee to the virgin sayd, thrise sayd she itt;  
 "Come daughter, come; come, spit upon my face;  
 Spitt thrise upon me, thrise upon me spitt;  
 Th' uneven number for this busines is most fitt."

LI. That sayd, her rownd about she from her turnd,  
 She turnd her contrary to the Sunne;  
 Thrise she her turnd contrary, and returnd

All contrary; for she the right did shunne;  
 And ever what she did was streight undonne.  
 So thought she to undoe her daughters love;  
But love, that is in gentle brest begonne,  
No ydle charmes so lightly may remove:  
 That well can witnesse who by tryall it does prove.

*Spun. In my  
 to heart / spe  
 of love  
 but could*

- LII. Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd awayle,  
 Ne slake the fury of her cruell flame,  
 But that shee still did waste, and still did wayle,  
 That, through long languour and hart-burning brame,  
 She shortly like a pyned ghost became  
 Which long hath waited by the Stygian strond.  
 That when old Glaucè saw, for feare least blame  
 Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,  
 She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to withstond.

*I don't know  
 how to  
 relieve this  
 girl.*



## CANTO III

Herein bewrayes to Britomart  
The state of Arthegall;  
And shews the famous Progeny,  
Which from them springen shall.

I. Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily  
In living brests, ykindled first above  
Emongst th' eternall spheres and lamping sky,  
And thence poud into men, which men call Love!  
Not that same, which doth base affections move  
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame,  
But that sweete fit that doth true beautie love,  
And choseth vertue for his dearest Dame,  
Whence spring all noble deedes and never dying fame:—

II. Well did Antiquity a God thee deeme,  
That over mortall mindes hast so great might,  
To order them as best to thee doth seeme,  
And all their actions to direct aright:  
The fatall purpose of divine foresight  
Thou doest effect in destined descents,  
Through deepe impression of thy secret might,  
And stirredst up th' Heroës high intents,  
Which the late world admyres for wondrous moniments.

III. But thy dredd dartes in none doe triumph more,  
Ne braver prooffe in any of thy powre  
Shewd'st thou, then in this royall Maid of yore,  
Making her seeke an unknowne Paramoure,  
From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowre:  
From whose two loynes thou afterwarde did rayse  
Most famous fruites of matrimoniall bowre,  
Which through the earth have spredd their living prayse,  
That fame in tromp of gold eternally displayes.

IV. Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame!  
Daughter of Phœbus and of Memorye,  
That doest ennoble with immortall name



The warlike Worthies, from antiquitye,  
 In thy great volume of Eternitye:  
 Begin, O Clio! and recount from hence  
 My glorious Soveraines goodly auncestrye,  
 Till that by dew degrees, and long pretense,  
 Thou have it lastly brought unto her Excellence.

- v. Full many wayes within her troubled mind  
 Old Glaucè cast to cure this Ladies grieve;  
 Full many waies she sought, but none could find,  
 Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsel, that is chiefe  
 And choicest med'cine for sick harts reliefe:  
 Forthy great care she tooke, and greater feare,  
 Least that it should her turne to fowle reprimand  
 And sore reproch, when so her father deare  
 Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune heare.

- vi. At last she her avisde, that he which made  
 That mirrhour, wherein the sicke Damosell  
 So straungely vewed her straunge lovers shade,  
 To weet, the learned Merlin, well could tell  
 Under what coast of heaven the man did dwell,  
 And by what means his love might best be wrought:  
 For, though beyond the Africk Ismael  
 Or th' Indian Peru he were, she thought  
 Him forth through infinite endeavour to have sought.

- vii. Forthwith them selves disguising both in straunge  
 And base atyre, that none might them bewray,  
 To Maridunum, that is now by chaunge  
 Of name Cayr-Merdin cald, they tooke their way:  
 There the wise Merlin whylome wont (they say)  
 To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,  
 In a deepe delve, farre from the vew of day,  
 That of no living wight he mote be found,  
 When he so counseld with his sprights encompass round.

- viii. And, if thou ever happen that same way  
 To traveill, go to see that dreadful place.  
 It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)  
 Under a Rock that lyes a litle space  
 From the swift Barry, tombling downe apace  
 Emongst the woody hilles of Dynevowre:

But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace  
 To enter into that same baleful Bowre,  
 For feare the cruell Feendes should thee unwares devowre:

ix. But standing high aloft low lay thine eare,  
 And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines  
 And brasen Caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,  
 Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines  
 Doe tosse, that it will stonn thy feeble braines;  
 And oftentimes great grones, and greivous stownds,  
 When too huge toile and labour them constraines,  
 And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing sowndes  
 From under that deepe Rock most horribly rebowndes.

x. The cause, some say, is this: A litle whyle  
 Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend  
 A brasen wall in compas to compyle  
 About Cairmardin, and did it commend  
 Unto these Sprights to bring to perfect end:  
 During which worke the Lady of the Lake,  
 Whom long he lov'd, for him in hast did send;  
 Who, thereby forst his workemen to forsake,  
 Them bownd till his retourne their labour not to slake.

xi. In the meane time, through that false Ladies traine  
 He was surprisd, and buried under beare,  
 Ne ever to his worke returnd againe:  
 Nath'lesse those feends may not their work forbear,  
 So greatly his commandement they feare,  
 But there doe toyle and traveile day and night,  
 Untill that brasen wall they up doe reare;  
 For Merlin had in Magick more insight  
 Then ever him before, or after, living wight:

xii. For he by wordes could call out of the sky  
 Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obay;  
 The Land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,  
 And darksom night he eke could turne to day:  
 Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,  
 And hostes of men of meanest thinges could frame,  
 When so him list his enimies to fray;  
 That to this day, for terror of his fame,  
 The feends do quake when any him to them does name.

xiii. And, sooth, men say that he was not the sonne  
Of mortall Syre or other living wight,  
But wondrously begotten, and begonne  
By false illusion of a guilefull Spright  
On a faire Lady Nonne, that whilome hight  
Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,  
Who was the lord of Mathraval by right,  
And coosen unto king Ambrosius;  
Whence he indued was with skill so merveilous.

not borne  
of the  
earth  
- lineage

xiv. They, here arriving, staid awhile without, —  
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,  
But of their first intent gan make new dout,  
For dread of daunger which it might portend;  
Untill the hardy Mayd (with love to friend)  
First entering, the dreadfull Mage there fownd  
Deepe busied bout worke of wondrous end,  
And writing straunge characters in the grownd,  
With which the stubborne feendes he to his service bownd.

Lady come  
in friends  
men at  
worke  
(for Merlin)

xv. He nought was moved at their entraunce bold,  
For of their comming well he wist afore;  
Yet list them bid their businesse to unfold,  
As if ought in this world in secrete store  
Were from him hidden, or unknowne of yore.  
Then Glaucè thus: "Let not it thee offend,  
That we thus rashly through thy darksom dore  
Unwares have prest; for either fatall end,  
Or other mightie cause, us two did hither send."

Merlin  
knows of  
their (?) comin  
pretends he  
doesn't  
see where  
send

xvi. He bad tell on; And then she thus began.  
"Now have three Moones with borrowd brothers light  
Thrise shined faire, and thrise seemd dim and wan,  
Sith a sore evill, which this virgin bright  
Tormenteth and doth plunge in dolefull plight,  
First rooting tooke; but what thing it mote bee,  
Or whence it sprong, I can not read aright:  
But this I read, that, but if remedee  
Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see."

been a  
while  
if you  
dont help w  
she will  
die soon

xvii. Therewith th' Enchaunter softly gan to smyle  
At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well  
That she to him dissembled womanish guyle,

female

And to her said: "Beldame, by that ye tell  
 More neede of leach-crafte hath your Damozell,  
 Then of my skill: who helpe may have elsewhere,  
 In vaine seekes wonders out of Magick spell."  
 Th' old woman wox half blanck those wordes to heare,  
 And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare;

xviii. And to him said: "Yf any leaches skill,  
 Or other learned meanes, could have redrest  
 This my deare daughters deepe engrafted ill,  
 Certes I should be loth thee to molest;  
 But this sad evill, which dost her infest,  
 Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,  
 And housed is within her hollow brest,  
 That either seemes some cursed witches deed,  
 Or evill spright, that in her doth such torment breed."

xix. The wisard could no lenger beare her bord,  
 But, bursting forth in laughter, to her sayd:  
 "Glauce, what needes this colourable word  
 To cloke the cause that hath it selfe bewrayd?  
 Ne ye, fayre Britomartis, thus arayd,  
 More hidden are then Sunne in cloudy vele;  
 Whom thy good fortune, having fate obayd,  
 Hath hither brought for succour to appele;  
 The which the powres to thee are pleased to revele."

xx. The doubtfull Mayd, seeing her selfe descryde,  
 Was all abasht, and her pure yvory  
 Into a cleare Carnation suddene dyde;  
 As fayre Aurora, rysing hastily,  
 Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye  
 All night in old Tithonus frozen bed,  
 Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly:  
 But her olde Nourse was nought dishartened,  
 But vauntage made of that which Merlin had ared;

xxi. And sayd; "Sith then thou knowest all our grieve,  
 (For what doest not thou knowe?) of grace I pray,  
 Pitty our playnt, and yield us meet reliefe."  
 With that the Prophet still awhile did stay,  
 And then his spirite thus gan foorth display:  
 "Most noble Virgin, that by fatall lore

Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee dismay  
The hard beginne that meetes thee in the dore,  
 And with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppressth sore:

you will  
 give birth  
 to a  
 great  
 tender

xxii. "For so must all things excellent begin;  
 And eke enrooted deepe must be that Tree, *tree with roots*  
 Whose big embodied branchs shall not lin  
 Till they to heavens hight forth stretched bee:  
 For from thy wombe a famous Progenee  
 Shall spring out of the auncient Trojan blood,  
 Which shall revive the sleeping memoree  
 Of those same antique Peres, the heavens brood,  
 Which Greeke and Asian rivers stayned with their blood.

your sons  
 will be  
 amazing  
 I will  
 come to  
 more  
 children

xxiii. "Renowmed kings, and sacred Emperours,  
 Thy fruitfull Ofspring, shall from thee thee descend;  
 Brave Captaines, and most mighty warriours,  
 That shall their conquests through all lands extend,  
 And their decayed kingdomes shall amend:  
 The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,  
 They shall upreare, and mightily defend  
 Against their forren foe that commes from farre,  
 Till universall peace compound all civill jarre.

Brit, you  
 are destined  
 to marry  
 his guy  
 at 16  
 must obey  
 him

xxiv. "It was not, Britomart, thy wandering eye  
 Glauncing unwares in charmed looking glas,  
 But the streight course of heavenly destiny, *made good*  
 Led with eternall providence, that has  
 Guýded thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas:  
 Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,  
 To love the prowest knight that ever was.  
 Therefore submit thy wayes unto his will,  
 And doe by all dew meanes thy destiny fulfill."

as well  
 as it  
 merits  
 destiny

xxv. "But read," (saide Glaucè) "thou Magitian,  
 What meanes shall she out seeke, or what waies take?  
 How shall she know, how shall she finde the man?  
 Or what needes her to toyle, sith fates can make  
 Way for themselves their purpose to pertake?"  
 Then Merlin thus: "Indeede the fates are firme,  
 And may not shrinck, though all the world do shake;  
 Yet ought mens good endeavours them confirme,  
 And guýde the heavenly causes to their constant terme.

\* women seem to have problems dealt  
 with for them. Brit barely gets here



xxvi. "The man, whom heavens have ordaind to bee  
 The spouse of Britomart, is Arthegall:  
 He woneth in the land of Fayeree,  
 Yet is no Fary borne, ne sib at all  
 To Elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,  
 And whylome by false Faries stolne away,  
 Whyles yet in infant cradle he did crall;  
 Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,  
 But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay:

xxvii. "But sooth he is the sonne of Gorlois,  
 And brother unto Cador, Cornish king;  
 And for his warlike feates renowned is,  
 From where the day out of the sea doth spring,  
 Untill the closure of the Evening:  
 From thence him, firmly bound with faithfull band,  
 To this his native soyle thou backe shalt bring,  
 Strongly to ayde his countrey to withstand  
 The powre of forreine Paynims which invade thy land.

xxviii. "Great ayd thereto his mighty puissaunce  
 And dreaded name shall give in that sad day;  
 Where also prooffe of thy prow valiaunce  
 Thou then shalt make, t'increase thy lover's pray.  
 Long time ye both in armes shall beare great sway,  
 Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,  
 And his last fate him from thee take away;  
 Too rathe cut off by practise criminall  
 Of secrete foes, that him shall make in mischief fall.

xxix. "With thee yet shall he leave, for memory  
 Of his late puissaunce, his ymage dead,  
 That living him in all activity  
 To thee shall represent. He, from the head  
 Of his coosen Constantius, without dread  
 Shall take the crowne that was his fathers right,  
 And therewith crowne himselfe in th' others stead:  
 Then shall he issew forth with dreadfull might  
 Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

xxx. "Like as a Lyon that in drowsie cave  
 Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake;  
 And comming forth shall spred his banner brave



he'll fight  
3 times  
true after  
3<sup>rd</sup>  
and peace

Over the troubled South, that it shall make  
The warlike Mertians for feare to quake:  
Thrise shall he fight with them, and twise shall win;  
But the third time shall fayre accordaunce make:  
And, if he then with victorie can lin,  
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly In.

Art's son  
will lose  
crown; His  
son will  
regain it

xxxI. " His sonne, hight Vortipore, shall him succede  
In kingdome, but not in felicity:  
Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,  
And with great honour many batteills try;  
But at the last to th' importunity  
Of froward fortune shall be forst to yield:  
But his sonne Malgo shall full mightily  
Avenge his fathers losse with speare and shield,  
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

aint  
he  
wonderful?

xxxII. " Behold the man! and tell me, Britomart,  
If ay more goodly creature thou didst see?  
How like a Gyaunt in each manly part  
Beares he himselfe with portly majestee,  
That one of th' old Heroës seemes to bee!  
He the six Islands, comprovinciall  
In auncient times unto great Britainee,  
Shall to the same reduce, and to him call  
Their sondry kings to do their homage severall.

Joining  
of  
millions  
forces

xxxIII. " All which his sonne Careticus awhile  
Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppress;  
Untill a straunger king, from unknowne soyle  
Arriving, him with multitude oppresse;  
Great Gormond, having with huge mightnesse  
Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,  
Like a swift Otter, fell through emptinesse,  
Shall overswim the sea, with many one  
Of his Norveyses, to assist the Britons fone.

xxxIV. " He in his furie shall overronne,  
And holy Church with faithlesse handes deface,  
That thy sad people, utterly fordonne,  
Shall to the utmost mountaines fly apace.  
Was never so great waste in any place,  
Nor so fowle outrage doen by living men;

Britons enemies  
will destroy  
everything

For all thy Citties they shall sacke and race,  
And the greene graspe that groweth they shall bren,  
That even the wilde beast shall dy in starved den.

xxxv. "Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,  
Proud Etheldred shall from the North arise,  
Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,  
And, passing Dee, with hardy enterprise  
Shall backe repulse the valiaunt Brockwell twice,  
And Bangor with massacred Martyrs fill,  
But the third time shall rew his foolhardise:  
For Cadwan, pittying his peoples ill,  
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons kill.

Cadwan  
will save  
everyone  
kill thousand  
Saxons  
too

xxxvi. "But after him, Cadwallin mightily  
On his sonne Edwin all those wrongs shall wreake;  
Ne shall availe the wicked sorcery  
Of false Pellite his purposes to breake,  
But him shall slay, and on a gallows bleak  
Shall give th' enchaunter his unhappy hire.  
Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,  
From their long vassalage gin to respire,  
And on their Paynim foes avenge their ranckled ire.

Brits  
will regain  
force

xxxvii. "Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,  
Till both the sonnes of Edwin he have slayne,  
Offricke and Osricke, twinnes unfortunate,  
Both slaine in battaile upon Layburne playne,  
Together with the king of Louthiane,  
Hight Adin, and the king of Orkeny,  
Both joynt partakers of their fatall payne:  
But Penda, fearefull of like desteny,  
Shall yield him selfe his liegeman, and sweare fealty.

battle  
winners  
losers

xxxviii. "Him shall he make his fatall Instrument  
T' afflict the other Saxons unsubdewd;  
He marching forth with fury insolent  
Against the good king Oswald, who indewd  
With heavenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,  
Al holding crosses in their hands on hye,  
Shall him defeate withouten blood imbrawd:  
Of which that field, for endlesse memory,  
Shall Hevenfield be cald to all posterity.

Oswald  
to  
win

xxxix. "Whereat Cadwallin wroth shall forth issew,  
And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,  
With which he godly Oswin shall subdew,  
And crowne with martiredome his sacred head:  
Whose brother Oswin, daunted with like dread,  
With price of silver shall his kingdome buy;  
And Penda, seeking him adowne to tread,  
Shall tread adowne, and doe him fowly dye;  
But shall with guifts his Lord Cadwallin pacify.

xl. "Then shall Cadwallin die; and then the raine  
Of Britons eke with him attonce shall dye;  
Ne shall the good Cadwallader, with paine  
Or powre, be hable it to remedy,  
When the full time, prefixt by destiny,  
Shall be expird of Britons regiment:  
For heven it selfe shall their successe envy,  
And them with plagues and murrins pestilent  
Consume, till all their warlike puissaunce be spent.

xli. Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills  
Of dying people, during eight yeares space,  
Cadwallader, not yielding to his ills,  
From Armoricke, where long in wretched cace  
He liv'd, retourning to his native place,  
Shal be by vision staide from his intent:  
For th' heavens have decreed to displace  
The Britons for their sinnes dew punishment  
And to the Saxons over-give their government.

xlh. "Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,  
Be to the Briton babe that shal be borne  
To live in thraldome of his fathers foe!  
Late king, now captive; late lord, now forlorne;  
The worlds reproch; the cruell victors scorne;  
Banisht from princely bowre to wastefull wood!  
O! who shal helpe me to lament and mourne  
The royall seed, the antique Trojan blood,  
Whose empire lenger here then ever any stood?"

xlh. The Damzell was full deepe empassioned  
Both for his grieve, and for her peoples sake,  
Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned;

And, sighing sore, at length him thus bespake:  
 " Ah! but will heavens fury never slake,  
 Nor vengeance huge relent it selfe at last?  
 Will not long misery late mercy make,  
 But shall their name for ever be defaste,  
 And quite from off the earth their memory be raste? "

XLIV. " Nay but the terme " (sayd he) " is limited,  
 That in this thraldome Britons shall abide;  
 And the just revolution measured  
 That they as Straungers shall be notifide:  
 For twise fowre hundreth yeares shall be supplide,  
 Ere they to former rule restor'd shall bee,  
 And their importune fates all satisfide:  
 Yet, during this their most obscuritee,  
 Their beames shall ofte breake forth, that men them  
 faire may see.

XLV. " For Rhodoricke, whose surname shall be Great,  
 Shall of him selfe a brave ensample shew,  
 That Saxon kinges his friendship shall intreat;  
 And Howell Dha shall goodly well indew  
 The salvage minds with skill of just and trew:  
 Then Griffyth Conan also shall upreare  
 His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew  
 Of native corage, that his foes shall feare,  
 Least back againe the kingdom he from them should beare.

XLVI. " Ne shall the Saxons selves all peaceably  
 Enjoy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne  
 First ill, and after ruled wickedly;  
 For, ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,  
 There shall a Raven, far from rising Sunne,  
 With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,  
 And bid his faithlesse chickens overronne  
 The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty  
 In their avenge tread downe the victors surquedry.

XLVII. " Yet shall a third both these and thine subdew.  
 There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood  
 Of Neustria come roring, with a crew  
 Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,  
 Whose clawes were newly dipt in cruddy blood,  
 That from the Daniske Tyrants head shall rend

dares shall  
lose crowne too

Th' usurped crowne, as if that he were wood,  
And the spoile of the countrey conquered  
Emongst his young ones shall divide with bountyhed.

Britz  
will  
rise  
again

- XLVIII. "Tho, when the terme is full accomplishid,  
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath longwhile  
Bene in his ashes raked up and hid,  
Bee freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile  
Of Mona, where it lurked in exile;  
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,  
And reach into the house that beares the stile  
Of roiall majesty and soveraine name:  
✓ So shall the Briton blood their crowne agayn reclame.

eventually  
a woman  
will rule.  
united enemies  
and  
have great  
honour & respect  
given to  
her

Mer freeds  
out for a  
minute, scars  
ladies  
then returns  
to normal

- XLIX. "Thenceforth eternall union shall be made  
Betweene the nations different afore,  
And sacred Peace shall lovingly persuade  
The warlike minds to learne her goodly lore,  
And civile armes to exercise no more:  
Then shall a royall Virgin raine, which shall  
Stretch her white rod over the Belgicke shore,  
And the great Castle smite so sore withall,  
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learn to fall.

- L. "But yet the end is not."—There Merlin stayd,  
As overcomen of the spirites powre,  
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,  
That secretly he saw, yet note discoure:  
Which suddein fitt, and halfe extatick stoure,  
When the two fearefull wemen saw, they grew  
Greatly confused in behaveoure.  
At last, the fury past, to former hew  
Hee turnd againe, and chearfull looks as earst did shew.

started  
hearing and  
plotting  
what it  
might take  
to prepare

- LI. Then, when them selves they well instructed had  
Of all that needed them to be inquired,  
They both, conceiving hope of comfort glad,  
With lighter hearts unto their home retir'd;  
Where they in secret counsell close conspir'd,  
How to effect so hard an enterprize,  
And to possesse the purpose they desird:  
Now this, now that, twixt them they did devise,  
And diverse plots did frame to maske in strange disguise.

do the  
plot + plot





LII. At last the Nourse in her foolhardy wit  
 Conceiv'd a bold devise, and thus bespake:  
 " Daughter, I deeme that counsel aye most fit,  
 That of the time doth dew advauntage take.  
 Ye see that good king Uther now doth make  
 Strong warre upon the Paynim brethren, hight  
 Octa and Oza, whome hee lately brake  
 Beside Cayr Verolame in victorious fight,  
 That now all Britany doth burne in armes bright.

LIII. " That, therefore, nought our passage may empeach,  
 Let us in feigned armes our selves disguise,  
 And our weake hands (need makes good schollers) teach  
 The dreadful speare and shield to exercize:  
 Ne certes, daughter, that same warlike wize,  
 I weene, would you misseeme; for ye beene tall,  
 And large of limbe t' atchieve an hard emprise;  
 Ne ought ye want but skil, which practize small  
 Wil bring, and shortly make you a mayd Martiall.

LIV. " And, sooth, it ought your corage much inflame  
 To heare so often, in that royall hous,  
 From whence, to none inferior, ye came,  
 Bards tell of many wemen valorous,  
 Which have full many feats adventurous  
 Performd, in paragone of proudest men:  
 The bold Bunduca, whose victorious  
 Exploits made Rome to quake; stout Guendolen;  
 Renowned Martia; and redoubted Emmilen.

LV. " And, that which more then all the rest may sway,  
 Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld:  
 In the last field before Menevia,  
 Which Uther with those forrein Pagans held,  
 I saw a Saxon Virgin, the which feld  
 Great Ulfin thrise upon the bloody playne;  
 And, had not Carados her hand withheld  
 From rash revenge, she had him surely slayne:  
 Yet Carados himselfe from her escapt with payne."

LVI. " Ah! read," (quoeth Britomart) " how is she hight? "  
 " Fayre Angela " (quoeth she) " men do her call,  
 No whit lesse fayre then terrible in fight:



Brit say  
yeller war  
st  
vornium  
ever

She hath the leading of a Martiall  
And mightie people, dreaded more then all  
The other Saxons, which doe, for her sake  
And love, themselves of her name Angles call.  
Therefore, faire Infant, her ensample make  
Unto thy selfe, and equall corage to thee take."

Brit gets  
syched.  
night  
self? X  
and  
rurs self  
look soon

LVII. Her harty wordes so deepe into the mynd  
Of the yong Damzell sunke, that great desire  
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,  
And generous stout courage did inspyre,  
That she resolv'd, unweeting to her Syre,  
Advent'rous knighthood on her selfe to don;  
And counseld with her Nourse her Maides attyre  
To turne into a massy habergeon,  
And bad her all things put in readinesse anon.

frallers  
vel  
bancor  
of  
yala  
self

LVIII. Th' old woman nought that needed did omit,  
But all thinges did conveniently purvay.  
It fortun'd (so time their turne did fitt)  
A band of Britons, ryding on forray  
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray  
Of Saxon goods; emongst the which was seene  
A goodly Armour, and full rich aray,  
Which long'd to Angela, the Saxon Queene,  
All fretted round with gold, and goodly wel beseene.

Brit  
gives  
Brit

LIX. The same, with all the other ornaments,  
King Ryence caused to be hanged hy  
In his chiefe Church, for endlesse moniments  
Of his successe and gladfull victory:  
Of which her selfe avising readily.  
In th' evening late old Glaucè thither led  
Faire Britomart, and, that same Armory  
Downe taking, her therein appareled  
Well as she might, and with brave bauldrick garnished.

LX. Beside those armes there stood a mightie speare,  
Which Bladud made by Magick art of yore,  
And usd the same in batteill aye to beare;  
Sith which it had beene here preserv'd in store,  
For his great virtues proved long afore:  
For never wight so fast in sell could sit,

But him perforce unto the ground it bore.

Both speare she tooke and shield which hong by it;

Both speare and shield of great powre, for her purpose fit.

LXI. Thus when she had the virgin all arayd,  
 Another harnesse which did hang thereby  
 About her selfe she dight, that the yong Mayd  
 She might in equall armes accompany,  
 And as her Squire attend her carefully.  
 Tho to their ready Steedes they clombe full light,  
 And through back waies, that none might them espy,  
 Covered with secret cloud of silent night,  
 Themselves they forth convoid, and passed forward right.

LXII. Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond  
 They came, as Merlin them directed late:  
 Where, meeting with this Redcrosse Knight, she fond  
 Of diverse thinges discourses to dilate,  
 And most of Arthegall and his estate.  
 At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part:  
 Then each to other, well affectionate,  
 Friendship professed with unfained hart.  
 The Redcrosse Knight diverst, but forth rode Britomart.

## CANTO IV

Bold Marinell of Britomart  
Is throwne on the Rich Strond  
Faire Florimell of Arthure is  
Long followed, but not fond.

- I. WHERE is the Antique glory now become,  
That whylome wont in wemen to appeare?  
Where be the brave atchievements doen by some?  
Where be the batteilles, where the shield and speare,  
And all the conquests which them high did reare,  
That matter made for famous Poets verse,  
And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?  
Beene they all dead, and laide in dolefull herse,  
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reverse?
- II. If they be dead, then woe is me therefore;  
But if they sleepe, O let them soone awake!  
For all too long I burne with envy sore  
To heare the warlike feates which Homere spake  
Of bold Penthesilee, which made a lake  
Of Greekish blood so ofte in Trojan plaine;  
But when I reade, how stout Debora strake  
Proud Sisera, and how Camill' hath slaine  
The huge Orsilochus, I swell with great disdaine.
- III. Yet these, and all that els had puissaunce,  
Cannot with noble Britomart compare,  
As well for glorie of great valiaunce,  
As for pure chastitee and vertue rare,  
That all her goodly deedes doe well declare.  
Well worthie stock, from which the branches sprong  
That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,  
As thee, O Queene! the matter of my song,  
Whose lignage from this Lady I derive along.
- IV. Who when, through speaches with the Redcrosse Knight,  
She learned had th' estate of Arthegall,  
And in each point her selfe informd aright,

C Kn  
reeds Brit  
y part  
d friends

A friendly league of love perpetuall  
She with him bound, and Congé tooke withall:  
Then he forth on his journey did proceede,  
To seeke adventures which mote him befall,  
And win him worship through his warlike deed,  
Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefest meed.

ides off  
imagining

- v. But Britomart kept on her former course,  
Ne ever dofte her armes, but all the way  
Grew pensive through that amarous discourse,  
By which the Redcrosse knight did earst display  
Her lovers shape and chevalrous aray:  
A thousand thoughts she fashiond in her mind,  
And in her feigning fancie did pourtray  
Him such as fittest she for love could find,  
Wise, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind.

Searches  
very hard  
for love

- vi. With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she fcd,dd,  
And thought so to beguile her grievous smart;  
But so her smart was much more grievous bredd,  
And the deepe wound more deep engord her hart,  
That nought but death her dolour mote depart.  
So forth she rode, without repose or rest,  
Searching all lands and each remotest part,  
Following the guydance of her blinded guest,  
Till that to the sea-coast at length she her addrest.

psychology  
comes  
to  
sea  
and  
sighs

- vii. There she alighted from her light-foot beast,  
And sitting downe upon the rocky shore,  
Badd her old Squyre unlace her lofty creast:  
Tho having vewd awhile the surges hore  
That gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,  
And in their raging surquedry disdaynd  
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,  
And their devouring covetize restraynd;  
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus complaynd.

NB

- viii. "Huge sea of sorrow and tempestuous grieffe,  
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long  
Far from the hoped haven of reliefe,  
Why doe thy cruell billowes beat so strong,  
And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,  
Threatning to swallow up my fearefull lyfe?

too has  
why me

O! doe thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong  
At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,  
Which in thy troubled bowels raignes and rageth ryfe.

ix. "For els my feeble vessell, crazd and crackt  
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,  
Cannot endure, but needes it must be wrackt  
On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,  
The whiles that love it steres, and fortune rowes:  
Love, my lewd Pilott, hath a restlesse minde;  
And fortune, Boteswaine, no assurance knowes;  
But saile withouten starres against tyde and winde:  
How can they other doe, sith both are bold and blinde?"

x. "Thou God of windes, that raignest in the seas,  
That raignest also in the Continent.  
At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,  
The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,  
Unto the gladsome port of her intent.  
Then, when I shall my selfe in safety see,  
A table, for eternall moniment  
Of thy great grace and my great jeoparddee,  
Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto thee!"

restless  
melancholy  
love comple

xi. Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,  
She shut up all her plaint in privy grieve  
For her great courage would not let her weepe,  
Till that old Glaucè gan with sharpe reprieve  
Her to restraints, and give her good reliefe  
Through hope of those, which Merlin had her told  
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,  
And fetch their being from the sacred mould  
Of her immortall womb, to be in heaven enrold

mutability

xii. Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde  
Where far away one, all in armour bright,  
With hasty gallop towards her did ryde.  
Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight  
Her Helmet, to her Courser mounting light:  
Her former sorrow into suddein wrath,  
Both coosen passions of distroubled spright,  
Converting, forth she beates the dusty path:  
Love and despight attonce her courage kindled hath.

Kn comes  
he change  
off to  
battle  
him



WAP  
fight?  
X

XIII. As, when a foggy mist hath overcast  
The face of heven, and the cleare ayre engroste,  
The world in darkenes dwels; till that at last  
The watry Southwinde, from the seabord coste  
Upblowing, doth disperse the vapour lo'ste,  
And poures it selfe forth in a stormy showre:  
So the fayre Britomart, having disclo'ste  
Her clowdy care into a wrathfull stowre,  
The mist of grieve dissolv'd did into vengeance powre.

XIV. Eftsoones, her goodly shield addressing fayre,  
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,  
And unto battaill did her selfe prepayre.  
The knight, approching, sternely her bespake:  
"Sir knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make  
By this forbidden way in my despight,  
Ne doest by others death ensample take,  
I read thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast might,  
Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight."

XV. Ythrild with deepe disdaine of his proud threat,  
She shortly thus: "Fly they, that need to fly;  
Wordes fearen babes. I meane not thee entreat  
To passe, but maugre thee will passe or dy."  
Ne lenger stayd for th' other to reply,  
But with sharpe speare the rest made dearly knowne.  
Strongly the straunge knight ran, and sturdily  
Strooke her full on the brest, that made her downe  
Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her crown.

XVI. But she againe him in the shield did smite  
With so fierce furie and great puissance,  
That, through his three-square scuchin percing quite  
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce  
The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce.  
Him so transfixed she before her bore  
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce;  
Till, sadly soucing on the sandy shore,  
He tumbled on an heape, and wallowd in his gore;

XVII. Like as the sacred Oxe that carelesse stands,  
With gilden hornes and flowry girlonds crownd,  
Proud of his dying honor and deare bandes,

hauger  
fried  
auger

kn  
die

kn  
Brit  
with sword

Brit  
strikes  
kn falls



Whiles th' altars fume with frankincense arownd,  
 All suddenly, with mortall stroke astownd,  
 Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore  
 Distaines the pillours and the holy grownd,  
 And the faire flowres that decked him afore:  
 So fell proud Marinell upon the pretious shore:

*Kn. down  
and out*

xviii. The martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,  
 But forward rode, and kept her ready way  
 Along the strond; which, as she over-went,  
 She saw bestrowed all with rich aray  
 Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,  
 And all the gravell mixt with golden owre:  
 Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay  
 For gold, or perles, or pretious stones, an howre,  
 But them despised all; for all was in her powre.

*she splits  
is tempted  
by jewels  
but goes  
on*

xix. Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,  
 Tydings hereof came to his mothers eare:  
 His mother was the blacke-browd Cymoënt,  
 The daughter of great Nereus, which did beare  
 This warlike sonne unto an earthly peare,  
 The famous Dumarin; who, on a day  
 Finding the Nymph asleepe in secret wheare,  
 As he by chaunce did wander that same way,  
 Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay.

*jump to  
Kn's mom  
story going  
backwards*

xx. There he this knight of her begot, whom borne  
 She, of his father, Marinell did name;  
 And in a rocky cave, as wight forlorne,  
 Long time she fostred up, till he became  
 A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame  
 Did get through great adventures by him donne:  
 For never man he suffred by that same  
 Rich strond to travell, whereas he did wonne,  
 But that he must do battail with the Sea-nymphes sonne.

*Marinell  
raised in  
cave  
will battle  
sea nymphs*

xxi. An hundred knights of honorable name  
 He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made  
 That through all Faerie lond his noble fame  
 Now blazed was, and feare did all invade,  
 That none durst passen through that perilous glade:  
 And to advaunce his name and glory more,

Her Sea-god syre she dearely did perswade  
 T' endow her sonne with threasure and rich store  
 Bove all the sonnes that were of earthly wombes ybore.

xxii. The God did graunt his daughters deare demaund,  
 To 'doen his Nephew in all riches flow;  
 Eftsoones his heaped waves he did commaund  
 Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw  
 All the huge threasure, which the sea below  
 Had in his greedy gulfe devoured deepe,  
 And him enriched through the overthrow  
 And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe  
 And often wayle their wealth, which he from them did keepe.

xxiii. Shortly upon that shore there heaped was  
Exceeding riches and all pretious things,  
The spoyle of all the world; that it did pas  
 The wealth of th' East, and pompe of Persian kings:  
 Gold, ambre, yvorie, perles, owches, rings,  
 And all that els was pretious and deare,  
 The sea unto him voluntary brings;  
 That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,  
 As was in all the lond of Faery, or else wheare.

xxiv. Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,  
 Tryde often to the scath of many Deare,  
 That none in equall armes him matchen might:  
 The which his mother seeing gan to feare  
 Least his too haughtie hardines might reare  
 Some hard mishap in hazard of his life.  
 Forthy she oft him counseld to forbear  
 The bloody batteill and to stirre up strife,  
 But after all his warre to rest his wearie knife.

xxv. And, for his more assuraunce, she inquir'd  
 One day of Proteus by his mighty spell  
 (For Proteus was with prophecy inspir'd)  
 Her deare sonnes destiny to her to tell,  
 And the sad end of her sweet Marinell:  
 Who, through foresight of his eternall skill,  
 Bad her from womankind to keepe him well,  
 For of a woman he should have much ill;  
 A virgin straunge and stout him should dismay or kill.

*told to avoid girls complained*  
 xxvi. Forthy she gave him warning every day  
 The love of women not to entertaîne;  
 A lesson too too hard for living clay  
 From love in course of nature to refraine.  
 Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,  
 And ever from fayre Ladies love did fly;  
 Yet many Ladies fayre did oft complaine,  
 That they for love of him would algates dy:  
 Dy, who so list for him, he was loves enemy.

*mum tried to make him feel his women ends up liking him*  
 xxvii. But ah! who can deceive his destiny,  
 Or weene by warning to avoyd his fate?  
 That, when he sleepes in most security  
 And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,  
 And findeth dew effect or soone or late;  
 So feeble is the pewre of fleshly arme.  
 His mother bad him wemens love to hate,  
 For she of womans force did feare no harme;  
 So, weening to have arm'd him, she did quite disarme.

*its Brit that was prophesied to kill Marshall*  
 xxviii. This was that woman, this that deadly wovnd,  
 That Proteus prophecide should him dismay;  
 The which his mother vainely did expownd  
 To be hart-wownding love, which should assay  
 To bring her sonne unto his last decay.  
 So ticle be the termes of mortall state,  
 And full of subtile sophismes, which doe play  
 With double sences, and with false debate,  
 T' approve the unknownen purpose of eternall fate.

*mum seems at death swimmers in ocean home*  
 xxix. Too trew the famous Marinell it fownd,  
 Who, through late triall, on that wealthy Strond  
 Inglorious now lies in sencelesse swownd,  
 Through heavy stroke of Britomartis hond.  
 Which when his mother deare did understand,  
 And heavy tidings heard, whereas she playd  
 Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,  
 Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to have made  
 Gay girlonds from the Sun their forheads fayr to shade;

xxx. Eftesoones both flowres and girlonds far away  
 Shee flong, and her faire deawy lockes yrent;  
 To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,

And gamesom merth to grievous dreriment:  
 Shee threw her selfe downe on the Continent,  
 Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swowne,  
 Whiles all her sisters did for her lament  
 With yelling outcries, and with shrieking sowne;  
 And every one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

xxxI. Soone as shee up out of her deadly fitt  
 Arose, shee bad her charett to be brought;  
 And all her sisters that with her did sitt  
 Bad eke attonce their charets to be sought:  
 Tho, full of bitter grieve and pensife thought,  
 She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the rest,  
 And forth together went with sorrow fraught.  
 The waves, obedient to theyr behest,  
 Them yielded ready passage, and their rage surceast.

xxxII. Great Neptune stoode amazed at their sight,  
 Whiles on his broad rownd backe they softly slid,  
 And eke him selfe mournd at their mournful plight,  
 Yet wist not what their wailing ment; yet did,  
 For great compassion of their sorrow, bid  
 His mighty waters to them buxome bee:  
 Eftesoones the roaring billowes still abid,  
 And all the griesly Monsters of the See  
 Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

xxxIII. A teme of Dolphins raunged in aray  
 Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymoënt:  
 They were all taught by Triton to obey  
 To the long raynes at her commaundement:  
 As swifte as swallowes on the waves they went,  
 That their brode flaggy finnes no fome did reare,  
 Ne bubling rowndell they behinde them sent.  
 The rest, of other fishes drawen weare,  
 Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did sheare.

xxxIV. Soone as they bene arriv'd upon the brim  
 Of the Rich Strond, their charets they forlore,  
 And let their temed fishes softly swim  
 Along the margent of the fomy shore,  
 Least they their finnes should bruze, and surbate sore  
 Their tender feete upon the stony grownd:

sea animals  
come to  
body of  
Marinell

And comming to the place, where all in gore  
And cruddy blood enwallowed they fownd  
The lucklesse Marinell lying in deadly swownd,

mom  
noo  
noos  
xxxv. His mother swowned thrise, and the third time  
Could scarce recovered bee out of her paine:  
Had she not beene devoide of mortall slime,  
Shee should not then have bene relyv'd againe;  
But, soone as life recovered had the raine,  
Shee made so piteous mone and deare wayment,  
That the hard rocks could scarce from tears refraine;  
And all her sister Nymphes with one consent  
Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

xxxvi. "Deare image of my selfe," (she sayd) "that is  
The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,  
Is this thine high advauncement? O! is this  
Th' immortal name, with which thee, yet unborne,  
Thy Grandsire Nereus promist to adorne?  
Now lyest thou of life and honor reft;  
Now lyest thou a lumpe of earth forlorne;  
Ne of thy late life memory is lefte,  
Ne can thy irrevocable desteny bee wefte.

for let  
me  
know  
first!  
xxxvii. "Fond Proteus, father of false prophecis!  
And they more fond that credit to thee give!  
Not this the worke of womans hand wyis,  
That so deepe wound through these deare members  
drive.  
I feared love; but they that love doe live. ?  
But they that dye doe nether love nor hate:  
Nath'lesse to thee thy folly I forgive;  
And to my selfe, and to accursed fate,  
The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wisdom bought too late!

better  
be dead  
and  
not  
suffer  
either  
xxxviii. "O! what avails it of immortal seed  
To beene ybredd and never borne to dye?  
Farre better I it deeme to die with speed  
Then waste in woe and wayfull miserye:  
Who dyes, the utmost dolor doth abyge;  
But who that lives is lefte to waile his losse:  
So life is losse, and death felicity:  
Sad life worse then glad death; and greater crosse  
To see frends grave, then dead the grave self to engrosse.



xxxix. " But if the heavens did his dayes envie,  
 And my short blis maligne, yet mote they well  
 Thus much afford me, ere that he did die,  
 That the dim eies of my deare Marinell  
 I mote have closed, and him bed farewell,  
 Sith other offices for mother meet  
 They would not graunt——  
 Yett, maugre them, farewell, my sweetest sweet!  
 Farewell, my sweetest sonne, sith we no more shall  
 meet!"

Start reasoning body  
 XL. Thus when they all had sorowed their fill,  
 They softly gan to search his griesly wound:  
 And, that they might him handle more at will,  
 They him disarmd; and, spredding on the grownd  
 Their watchet mantles frindgd with silver rownd,  
 They softly wipt away the gelly blood  
 From th' orifice; which having well upbownd,  
 They poured in soveraine balme and Nectar good,  
 Good both for erthly med'cine and for hevenly food.

Liagore finds his alive  
 XLI. Tho when the lilly handed Liagore  
 (This Liagore whilome had learned skill  
 In leaches craft, by great Apolloes lore,  
 Sith her whilome upon high Pindus hill  
 He loved, and at last her wombe did fill  
 With heavenly seed, whereof wise Pæon sprong)  
 Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staid still  
 Some litle life his feeble sprites emong;  
 Which to his mother told, despeyre she from her flong.

carry him to Neptunes Chamber  
 XLII. Tho, up him taking in their tender hands,  
 They easely unto her charett beare:  
 Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,  
 Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,  
 And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare.  
 Then all the rest into their coches clim,  
 And through the brackish waves their passage sheare;  
 Upon great Neptunes necke they softly swim,  
 And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

XLIII. Deepe in the bottome of the sea her bowre  
 Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,



Like to thicke clouds that threat a stormy showre,  
 And vaulted all within, like to the Skye,  
 In which the Gods doe dwell eternally;  
 There they him laide in easy couch well dight,  
 And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply  
 Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might;  
 For Tryphon of sea gods the soveraine leach is hight.

*mom*  
*P.O.d*  
*it goes*  
*onward*

XLIV. The whiles the Nymphes sitt all about him rownd,  
Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight;  
 And ofte his mother, vewing his wide wovnd,  
 Cursed the hand that did so deadly smight  
 Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight:  
 But none of all those curses overtooke  
 The warlike Maide, th' ensample of that might;  
 But fairely well shee thryvd, and well did brooke  
 Her noble deeds, ne her right course for ought forsooke.

XLV. Yet did false Archimage her still pursew,  
 To bring to passe his mischievous intent,  
 Now that he had her singled from the crew  
 Of courteous knights, the Prince and Faery gent,  
 Whom late in chace of beauty excellent  
 Shee lefte, pursewing that same foster strong,  
 Of whose fowle outrage they impatient,  
 And full of firy zeale, him followed long,  
 To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her wrong.

XLVI. Through thick and thin, through mountains and  
 through playns,  
 Those two great champions did attonce pursew  
 The fearefull damzell with incessant payns;  
 Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew  
 Of hunter swifte and scent of howndes trew.  
 At last they came unto a double way;  
 Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,  
 Themselves they did dispart, each to assay  
 Whether more happy were to win so goodly pray.

XLVII. But Timias, the Princes gentle Squire,  
 That Ladies love unto his Lord forlent,  
 And with proud envy and indignant yre  
 After that wicked foster fiercely went:

So beene they three three sondry wayes ybent;  
 But fayrest fortune to the Prince befell,  
 Whose chaunce it was, that sonne he did repent,  
 To take that way in which that Damozell  
 Was fledd afore, affraid of him as feend of hell.

XLVIII. At last of her far off he gained vew.

Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,  
 And ever as he nigher to her drew,  
 So evermore he did increase his speed,  
 And of each turning still kept wary heed:  
 Alowd to her he oftentimes did call,  
 To doe away vaine doubt and needlesse dreed:  
 Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall  
 Many meeke wordes to stay and comfort her withall.

XLIX. But nothing might relent her hasty flight,

So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine  
 Was earst impressed in her gentle spright.  
 Like as a fearefull Dove, which through the raine  
 Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,  
 Having farre off espyde a Tassell gent,  
 Which after her his nimble winges doth straine,  
 Doubleth her hast for feare to bee for-hent,  
 And with her pineons cleaves the liquid firmament.

L. With no lesse hast, and eke with no lesse dreed,  
 That fearefull Ladie fledd from him, that ment  
 To her no evill thought nor evill deed;  
 Yet former feare of being fowly shent  
 Carried her forward with her first intent:  
 And though, oft looking backward, well she vewde  
 Her selfe freed from that foster insolent,  
 And that it was a knight which now her sewde,  
 Yet she no lesse the knight feared then that villen rude.

LI. His uncouth shield and straunge armes her dismayd,  
 Whose like in Faery lond were seldom seene,  
 That fast she from him fledd, no lesse afrayd  
 Then of wilde beastes if she had chased beene:  
 Yet he her followd still with corage keene.  
 So long, that now the golden Hesperus  
 Was mounted high in top of heaven sheene,

And warnd his other brethren joyeous  
To light their blessed lamps in Joves eternall hous.

LII. All suddeinly dim wox the dampish ayre,  
And griesly shadowes covered heaven bright,  
That now with thousand starres was decked fayre:  
Which when the Prince beheld, a lothfull sight,  
And that perforce, for want of lenger light,  
He mote surceasse his suit, and lose the hope  
Of his long labour, he gan fowly wyte  
His wicked fortune that had turnd aslope,  
And cursed night that reft from him so goodly scope.

LIII. Tho, when her wayes he could no more descry,  
But to and fro at disaventure strayd;  
Like as a ship, whose Lodestar suddeinly  
Covered with cloudes her Pilott hath dismayd;  
His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,  
And from his loftie steed dismounting low  
Did let him forage. Downe himselfe he layd  
Upon the grassy ground to sleepe a throw:  
The cold earth was his couch, the hard steele his pillow.

LIV. But gentle Sleepe envyde him any rest:  
In stead thereof sad sorow and disdaine  
Of his hard hap did vexe his noble brest,  
And thousand Fancies bett his ydle brayne  
With their light wings, the sights of semblants vaine.  
Oft did he wish that Lady faire mote bee  
His Faery Queene, for whom he did complaine,  
Or that his Faery Queene were such as shee;  
And ever hasty Night he blamed bitterlie.

LV. "Night! thou foule Mother of annoyaunce sad,  
Sister of heavie death, and nourse of woe,  
Which wast begot in heaven, but for thy bad  
And brutish shape thrust downe to hell below,  
Where, by the grim floud of Cocytus slow,  
Thy dwelling is in Herebus black hous,  
(Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe  
Of all the Gods,) where thou ungratious  
Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horreur hideous.

- LVI. "What had th' eternall Maker need of thee  
 The world in his continuall course to keepe,  
 That doest all thinges deface, ne lettest see  
 The beautie of his worke? Indeed, in sleepe  
 The slouthfull body that doth love to steepe  
 His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,  
 Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deepe  
 Calles thee his goddesse, in his error blind,  
 And great Dame Natures handmaide chearing every  
 kind.
- LVII. "But well I wote, that to an heavy hart  
 Thou art the roote and nourse of bitter cares,  
 Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts:  
 Instead of rest thou lendest rayling teares;  
 Instead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares  
 And dreadfull visions, in the which alive  
 The dreary image of sad death appeares:  
 So from the wearie spirit thou doest drive  
 Desired rest, and men of happinesse deprive.
- LVIII. "Under thy mantle black there hidden lye  
 Light-shonning thefte, and traiterous intent,  
 Abhorred bloodshed, and vile felony,  
 Shamefull deceipt, and daunger imminent,  
 Fowle horror, and eke hellish dreriment:  
 All these, I wote, in thy protection bee,  
 And light doe shonne for feare of being shent;  
 For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee;  
 And all that lewdnesse love doe hate the light to see.
- LIX. "For day discovers all dishonest wayes,  
 And sheweth each thing as it is in deed:  
 The prayes of high God he faire displayes,  
 And his large bountie rightly doth areed:  
 Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed  
 Which darknesse shall subdue and heaven win:  
 Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed  
 Most sacred virgin without spot of sinne.  
 Our life is day, but death with darknesse doth begin.
- LX. "O! when will day then turne to me againe,  
 And bring with him his long expected light?

egs  
or  
coming  
to  
come  
O Titan! hast to reare thy joyous waine;  
Speed thee to spread abroad thy beames bright,  
And chace away this too long lingring night;  
Chace her away, from whence she came, to hell:  
She, she it is, that hath me done despiht:  
There let her with the damned spirits dwell,  
And yield her rowme to day that can it governe well."

- LXI. Thus did the Prince that wearie night outweare  
In restlesse anguish and unquiet paine;  
And earely, ere the morrow did upreare  
His deawy head out of the Ocean maine,  
He up arose, as halfe in great disdaine,  
And clombe unto his steed. So forth he went  
With heavy look and lumpish pace, that plaine  
In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent:  
His steed eke seemd t' apply his steps to his intent.

chilly. right



## CANTO V

Prince Arthur heares of Florimell:  
 Three fosters Timias wound;  
 Belphebe findes him almost dead,  
 And reareth out of sownd.

I. WONDER it is to see in diverse mindes  
 How diversly love doth his pageaunts play,  
 And shewes his powre in variable kindes:  
 The baser wit, whose ydle thoughts alway  
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,  
 It stirreth up to sensuall desire,  
 And in lewd slouth to wast his carelesse day;  
 But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,  
 That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

II. Ne suffereth it uncomely idlenesse  
 In his free thought to build her sluggish nest,  
 Ne suffereth it thought of ungentlenesse  
 Ever to creepe into his noble brest;  
 But to the highest and the worthiest  
Lifteth it up that els would lowly fall:  
It lettes not fall, it lettes it not to rest;  
 It lettes not scarce this Prince to breath at all,  
 But to his first poursuit him forward still doth call.

III. Who long time wandred through the forest wyde  
 To finde some issue thence; till that at last  
 He met a Dwarfe that seemed terrifyde  
 With some late perill which he hardly past,  
 Or other accident which him aghast;  
 Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,  
 And whither now he traueiled so fast?  
 For sore he swat, and, ronning through that same  
 Thicke forest, was bescracht and both his feet nigh lame.

IV. Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,  
 The Dwarfe him answerd; " Sir, ill mote I stay  
 To tell the same: I lately did depart

From Faery court, where I have many a day  
Served a gentle Lady of great sway  
And high accompt through out all Elfin land,  
Who lately left the same, and tooke this way.  
Her now I seeke; and if ye understand  
Which way she fared hath, good Sir, tell out of hand."

- v. "What mister wight," (saide he) "and how arayd?"  
"Royally clad" (quoth he) "in cloth of gold,  
As meetest may besee me a noble mayd:  
Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,  
A fayrer wight did never Sunne behold;  
And on a Palfrey rydes more white then snow,  
Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold.  
The surest signe, whereby ye may her know,  
Is that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow."

- vi. "Now certes, swaine," (saide he) "such one, I weene,  
Fast flying through this forest from her fo,  
A foule ill-favoured foster, I have seene:  
Her selfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,  
But could not stay, so fast she did foregoe,  
Carried away with wings of speedy feare."  
"Ah, dearest God!" (quoth he) "that is great woe,  
And wondrous ruth to all that shall it heare:  
But can ye read, Sir, how I may her finde, or where?"

- vii. "Perdy, me lever were to weeten that,"  
(Saide he) "then ransome of the richest knight,  
Or all the good that ever yet I gat:  
But froward fortune, and too forward Night,  
Such happinesse did, maulgre, to me spight,  
And fro me reft both life and light attone.  
But, Dwarfe, aread what is that Lady bright  
That through this forest wandreth thus alone?  
For of her errour straunge I have great ruth and mone."

- viii. "That Ladie is," (quoth he) "where so she bee,  
The bountiest virgin and most debonaire  
That ever living eye, I weene, did see.  
Lives none this day that may with her compare  
In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,  
The goodly ornaments of beautie bright;

And is ycleped Florimell the fayre,  
 Faire Florimell belov'd of many a knight,  
 Yet she loves none but one, that Marinell is hight.

ix. "A Sea-nymphes sonne, that Marinell is hight,  
 Of my deare Dame is loved dearly well:  
 In other none, but him, she sets delight;  
 All her delight is set on Marinell,  
 But he sets nought at all by Florimell;  
For Ladies love his mother long ygoe  
Did him, they say, forwarne through sacred spell:  
 But fame now flies, that of a forreine foe  
 He is yslaine, which is the ground of all our woe.

x. "Five daies there be since he (they say) was slaine,  
 And fowre since Florimell the Court forwent,  
 And vowed never to returne againe,  
 Till him alive or dead she did invent.  
 Therefore, faire Sir, for love of knighthood gent,  
 And honour of trew Ladies, if ye may  
 By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,  
 Or succour her, or me direct the way,  
 Do one or other good, I you most humbly pray.

xi. "So may ye gaine to you full great renownme  
 Of all good Ladies through the worlde so wide,  
 And haply in her hart finde highest rowme  
 Of whom ye seeke to be most magnifide;  
 At least eternall meede shall you abide."  
 To whom the Prince: "Dwarfe, comfort to thee take,  
 For, till thou tidings learne what her betide,  
 I here avow thee never to forsake.  
Ill weares he armes, that nill them use for Ladies sake."

xii. So with the Dwarf he back retourn'd againe,  
 To seeke his Lady where he mote her finde;  
 But by the way he greatly gan complaine  
 The want of his good Squire late lefte behinde,  
 For whom he wondrous pensive grew in minde,  
 For doubt of daunger which mote him betide;  
 For him he loved above all mankinde,  
 Having him trew and faithfull ever tride,  
 And bold, as ever Squire that waited by knights side:

*Squire  
charges  
under who  
chased  
woman*  
XIII. Who all this while full hardly was assayd  
Of deadly daunger, which to him betidd;  
For, whiles his Lord pursewd that noble Mayd,  
After that foster fowle he fiercely ridd  
To bene avenged of the shame he did  
To that faire Damzell: Him he chaced long  
Through the thicke woods wherein he would have hid  
His shamefull head from his avengement strong,  
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

*guy escape  
out  
will  
eventually  
pay.*  
XIV. Nathlesse the villein sped himselfe so well,  
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedie beast,  
Or knowledge of those woods where he did dwell,  
That shortly he from daunger was releast,  
And out of sight escaped at the least:  
Yet not escaped from the dew reward  
Of his bad deedes, which daily he increast,  
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard  
The heavie plague that for such leachours is prepard.

*went  
home  
got brothers  
speed at  
squire*  
XV. For soone as he was vanisht out of sight,  
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,  
And cast t' avenge him of that fowle despight  
Which he had borne of his bold enimee:  
Tho to his brethren came, for they were three  
Ungratious children of one gracelesse syre,  
And unto them complayned how that he  
Had used beene of that foolehardie Squyre:  
So them with bitter words he stird to bloodie yre.

*brothers  
off to get  
squire and  
William  
in forest*  
XVI. Forthwith themselves with their sad instruments  
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme bylive,  
And with him foorth into the forest went  
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst revive  
In their sterne brests, on him which late did drive  
Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight;  
For they had vow'd that never he alive  
Out of that forest should escape their might:  
Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with such despight.

XVII. Within that wood there was a covert glade,  
Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,  
Through which it was uneath for wight to wade;

And now by fortune it was overflowne.  
 By that same way they knew that Squire unknowne  
 Mote algates passe: forthy themselves they set  
 There in await with thicke woods overgrowne,  
 And all the while their malice they did whet  
 With cruell threats his passage through the ford to let.

xviii. It fortun'd, as they devised had:  
 The gentle Squire came ryding that same way,  
 Unweeting of their wile and treason bad,  
 And through the ford to passen did assay;  
 But that fierce foster, which late fled away,  
 Stoutly foorth stepping on the further shore,  
 Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,  
 Till he had made amends, and full restore  
 For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

xix. With that at him a quiv'ring dart he threw,  
 With so fell force, and villenous despite,  
 That through his haberjeon the forkehead flew,  
 And through the linked mayles empierced quite,  
 But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite.  
 That stroke the hardy Squire did sore displease,  
 But more that him he could not come to smite;  
 For by no meanes the high banke he could sease,  
 But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine disease.

xx. And still the foster with his long bore-speare  
 Him kept from landing at his wished will.  
 Anone one sent out of the thicket neare  
 A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,  
 And fethered with an unlucky quill:  
 The wicked steele stayd not till it did light  
 In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:  
 Exceeding grieve that wound in him empight,  
 But more that with his foes he could not come to fight.

xxi. At last, through wrath and vengeaunce making way,  
 He on the bancke arrayvd with mickle payne,  
 Where the third brother him did sore assay,  
 And drove at him with all his might and mayne  
 A forest-bill, which both his hands did strayne;  
 But warily he did avoide the blow,



And with his speare requited him againe,  
That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,  
And a large streame of blood out of the wound did flow.

xxii. He, tombling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite  
The bitter earth, and bad to lett him in  
Into the balefull house of endlesse night,  
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin.  
Tho gan the battaile freshly to begin;  
For nathemore for that spectacle bad  
Did th' other two their cruell vengeance blin,  
But both attonce on both sides him bestad,  
And load upon him layd his life for to have had.

xxiii. Tho when that villayn he aviz'd, which late  
Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,  
Full of fiers fury and indignant hate  
To him he turned, and with rigor fell  
Smote him so rudely on the Pannikell,  
That to the chin he cleft his head in twaine.  
Downe on the ground his carkas groveling fell:  
His sinfull sowle with desperate disdaine  
Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place of paine.

xxiv. That seeing, now the only last of three  
Who with that wicked shafte him wounded had,  
Trembling with horror, as that did foresee  
The fearefull end of his avengement sad,  
Through which he follow should his brethren bad,  
His bootelesse bow in feeble hand upcaught,  
And therewith shott an arrow at the lad;  
Which, fayntly fluttering, scarce his helmet raught,  
And glauncing fel to ground, but him annoyed naught.

xxv. With that he would have fled into the wood;  
But Timias him lightly overhent,  
Right as he entring was into the flood,  
And strooke at him with force so violent,  
That headlesse him into the foord he sent:  
The carcas with the streame was carried downe.  
But th' head fell backward on the Continent;  
So mischief fel upon the meaners crowne.  
They three be dead with shame, the Squire lives with  
renowne.

xxvi. He lives, but takes small joy of his renowne;  
 For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,  
 That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne:  
 Yet still the blood forth gusht in so great store,  
 That he lay wallowd all in his owne gore.  
 Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest squire alive,  
 Els shall thy loving Lord thee see no more;  
 But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,  
 And eke thy selfe of honor which thou didst atchive.

xxvii. Providence heavenly passeth living thought,  
 And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;  
 For loe! great grace or fortune thither brought  
 Comfort to him that comfortlesse now lay.  
 In those same woods ye well remember may  
 How that a noble hunteresse did wonne,  
 Shee, that base Braggadochio did affray,  
 And make him fast out of the forest ronne;  
Belphebe was her name, as faire as Phœbus sunne.

xxviii. She on a day, as shee pursewd the chace  
 Of some wilde beast, which with her arrowes keene  
 She wounded had, the same along did trace  
 By tract of blood, which she had freshly seene  
 To have besprinckled all the grassy greene:  
 By the great persue which she there perceav'd,  
 Well hoped shee the beast engor'd had beene,  
 And made more haste the life to have bereav'd;  
 But ah! her expectation greatly was deceav'd.

xxix. Shortly she came whereas that wofull Squire,  
 With blood deformed, lay in deadly swownd;  
 In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,  
 The Christall humor stood congealed rownd;  
 His locks, like faded leaves fallen to grownd,  
 Knotted with blood in bouches rudely ran;  
 And his sweete lips, on which before that stownd  
 The bud of youth to blossome faire began,  
 Spoild of their rosy red were woxen pale and wan.

xxx. Saw never living eie more heavy sight,  
 That could have made a rocke of stone to rew,  
 Or rive in twaine: which when that Lady bright,

in fear  
then comes  
back

Besides all hope, with melting eies did vew,  
All suddenly abasht shee chaunged hew,  
And with sterne horror backward gan to start;  
But when shee better him beheld shee grew  
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart:  
The point of pity perced through her tender hart.



Chances for  
him, his  
enables  
Lullies of  
wonder  
and heart

xxxI. Meekely shee bowed downe, to weete if life  
Yett in his frosen members did remaine;  
And, feeling by his pulses beating rife  
That the weake sowle her seat did yett retaine,  
She cast to comfort him with busie paine.  
His double folded necke she reard upright,  
And rubd his temples and each trembling vaine;  
His mayled haberjeon shee did undight,  
And from his head his heavy burganet did light.

runs  
to  
wound, in  
herbs  
wound  
with herbs

xxxII. Into the woods thenceforth in haste shee went,  
To seeke for hearbes that mote him remedy;  
For shee of herbes had great intendiment,  
Taught of the Nymphe which from her infancy  
Her nourced had in trew Nobility:  
There, whether yt divine Tobacco were,  
Or Panachæa, or Polygony,  
Shee fownd, and brought it to her patient deare,  
Who al this while lay bleeding out his hartblood neare.

int herbs  
put in  
around  
and  
bandages

xxxIII. The soveraine weede betwixt two marbles plaine  
Shee powdered small, and did in peeces bruze;  
And then atweene her lilly handes twaine  
Into his wound the juice thereof did scruze;  
And round about, as shee could well it uze,  
The flesh therewith shee suppld and did steepe,  
T' abate all spasme, and soke the swelling bruze;  
And, after having searcht the intuse deepe,  
Shee with her scarf did bind the wound from cold to  
keepe.

xxxIV. By this he had sweet life recur'd agayne,  
And, groning inly deepe, at last his eies,  
His watry eies drizling like deawy rayne,  
He up gan lifte toward the azure skies,  
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:  
Therewith he sigh'd; and, turning him aside,

The goodly Maide, ful of divinities  
And gifts of heavenly grace, he by him spide,  
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

xxxv. "Mercy, deare Lord!" (said he) "what grace is this  
That thou hast shewed to me sinfull wight,  
To send thine Angell from her bowre of blis  
To comfort me in my distressed plight.  
Angell, or Goddesse doe I call thee right?  
What service may I doe unto thee meete,  
That hast from darkenes me returnd to light,  
And with thy hevenly salves and med'cines sweete  
Hast drest my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy blessed  
feete."

xxxvi. Thereat she blushing said; "Ah! gentle Squire,  
Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell; but the Mayd  
And daughter of a woody Nymph, desire  
No service but thy safety and ayd;  
Which if thou gaine, I shal be well apayd.  
Wee mortall wights, whose lives and fortunes bee  
To commun accidents stil open layd,  
Are bound with commun bond of frailtee,  
To succor wretched wights whom we captived sec."

xxxvii. By this her Damzells, which the former chace  
Had undertaken after her, arrayv'd,  
As did Belphebe, in the bloody place,  
And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriv'd  
Of life, whom late their ladies arrow ryv'd:  
Forthy the bloody tract they followd fast,  
And every one to ronne the swiftest stryv'd;  
But two of them the rest far overpast,  
And where their Lady was arrived at the last.

xxxviii. Where when they saw that goodly boy with blood  
Defowled, and their Lady dresse his wownd,  
They wondred much; and shortly understood  
How him in deadly cace theyr Lady fownd,  
And reskewed out of the heavy stownd.  
Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd  
Farre in the woodes whiles that he lay in swownd,  
She made those Damzels search; which being stayd,  
They did him set thereon, and forth with them convayd.

xxxix. Into that forest farre they thence him led,  
 Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade  
 With mountaines rownd about environed,  
 And mightie woodes which did the valley shade  
 And like a stately Theatre it made,  
 Spreading it selfe into a spatious plaine:  
 And in the midst a little river plaide  
 Emongst the pumy stones, which seemd to plaine  
 With gentle murmure that his cours they did restraine.

xl. Beside the same a dainty place there lay,  
 Planted with mirtle trees and laurells greene,  
 In which the birds song many a lovely lay  
 Of Gods high praise, and of their loves sweet teene,  
 As it an earthly Paradize had beene:  
 In whose enclosed shadow there was pight  
 A faire Pavilion, scarcely to bee seene,  
 The which was al within most richly dight,  
 That greatest Princes liking it mote well delight.

xli. Thither they brought that wounded Squire, and layd  
 In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest.  
 He rested him awhile; and then the Mayd  
 His readie wound with better salves new drest:  
 Daily she dressed him, and did the best  
 His grievous hurt to guarish, that she might;  
 That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,  
 And his foule sore reduced to faire plight:  
 It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

xlII. O foolish physick, and unfruitfull paine,  
 That heales up one, and makes another wound!  
 She his hurt thigh to him recurd againe,  
 But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,  
 Through an unwary dart, which did rebownd  
 From her faire eyes and gracious countenance.  
 What bootes it him from death to be unbownd,  
 To be captived in endlesse duraunce  
 Of sorrow and despeyre without aleggeaunce!

xlIII. Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,  
 So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd:  
 Madnesse to save a part, and lose the whole!



Still whenas he beheld the heavenly Mayd,  
 Whiles dayly playsters to his wovnd she layd,  
 So still his Malady the more increast,  
 The whiles her matchlesse beautie him dismayd.  
 Ah God! what other could he do at least,  
 But love so fayre a Lady that his life releast?

XLIV. Long while he strove in his corageous brest  
 With reason dew the passion to subdew,  
 And love for to dislodge out of his nest:  
 Still when her excellencies he did vew,  
 Her souveraine bountie and celestially hew,  
 The same to love he strongly was constraynd;  
 But when his meane estate he did reweu,  
 He from such hardy boldnesse was restraynd,  
 And of his lucklesse lott and cruell love thus playnd:

XLV. "Unthankfull wretch," (said he) "is this the meed,  
 With which her souverain mercy thou doest quight?  
 Thy life she saved by her gracious deed;  
 But thou doest weene with villeinous despight  
 To blott her honour, and her heavenly light.  
 Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally  
 Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light:  
 Fayre death it is, to shonne more shame, to dy:  
 Dye rather, dy, then ever love disloyally.

XLVI. "But if to love disloyalty it bee,  
 Shall I then hate her that from deathes dore  
 Me brought? ah, farre be such reproch fro mee!  
 What can I lesse doe then her love therefore,  
 Sith I her dew reward cannot restore?  
 Dye rather, dye, and dying doe her serve;  
 Dying her serve, and living her adore;  
 Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve:  
 Dye rather, dye, then ever from her service swerve.

XLVII. "But, foolish boy, what bootes thy service bace  
 To her to whom the heavens doe serve and sew?  
 Thou, a meane Squyre of meeke and lowly place;  
 She, heavenly borne and of celestially hew.  
 How then? of all love taketh equall vew;  
 And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take

oscillates  
over whether  
or not he's  
well enough?  
for her.

The love and service of the basest crew?  
If she will not, dye meekly for her sake:  
Dye rather, dye, then ever so faire love forsake!"

cure of  
worry he  
gets worse  
and is  
getting inside  
(dysentery)

XLVIII. Thus warreid he long time against his will;  
Till that through weaknesse he was forst at last  
To yield himselfe unto the mightie ill,  
Which, as a victour proud, gan ransack fast  
His inward partes, and all his entrayles wast,  
That neither blood in face nor life in hart  
It left, but both did quite drye up and blast;  
As percing levin, which the inner part  
Of every thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

Belphe.  
worries.  
Sq. want  
tell her he  
is in on

XLIX. Which seeing fayre Belphoebe gan to feare,  
Least that his wound were inly well not heald,  
Or that the wicked steele empoysned were:  
Little shée weend that love he close conceald.  
Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeald  
When the bright sunne his beams theron doth beat:  
Yet never he his hart to her reveald;  
But rather chose to dye for sorow great,  
Then with dishonorable termes her to entreat.

she feels  
love for  
him?

L. She, gracious Lady, yet no paines did spare  
To doe him ease, or doe him remedy.  
Many Restoratives of vertues rare,  
And costly Cordialles she did apply,  
To mitigate his stubborne malady:  
But that sweet Cordiall, which can restore  
A love-sick hart, she did to him envy;  
To him, and to all th' unworthy world forlore  
She did envy that soveraine salve in secret store

☆

9

LI. That daintie-Rose, the daughter of her Morne,  
More deare then life she tendered, whose flowre  
The girland of her honour did adorne:  
Ne suffred she the Middayes scorching powre,  
Ne the sharp Northerne wind thereon to showre:  
But lapped up her silken leaves most chayre,  
When so the froward skye began to lowre;  
But, soone as calmed was the christall ayre,  
She did it fayre dispred and let to flourish fayre.

Belphe.  
in  
conf  
he die

LII. Eternall God, in his almightie powre,  
 To make ensample of his heavenly grace,  
 In Paradize whylome did plant this flowre;  
 Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,  
 And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,  
 That mortall men her glory should admyre.  
 In gentle Ladies breste and bounteous race  
 Of woman kind it fayrest Flowre doth spyre,  
 And beareth fruit of honour and all chast desyre.

she's  
perfect  
to god

LIII. Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright shining beames  
 Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,  
 And to your willes both royalties and Reames  
 Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might,  
 With this fayre flowre your goodly girlonds dight  
 Of chastity and vertue virginall,  
 That shall embellish more your beautie bright,  
 And crowne your heades with heavenly coronall,  
 Such as the Angels weare before Gods tribunall!

pure  
is  
A I  
important

LIV. To your faire selves a faire ensample frame  
 Of this faire yirgin, this Belphebe fayre;  
 To whom, in perfect love and spotlesse fame  
 Of chastitie, none living may compayre:  
 Ne poysnous Envy justly can empayre  
 The prayse of her fresh flowring Maydenhead;  
 Forthy she standeth on the highest stayre  
 Of th' honorable stage of womanhead,  
 That Ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

Bel is  
best exam  
of perfect  
woman

LV. In so great prayse of stedfast chastity  
 Nathlesse she was so courteous and kynde,  
Tempred with grace and goodly modesty,  
That seemed those two vertues strove to fynd  
The higher place in her Heroick mynd:  
 So striving each did other more augment,  
 And both encreast the prayse of woman kynde,  
 And both encreast her beautie excellent:  
 So all did make in her a perfect complement.

X

she's a  
perfect  
quite  
sweet  
woman  
to be  
admired

## CANTO VI

The birth of fayre Belphebe and  
Of Amorett is told:  
The Gardins of Adonis fraught  
With pleasures manifold.

- i. WELL may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while  
Ye wonder how this noble Damozell  
So great perfections did in her compile,  
Sith that in salvage forests she did dwell,  
So farre from court and royall Citadell,  
The great schoolmaistresse of all courtesy:  
Seemeth that such wilde woodes should far expell  
All civile usage and gentility,  
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

- II. But to this faire Belphebe in her berth  
The heavens so favorable were and free,  
Looking with myld aspect upon the earth  
In th' Horoscope of her nativitee,  
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee  
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne:  
Jove laught on Venus from his soverayne see,  
And Phœbus with faire beames did her adorne,  
And all the Graces rockt her cradle being borne.

- III. Her berth was of the wombe of Morning dew,  
And her conception of the joyous Prime;  
And all her whole creation did her shew  
Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime  
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.  
So was this virgin borne, so was she bred;  
So was she trayned up from time to time  
In all chaste vertue and true bounti-hed,  
Till to her dew perfection she were ripened.

- iv. Her mother was the faire Chrysogonee,  
The daughter of Amphisa, who by race  
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree.

Turns away from  
Dissimulation

where:  
Bel from  
said thin  
woods  
would  
make h  
trough

when  
born she  
go all

groomed  
as  
child to  
be with



- She bore Belphebe; she bore in like cace  
Fayre Amoretta in the second place;

These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did share  
The heritage of all celestiaall grace;  
That all the rest it seemd they robbed bare  
Of bounty, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.

- v. It were a goodly storie to declare  
By what straunge accident faire Chrysogone  
Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bare  
In this wilde forrest wandring all alone,  
After she had nine moneths fulfild and gone:  
For not as other wemens commune brood  
They were enwombed in the sacred throne  
Of her chaste bodie; nor with commune food,  
As other wemens babes, they sucked vitall blood:

- vi. But wondrously they were begot and bred  
Through influence of th' hevens fruitfull ray.  
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.  
It was upon a Sommers shinie day,  
When Titan faire his beames did display,  
In a fresh fountaine, far from all mens vew,  
She bath'd her brest the boyling heat t' allay;  
She bath'd with roses red and violets blew,  
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forrest grew:

- vii. Till faint through yrksome wearines, adowne  
Upon the grassy ground her selfe she layd  
To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slombring swowne  
Upon her fell, all naked bare displayd.  
The sunbeames bright upon her body playd,  
Being through former bathing mollifide,  
And pierst into her wombe, where they embayd  
With so sweete sence and secret powre unspide,  
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructifide.

- viii. Miraculous may seeme to him that reades  
So straunge ensample of conception;  
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades  
Of all things living, through impression  
Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion,  
Doe life conceive and quickned are by kynd:



# Book III—Canto VI

So, after Nilus inundation,  
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd  
Informed in the mud on which the Sunne hath shynd.

sure its for  
best sun can  
things grow

ix. Great father he of generation  
Is rightly cald, th' authour of life and light;  
And his faire sister for creation  
Ministreth matter fit, which, tempred right  
With heate and humour, breeds the living wight.  
So sprong these twinnes in womb of Chrysogone;  
Yet wist she nought thereof, but sore affright,  
Wondred to see her belly so upblone,  
Which still increast till she her terme had full outgone.

twinns  
growing pos  
9 months

x. Whereof conceiving shame and foule disgrace,  
Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,  
She fled into the wilderness a space,  
Till that unweeldy burden she had reard,  
And shund dishonor which as death she feard:  
Where, wearie of long traveill, downe to rest  
Her selfe she set, and comfortably cheard:  
There a sad cloud of sleepe her overkest,  
And seized every sence with sorrow sore opprest.

takes off to  
woods in sh  
sleeps

xi. It fortun'd, faire Venus having lost  
Her little sonne, the winged god of love,  
Who, for some light displeasure which him crost.  
Was from her fled as flit as ayery Dove,  
And left her blisfull bowre of joy above:  
(So from her often he had fled away,  
When she for ought him sharpely did reprove,  
And wandred in the world in straunge aray,  
Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him bewray.)

Venus wand  
woods in  
guise

xii. Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous,  
The house of goodly formes and faire aspect,  
Whence all the world derives the glorious  
Features of beautie, and all shapes select,  
With which high God his workmanship hath deckt;  
And searched everie way through which his wings  
Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect:  
She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things,  
Unto the man that of him tydings to her brings.

she(?)  
promise  
all to  
person wh  
finds  
more

- Went in  
sought  
they said  
e's d  
in sum*  
 XIII. First she him sought in Court, where most he us'd  
 Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;  
 But many there she found which sore accus'd  
 His falshood, and with fowle infamous blot  
 His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did spot:  
 Ladies and Lordes she everywhere mote heare  
 Complayning, how with his empoysned shot  
 Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare  
 And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare.
- all she  
et said  
eyd seen  
in and  
e was  
shit  
isturber*  
 XIV. She then the Cities sought from gate to gate,  
 And everie one did aske, did he him see?  
 And everie one her answerd, that too late  
 He had him seene, and felt the crueltee  
 Of his sharpe dartes and whot artilleree:  
 And every one threw forth reproches rife  
 Of his mischievous deedes, and sayd that hee  
 Was the disturber of all civill life,  
 The enemy of peace, and authour of all strife.
- in country  
ey say  
me thing  
e still  
smiles*  
 XV. Then in the cuntry she abroad him sought,  
 And in the rurall cottages inquir'd;  
 Where also many plaintes to her were brought,  
How he their heedelesse harts with love had fir'd,  
And his false venim through their veines inspir'd:  
 And eke the gentle Shepheard swaynes, which sat  
 Keeping their fleecy flockes as they were hyr'd,  
 She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what  
 Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile thereat.
- sought  
Nymphs  
woods  
where he  
ight be*  
 XVI. But when in none of all these she him got,  
 She gan avize where els he mote him hyde:  
 At last she her bethought that she had not  
 Yet sought the salvage woods and forests wyde;  
 In which full many lovely Nymphes abyde;  
 Mongst whom might be that he did closely lye,  
 Or that the love of some of them him tyde:  
 Forthy she thither cast her course t' apply,  
 To search the secret haunts of Dianes company.
- XVII. Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came,  
 Whereas she found the Goddessse with her crew,  
 After late chace of their embrewed game,

Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew;  
Some of them washing with the liquid dew  
From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat  
And soyle, which did deforme their lively hew;  
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat,  
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

xviii. She, having hong upon a bough on high  
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste  
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,  
And her lanck loynes ungirt, and brests unbraste,  
After her heat the breathing cold to taste:  
Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright  
Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,  
Now loose about her shoulders hong undight,  
And were with sweet Ambrosia all besprinckled light.

xix. Soone as she Venus saw behinde her backe,  
She was asham'd to be so loose surpriz'd;  
And woxe halfe wroth against her damzels slacke,  
That had not her thereof before aviz'd,  
But suffred her so carelessly disguiz'd  
Be overtaken. Soone her garments loose  
Upgath'ring, in her bosome she compriz'd  
Well as she might, and to the Goddesse rose;  
Whiles all her Nymphes did like a girlond her enclose.

xx. Goodly she gan faire Cytherea greet,  
And shortly asked her, what cause her brought  
Into that wilderness for her unmeet,  
From her sweete bowres, and beds with pleasures fraught?  
That suddein chaunge she straunge adventure thought.  
To whom halfe weeping she thus answered;  
That she her dearest sonne Cupido sought,  
Who in his frowardnes from her was fled,  
That she repented sore to have him angered.

xxi. Thereat Diana gan to smile, in scorne  
Of her vaine playnt, and to her scoffing sayd:  
"Great pittty sure that ye be so forlorne  
Of your gay sonne, that gives ye so good ayd  
To your disports: ill mote ye bene apayd."  
But she was more engrieved, and replide;

"Faïre sister, ill beseemes it to upbrayd  
A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride:  
The like that mine may be your paine another tide.

don't cry  
so much

xxii. "As you in woods and wanton wilderness  
Your glory sett to chace the salvage beasts,  
So my delight is all in joyfulness,  
In beds, in bowres, in banckets, and in feasts:  
And ill becomes you, with your lofty creasts,  
To scorne the joy that Jove is glad to seeke:  
We both are bownd to follow heavens behests,  
And tend our charges with obeisaunce meeke.  
Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to eeke;

don't  
god has  
a plan for  
us all

xxiii. "And tell me, if that ye my sonne have heard  
To lurke emongst your Nymphes in secret wize,  
Or keepe their cabins: much I am affeard  
Least he like one of them him selfe disguise,  
And turne his arrowes to their exercize.  
So may he long him selfe full easie hide;  
For he is faïre and fresh in face and guize  
As any Nimphe; (let not it be envide.)"  
So saying, every Nymph full narrowly shee eide.

he could  
see  
nymph  
is  
for him

xxiv. But Phœbe therewith sore was angered,  
And sharply saide: "Goe, Dame; goe, seeke your boy,  
Where you him lately left, in Mars his bed:  
He comes not here; we scorne his foolish joy,  
Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy:  
But if I catch him in this company,  
By Stygian lake I vow, whose sad annoy  
The Gods doe dread, he dearly shall aby:—  
He clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall flye."

get  
lost  
if he  
here  
get it

xxv. Whom whenas Venus saw so sore displeasd,  
Shee inly sory was, and gan relent  
What shee had said; so her she soone appeasd  
With sugred words and gentle blandishment,  
Which as a fountaine from her sweete lips went.  
And welled goodly forth, that in short space  
She was well pleasd, and forth her damzells sent  
Through all the woods, to search from place to place,  
If any tract of him or tidings they mote trace.

Venus  
feels  
bad  
search for  
him



xxvi. To search the God of love her Nymphes she sent —  
Throughout the wandring forest every where:  
And after them her selfe eke with her went  
To seeke the fugitive both farre and nere.  
So long they sought, till they arriv'd were  
In that same shady covert whereas lay  
Faيرة Crysogone in slombry traunce whilere;  
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)  
Unwares had borne two babes, as faire as springing day.

I sent for  
Crysogone  
with  
twins

xxvii. Unwares she them conceivd, unwares she bore:  
She bore withouten paine, that she conceiv'd  
Withouten pleasure; ne her need implore  
Lucinaes aide: which when they both perceiv'd,  
They were through wonder nigh of sence berev'd,  
And gazing each on other nought bespake.  
At last they both agreed her seeming griev'd  
Out of her heavie sworne not to awake  
But from her loving side the tender babes to take. ||

see she  
was unh  
so they  
took 2  
kids

xxviii. Up they them tooke; each one a babe uptooke,  
And with them carried to be fostered.  
Dame Phœbe to a Nymphe her babe betooke  
To be brought up in perfect Maydenhed,  
And, of her selfe, her name Belphebe red:  
But Venus hers thence far away convayd,  
To be upbrought in goodly womanhed;  
And, in her litle loves stead, which was strayd,  
Her Amoretta cald, to comfort her dismayd.

Phoebe takes  
one: calls  
Belphebe  
Venus's is  
Amoretta

both to be  
brought up  
in sister

xxix. Shee brought her to her joyous Paradize,  
Wher most she wonnes when she on earth does dwell;  
So faire a place as Nature can devize:  
Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,  
Or it in Gnidus bee, I wote not well;  
But well I wote by triall, that this same  
All other pleasaunt places doth excell,  
And called is by her lost lovers name,  
The Gardin of Adonis, far renowmd by fame.

Brought  
her to  
place of  
paradise


paradise  
copious  
sensuous  
with incense  
flowers

xxx. In that same Gardin all the goodly flowres,  
Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautify,  
And decks the girlonds of her Paramoures,

↓



Are fetcht: there is the first seminary  
Of all things that are borne to live and dye,  
According to their kynds. Long worke it were  
 Here to account the endlesse progeny  
 Of all the weeds that bud and blossome there;  
 But so much as doth need must needs be counted here.

xxxI. It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,  
 And girt in with two walls on either side;  
 The one of yron, the other of bright gold,  
 That none might thorough breake, nor overstride:  
 And double gates it had which opened wide,  
 By which both in and out men moten pas:   
 Th' one faire and fresh, the other old and dride.  
 Old Genius the porter of them was,  
 Old Genius, the which a double nature has.

xxxII. He letteth in, he letteth out to wend --  
 All that to come into the world desire: --  
 A thousand thousand naked babes attend  
 About him day and night, which doe require  
 That he with fleshly weeds would them attire:  
 Such as him list, such as eternall fate  
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,  
 And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,  
Till they agayn returne backe by the hinder gate.

xxxIII. After that they again retourned beene,  
They in that Gardin planted bee agayne,  
And grow afresh, as they had never seene  
 Fleshly corruption, nor mortall payne.  
 Some thousand yeares so doen they there remayne,  
 And then of him are clad with other hew,  
 Or sent into the chaungefull world agayne,  
 Till thither they retourne where first they grew:  
So, like a wheele, arownd they ronne from old to new.

xxxIV. Ne needs there Gardiner to sett or sow,  
 To plant or prune; for of their owne accord  
All things, as they created were, doe grow,  
 And yet remember well the mighty word  
 Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,  
That bad them to increase and multiply:

Ne doe they need with water of the ford,  
Or of the clouds, to moysten their roots dry;  
For in themselves eternall moisture they imply.

people  
little  
point

xxxv. Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,  
And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew:  
And every sort is in a sondry bed  
Sett by it selfe, and ranckt in comely rew;  
Some fitt for reasonable sowles t' indew;  
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare;  
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew  
In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,  
That seemd the Ocean could not containe them there.

xxxvi. Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent  
Into the world, it to replenish more;  
Yet is the stocke not lessened nor spent,  
But still remaines in everlasting store,  
As it at first created was of yore:  
For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,  
In hateful darknes and in deepe horrore,  
An huge eternall Chaos, which supplies  
The substaunces of natures fruitful progenyes.

propagation  
forever

the  
won

xxxvii. All things from thence doe their first being fetch,  
And borrow matter whereof they are made;  
Which, whenas forme and feature it does ketch,  
Becomes a body, and doth then invade  
The state of life out of the griesly shade.  
That substaunce is eterne, and bideth so;  
Ne when the life decayes and forme does fade,  
Doth it consume and into nothing goe,  
But chaunged is, and often altdred to and froe.

NB

xxxviii. The substaunce is not chaungd nor altered,  
But th' only forme and outward fashion;  
For every substaunce is conditioned  
To chaunge her hew, and sondry formes to don,  
Meet for her temper and complexion:  
For formes are variable, and decay  
By course of kinde and by occasion;  
And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,  
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

✓ xxxix. Great enemy to it, and to all the rest  
*death comes to all*  
 That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,  
Is wicked Tyme; who with his scyth addrest  
 Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly things,  
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,  
Where they do wither, and are fowly mard:  
 He flyes about, and with his flaggy winges  
 Beates downe both leaves and buds without regard,  
 Ne ever pitty may relent his malice hard.

*Venus's girls enter here where all will die*  
 xl. Yet pitty often did the gods relent,  
 To see so faire things mard and spoiled quight;  
 And their great mother Venus did lament  
 The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight:  
 Her hart was pierst with pitty at the sight,  
 When walking through the Gardin them she saw,  
Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight:  
For all that lives is subject to that law;  
All things decay in time, and to their end doe draw.

xli. But were it not that Time their troubler is,  
 All that in this delightfull Gardin growes  
 Should happy bee, and have immortall blis:  
 For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes;  
And sweete love gentle fitts emongst them throwes,  
 Without fell rancor or fond gealosy.  
 Franckly each Paramor his leman knowes,  
 Each bird his mate; ne any does envy  
 Their goodly meriment and gay felicity.

xlII. There is continuall Spring, and harvest there  
Continuall, both meeting at one tyme;  
 For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,  
 And with fresh colours decke the wanton Pryme,  
 And eke attonce the heavy trees they clyme,  
 Which seeme to labour under their fruites lode:  
 The whiles the joyous birdes make their pastyme  
 Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,  
 And their trew loves without suspicion tell abroad.

xlIII. Right in the midst of that Paradise  
 There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top  
 A gloomy grove of mirtle trees did rise,

Whose shady boughes sharp steele did never lop,  
 Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did crop,  
 But like a girlond compassed the hight;  
 And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum did drop,  
 That all the ground, with pretious deaw bedight,  
 Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.

XLIV. And in the thickest covert of that shade  
There was a pleasaunt Arber, not by art  
But of the trees owne inclination made,  
 Which knitting their rancke braunches, part to part,  
 With wanton yvie twine entrayld athwart,  
 And Eglantine and Caprifole emong,  
 Fashiond above within their inmost part,  
 That nether Phœbus beams could through them throng,  
 Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

XLV. And all about grew every sort of flowre,  
 To which sad lovers were transformde of yore;  
 Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus paramoure  
 And dearest love;  
 Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry shore;  
 Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,  
 Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore  
 Me seemes I see Amintas wretched fate,  
 To whom sweete Poets verse hath given endlesse date.

XLVI. There wont fayre Venus often to enjoy  
 Her deare Adonis joyous company,  
 And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy:  
 There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,  
 Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,  
 By her hid from the world, and from the skill  
 Of Stygian Gods, which doe her love envy;  
 But she her selfe, when ever that she will,  
 Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill.

XLVII. And sooth, it seemes, they say; for he may not  
 For ever dye, and ever buried bee  
 In balefull night, where all thinges are forgot:  
All be he subject to mortalitie,  
Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,  
And by succession made perpetuall,

Transformed oft, and chaunged diverslie;  
 For him the Father of all formes they call:  
 Therfore needs mote he live, that living gives to all. pl.

XLVIII. There now he liveth in eternall blis,  
 Joying his goddesse, and of her enjoyd;  
 Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,  
 Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd:  
 For that wilde Bore, the which him once annoyd,  
She firmly hath emprisoned for ay,  
 That her sweet love his malice mote avoyd,  
 In a strong rocky Cave, which is, they say,  
 Hewen underneath that Mount, that none him losen may.

XLIX. There now he lives in everlasting joy,  
 With many of the Gods in company  
 Which thither haunt, and with the winged boy,  
 Sporting him selfe in safe felicity:  
 Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty  
 Ransackt the world, and in the wofull harts  
 Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,  
 Thither resortes, and, laying his sad dartes  
 Asyde, with faire Adonis playes his wanton partes.

L. And his trew love faire Psyche with him playes,  
 Fayre Psyche to him lately reconcyld,  
 After long troubles and unmeet upbrayes  
 With which his mother Venus her revyld,  
 And eke himselfe her cruelly exyld:  
 But now in stedfast love and happy state  
 She with him lives, and hath him borne a chyld,  
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,  
 Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late. Soul

LI. Hither great Venus brought this infant fayre  
 The yonger daughter of Chrysogonee,  
 And unto Psyche with great trust and care  
 Committed her, yfostered to bee  
 And trained up in trew feminitee;  
 Who no lesse carefully her tendered  
 Then her owne daughter Pleasure, to whom shee  
 Made her companion, and her lessoned  
In all the lore of love, and goodly womanhead.




- LII. In which when she to perfect ripenes grew,  
 Of grace and beautie noble Paragone,  
 She brought her forth into the worldes vew,  
 To be th' ensample of true love alone,  
 And Lodestarre of all chaste affection  
 To all fayre Ladies that doe live on grownd.  
 To Faery court she came; where many one  
 Admyrd her goodly haveour, and fownd  
 His feeble hart wide launched with loves cruel wownd.
- LIII. But she to none of them her love did cast,  
Save to the noble knight Sir Scudamore,  
To whom her loving hart she linked fast  
In faithfull love, t' abide for evermore;  
And for his dearest sake endured sore  
 Sore trouble of an hainous enemy,  
 Who her would forced have to have forlore  
 Her former love and stedfast loialty,  
 As ye may elsewhere reade that ruefull history.
- LIV. But well I weene, ye first desire to learne  
 What end unto that fearefull Damozell,  
 Which fledd so fast from that same foster stearne  
 Whom with his brethren Timias slew, befell:  
 That was, to weet, the goodly Florimell;  
 Who wandring for to seeke her lover deare,  
 Her lover deare, her dearest Marinell,  
 Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,  
 And from Prince Arthure fled with wings of idle feare.

many  
 fed in the  
 sick to

love  
 send  
 forced to  
 love  
 another

## CANTO VII

The witches sonne loves Florimell:  
 She flyes; he faines to dy.  
 Satyrane saves the Squyre of Dames  
 From Gyaunts tyranny.

- runs  
in  
fear*
- I. LIKE as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,  
 That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,  
 Yet flyes away of her owne feete afeard,  
 And every leafe, that shaketh with the least  
 Murmure of winde, her terror hath encreast;  
 So fledd fayre Florimell from her vaine feare,  
 Long after she from perill was releast:  
 Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did heare,  
 Did seeme to be the same which she escapt whileare.
- II. All that same evening she in flying spent,  
 And all that night her course continewed;  
 Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,  
 Nor wearinesse to slack her hast, but fled  
 Ever alike, as if her former dred  
 Were hard behind, her ready to arrest;  
 And her white Palfrey, having conquered  
 The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,  
 Perforce her carried where ever he thought best.
- fayre*
- III. So long as breath and hable puissaunce  
 Did native corage unto him supply,  
 His pace he freshly forward did aduance,  
 And carried her beyond all jeopardy;  
 But nought that wanteth rest can long aby:  
 He, having through incessant traveill spent  
 His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,  
 Ne foot could further move. The Lady gent  
 Thereat was suddein strook with great astonishment;
- IV. And, forst t' alight, on foote mote algates fare  
 A traueiler unwonted to such way:  
 Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
- 

That fortune all in equall launce doth sway,  
 And mortall miseries doth make her play.  
 So long she traveild, till at length she came  
 To an hilles side, which did to her bewray  
 A litle valley subject to the same,  
 All coverd with thick woodes that quite it overcame.

v. Through the tops of the high trees she did descry  
 A litle smoke, whose vapour thin and light  
 Reeking aloft uprolled to the sky:  
 Which chearefull signe did send unto her sight  
 That in the same did wonne some living wight.  
 Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,  
 And came at last in weary wretched plight  
 Unto the place, to which her hope did guyde,  
 To finde some refuge there, and rest her wearie syde.

find,  
 pure

vi. There in a gloomy hollow glen she found  
 A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes  
 In homely wize, and wald with sods around;  
 In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes  
 And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needs;  
 So choosing solitarie to abide  
 Far from all neighbours, that her divelish deedes  
 And hellish arts from people she might hide,  
 And hurt far off unknowne whom ever she envide.

mean  
 witch  
 who lives  
 alone

vii. The Damzell there arriving entred in;  
 Where sitting on the flore the Hag she found  
 Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin:  
 Who, soone as she beheld that suddein stound,  
 Lightly upstartd from the dustie ground,  
 And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze  
 Stared on her awhile, as one astound,  
 Ne had one word to speake for great amaze,  
 But shewd by outward signes that dread her sence did daze.

Wicked  
 witch  
 surprised  
 her with  
 entry

viii. At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,  
 She askt, what devill had her thither brought,  
 And who she was, and what unwonted path  
 Had guided her, unwelcomed, unsought?  
 To which the Damzell, full of doubtfull thought,  
 Her mildly answer'd: " Beldame, be not wroth

With silly Virgin, by adventure brought  
 Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,  
 That crave but rowme to rest while tempest overblo'th."

ix. With that adowne out of her christall eyne  
 Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,  
 That like two orient perles did purely shyne  
 Upon her snowy cheeke; and therewithall  
 She sighed soft, that none so bestiall  
 Nor salvage hart, but ruth of her sad plight  
 Would make to melt, or pitteously appall;  
 And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight  
In mischiefe, was much moved at so pitteous sight;

x. And gan recomfort her in her rude wyse,  
 With womanish compassion of her plaint,  
 Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,  
 And bidding her sit downe, to rest her faint  
 And wearie limbes awhile. She, nothing quaint  
 Nor 'sdeignfull of so homely fashion,  
 Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,  
 Sate downe upon the dusty ground anon;  
 As glad of that small rest as Bird of tempest gon.

xi. Tho gan she gather up her garments rent,  
 And her loose lockes to dight in order dew  
 With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament;  
 Whom such whenas the wicked Hag did vew,  
 She was astonisht at her heavenly hew,  
 And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,  
 But or some Goddesse, or of Diances crew,  
 And thought her to adore with humble spright:  
 T'adore thing so divine as beauty were but right.

xii. This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,  
 The comfort of her age and weary dayes,  
 A laesy loord, for nothing good to donne,  
 But stretched forth in ydlenesse alwayes,  
 Ne ever cast his mind to covet prayse,  
 Or ply himselfe to any honest trade,  
 But all the day before the sunny rayes  
 He us'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade:  
 Such laesinesse both lewd and poore attonce him made.

XIII. He, comming home at undertime, there found  
 The fayrest creature that he ever saw  
 Sitting beside his mother on the ground;  
 The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,  
 And his base thought with terroure and with aw  
 So inly smot, that as one, which hath gaz'd  
 On the bright Sunne unwares, doth soone withdraw  
 His feeble eyne, with too much brightnes daz'd,  
 So stared he on her, and stood long while amaz'd.

XIV. Softly at last he gan his mother aske,  
 What mister wight that was, and whence deriv'd,  
 That in so straunge disguizement there did maske,  
 And by what accident she there arriv'd?  
 But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,  
 With nought but ghastly looks him answered;  
 Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd  
 From Stygian shores where late it wandered:  
 So both at her, and each at other wondered.

XV. But the fayre Virgin was so meeke and myld,  
 That she to them vouchsafed to embrace  
 Her goodly port, and to their senses vyld  
 Her gentle speach applyde, that in short space  
 She grew familiare in that desert place.  
 During which time the Chorle, through her so kind  
 And courtesie use, conceiv'd affection bace,  
 And cast to love her in his brutish mind:  
 No love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.

XVI. Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,  
 And shortly grew into outrageous fire;  
 Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,  
 As unto her to utter his desire;  
 His caytive thought durst not so high aspire:  
 But with soft sighes and lovely semblaunces  
 He ween'd that his affection entire  
 She should aread; many resembaunces  
 To her he made, and many kinde remembraunces.

XVII. Oft from the forrest wildings he did bring,  
 Whose sides empurpled were with smyling red;  
 And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing,



His maistresse praises sweetly caroled:  
 Girlonds of flowres sometimes for her faire hed  
 He fine would dight; sometimes the squirrell wild  
 He brought to her in bands, as conquered  
 To be her thrall, his fellow-servant vild:  
 All which she of him tooke with countenance meeke  
 and mild.

xviii. But, past a while, when she fit season saw  
 To leave that desert mansion, she cast  
 In secret wize herselfe thence to withdraw,  
 For feare of mischief, which she did forecast  
Might by the witch or by her sonne compast.  
 Her wearie Palfrey, closely as she might,  
 Now well recovered after long repast,  
 In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,  
 His late miswandred wayes now to remeasure right.

xix. And earely, ere the dawning day appear'd,  
 She forth issewed, and on her journey went:  
 She went in perill, of each noyse affeard,  
 And of each shade that did it selfe present;  
 For still she feared to be overhent  
 Of that vile hag, or her uncivile sonne;  
 Who when, too late awaking, well they kent  
 That their fayre guest was gone, they both begonne  
 To make exceeding mone, as they had been undonne.

xx. But that lewd lover did the most lament  
 For her depart, that ever man did heare:  
 He knockt his brest with desperate intent,  
 And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare  
 His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare;  
 That his sad mother, seeing his sore plight,  
 Was greatly woe begon, and gan to feare  
Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,  
And love to frenzy turnd, sith love is franticke hight.

xxi. All wayes shee sought him to restore to plight,  
 With herbs, with charms, with counsel, and with teares;  
 But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell, might  
 Asswage the fury which his entrails teares:  
 So strong is passion that no reason heares.  
 Tho when all other helps she saw to faile,

mean to go to cure  
on with leasg...  
as up and  
rides to  
et h. by  
heavt

## Book III—Canto VII

427

She turnd her selfe backe to her wicked leares;  
And by her divelish arts thought to prevaile  
To bringe her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

xxii. Eftesooones out of her hidden cave she cald  
An hideous beast of horrible aspect,  
That could the stoutest corage have appald;  
Monstrous, mishapt, and all his backe was spect  
With thousand spots of colours queint elect,  
Thereto so swifte that it all beasts did pas:  
Like never yet did living eie detect;  
But likest it to an Hyena was,  
That feeds on wemens flesh as others feede on gras.

xxiii. It forth she cald, and gave it streight in charge  
Through thicke and thin her to poursew apace,  
Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,  
Till her he had attaind and brought in place,  
Or quite devourd her beauties scornfull grace.  
The Monster, swifte as word that from her went,  
Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace  
So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent  
And passing speede, that shortly he her overhent.

xxiv. Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh espide,  
No need to bid her fast away to flie:  
That ugly shape so sore her terrifide,  
That it she shund no lesse then dread to die;  
And her flitt palfrey did so well apply  
His nimble feet to her conceived feare,  
That whilest his breath did strength to him supply,  
From peril free he her away did beare;  
But when his force gan faile his pace gan wax areare.

xxv. Which whenas she perceiv'd, she was dismayd  
At that same last extremity ful sore,  
And of her safety greatly grew afraid.  
And now she gan approach to the sea shore,  
As it befell, that she could flie no more,  
But yield herselfe to spoile of greedinesse:  
Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,  
From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,  
And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sickernesse.



xxvi. Not halfe so fast the wicked Myrrha fled  
 From dread of her revenging fathers hond;  
 Nor halfe so fast to save her maydenhed  
 Fled fearfull Daphne on th' Ægæan strond,  
 — As Florimell fled from that Monster yond,  
 To reach the sea ere she of him were raught:  
 For in the sea to drowne herselfe she fond,  
 Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:  
 Thereto fear gave her wings, and need her corage taught.

xxvii. It fortun'd (high God did so ordaine)  
 As shee arrived on the roring shore,  
 In minde to leape into the mighty maine,  
 — A little bote lay hoving her before,  
 In which there slept a fisher old and pore,  
 The whiles his nets were drying on the sand.  
 Into the same shee lept, and with the ore  
 Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand:  
 So safety fownd at sea which she fownd not at land.

xxviii. The Monster, ready on the pray to sease,  
 Was of his forward hope deceived quight;  
 Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,  
 But greedily long gaping at the sight,  
 At last in vaine was forst to turne his flight,  
 And tell the idle tidings to his Dame:  
 Yet, to avenge his divelish despight,  
 He sett upon her Palfrey tired lame,  
 And slew him cruelly ere any reskew came.

xxix. And, after having him embowelled  
 To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a knight  
 To passe that way, as forth he travelled:  
 Yt was a goodly Swaine, and of great might, —  
 As ever man that bloody field did fight;  
 But in vain sheows, that wont yong knights bewitch,  
 And courtly services, tooke no delight;  
 But rather joyd to bee then seemen sich,  
 For both to be and seeme to him was labor lich.

xxx. It was to weete the good Sir Satyrane,  
 That raunged abroad to seeke adventures wilde,  
 As was his wont, in forest and in plaine:

Satyres  
goes to  
a true  
horse

## Book III—Canto VII

429

He was all armd in rugged steele unfiled,  
As in the smoky forge it was compilde,  
And in his Scutchin bore a Satyres hedd.  
He comming present, where the Monster vilde  
Upon that milke-white Palfreyes carcas fedd,  
Unto his reskew ran, and greedily him spedd.

discovred  
it was Floris  
and he  
saw her  
who was  
in a  
in a

xxxI. There well perceivd he that it was the horse  
Whereon faire Florimell was wont to ride,  
That of that feend was rent without remorse:  
Much feared he least ought did ill betide  
To that faire Maide, the flowre of wemens pride;  
For her he dearely loved, and in all  
His famous conquests highly magnifide:  
Besides, her golden girdle, which did fall  
From her in flight, he fownd, that did him sore apall.



boats off  
monster  
seems  
strong the  
monster  
more he's  
hunt

xxxII. Full of sad feare and doubtfull agony  
Fiercely he flew upon that wicked feend,  
And with huge strokes and cruell battery  
Him forst to leave his pray, for to attend  
Him selfe from deadly daunger to defend:  
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh  
He did engrave, and muchell blood did spend,  
Yet might not doe him die: but aie more fresh  
And fierce he still appeard, the more he did him thresh.

hops  
atop  
monster

xxxIII. He wist not how him to despoile of life,  
Ne how to win the wished victory,  
Sith him he saw still stronger grow through strife,  
And him selfe weaker through infirmity.  
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously  
Hurling his sword away he lightly lept  
Upon the beast, that with great cruelty  
Rored and raged to be underkept;  
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes upon him hept.

xxxIV. As he that strives to stop a suddein flood,  
And in strong bancks his violence enclose,  
Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,  
And largely overflow the fruitfull plaine,  
That all the countrey seemes to be a Maine,  
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne:

*and of place: for a story*  
 The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine  
 To see his whole yeares labor lost so soone,  
 For which to God he made so many an idle boone:

*begins in  
pollowe  
sad*  
 xxxv. So him he held, and did through might amate.  
 So long he held him, and him bett so long,  
 That at the last his fiercenes gan abate,  
 And meekely stoup unto the victor strong:  
 Who, to avenge the implacable wrong  
 Which he supposed donne to Florimell,  
 Sought by all meanes his dolor to prolong,  
 Sith dint of steele his carcas could not quell;  
 His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

*puts for  
on the  
the  
a*  
 xxxvi. The golden ribband, which that virgin wore  
 About her sclender waste, he tooke in hand,  
 And with it bownd the beast, that lowd did rore  
 For great despight of that unwonted band,  
 Yet dared not his victor to withstand,  
 But trembled like a lambe fled from the pray;  
 And all the way him followd on the strand,  
 As he had long bene learned to obey;  
 Yet never learned he such service till that day. —

*puts for  
ad, chose  
the  
as squire*  
 xxxvii. Thus as he led the Beast along the way,  
 He spide far off a mighty Giauntesse  
 Fast flying, on a Courser dapled gray,  
 From a bold knight that with great hardinesse  
 Her hard pursewed, and sought for to suppressse.  
She bore before her lap a doleful Squire,  
 Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,  
 Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of wire,  
Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

*Satyr  
sees her  
d changes  
she traps  
vine and  
is strong*  
 xxxviii. Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haste  
 He lefte his captive Beast at liberty,  
 And crost the nearest way, by which he cast  
 Her to encounter ere she passed by;  
 But she the way shund nathemore forthy,  
 But forward gallopt fast; which when he spyde,  
 His mighty speare he couched warily,  
 And at her ran: she, having him descryde,  
 Her selfe to fight addrest, and threw her lode aside.



lady  
charges  
like  
fury

xxxix. Like as a Goshauke, that in foote doth beare  
A trembling Culver, having spide on hight  
An Eagle that with plumy wings doth sheare  
The subtil ayre stouping with all his might,  
The quarry throwes to ground with fell despight,  
And to the batteill doth her selfe prepare:  
So ran the Geauntesse unto the fight;  
Her fyrie eyes with furious sparkes did stare,—  
And with blasphemous bannes high God in peeces tare.

she  
mace  
speare  
in her  
chest

xl. She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,  
Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd;  
But, ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,  
His speare amidst her sun-brode shield arriv'd:  
Yet nathemore the steele asonder riv'd,  
All were the beame in bignes like a mast,  
Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driv'd;  
But, glauncing on the tempred metall, brast  
In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her past.

cant  
budge  
her

Hercules

xli. Her Steed did stagger with that puissaunt strooke; —  
But she no more was moved with that might  
Then it had lighted on an aged Oke,  
Or on the marble Pillour that is pight  
Upon the top of Mount Olympus hight,  
For the brave youthly Champions to assay  
With burning charet wheelles it nigh to smite;  
But who that smites it mars his joyous play,  
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

bags him  
on head

xlII. Yet, therewith sore enrag'd, with sterne regard  
Her dreadfull weapon she to him address,  
Which on his helmet martelled so hard  
That made him low incline his lofty crest,  
And bowd his battred visour to his brest:  
Wherewith he was so stund that he n'ote ryde,  
But reeled to and fro from east to west.  
Which when his cruell enemy espyde,  
She lightly unto him adjoynd syde to syde;

xlIII. And, on his collar laying puissaunt hand,  
Out of his wavering seat him pluckt perforce,  
Perforce him pluckt, unable to withstand

Or helpe himselfe; and laying thwart her horse,  
 In loathly wise like to a carrion corse,  
 She bore him fast away. Which when the knight  
 That her pursewed saw, with great remorse  
 He nere was touched in his noble spright,  
 And gan encrease his speed as she encreast her flight.

XLIV. Whom when as nigh approaching she espyde,  
She threw away her burden angrily;  
 For she list not the batteill to abide,  
But made her selfe more light away to fly:  
 Yet her the hardy knight pursewd so nye  
 That almost in the backe he oft her strake;  
 But still, when him at hand she did espy,  
 She turnd, and semblaunce of faire fight did make,  
 But, when he stayd, to flight againe she did her take.

XLV. By this the good Sir Satyrane gan awake  
 Out of his dreame that did him long entraunce,  
 And, seeing none in place, he gan to make  
 Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce  
 Which reft from him so faire a chevisaunce.  
 At length he spyde whereas that wofull Squyre,  
 Whom he had reskewed from captivaunce  
 Of his strong foe, lay tombled in the myre,  
 Unable to arise, or foote or hand to styre.

XLVI. To whom approaching, well he mote perceive  
 In that fowle plight a comely personage  
 And lovely face, made fit for to deceive  
 Fraile Ladies hart with loves consuming rage,  
 Now in the blossome of his freshest age.  
 He reard him up and loosd his yron bands,  
 And after gan inquire his parentage,  
 And how he fell into the Gyaunts hands,  
 And who that was which chaced her along the lands.

XLVII. Then trembling yet through feare the Squire bespake:  
 "That Geauntesse Argantè is behight,  
 A daughter of the Titans which did make  
 Warre against heven, and heaped hils on hight  
 To scale the skyes and put Jove from his right:  
 Her syre Typhoeus was; who, mad through merth,

he's af' bad  
blood

And dronke with blood of men slaine by his might,  
Through incest her of his owne mother Earth  
Whylome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth:

XLVIII. " For at that berth another Babe she bore;  
To weet, the mightie Olllyphant, that wrought  
Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,  
And many hath to foule confusion brought.  
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought)  
While in their mothers wombe enclosed they were,  
Ere they into the lightsom world were brought,  
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,  
And in that monstrous wise did to the world appere.

XLIX. " So liv'd they ever after in like sin, —  
Gainst natures law and good behaveoure;  
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,  
Who, not content so fowly to devoure  
Her native flesh and staine her brothers bowre,  
Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,  
And suffred beastes her body to deflowre,  
So whot she burned in that lustfull fyre;  
Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desyre:

2nd twin  
too  
horry  
Hippomenes

men who  
succumb to  
her are  
trapped  
forever

L. " But over all the countrie she did raunge  
To seeke young men to quench her flaming thrust, —  
And feed her fancy with delightfull chaunge:  
Whom so she fittest findes to serve her lust,  
Through her maine strength, in which she most doth trust,  
She with her brings into a secret Ile,  
Where in eternall bondage dye he must;  
Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,  
And in all shamefull sort him selfe with her defile.



LI. " Me, seely wretch, she so at vantage caught,  
After she long in waite for me did lye,  
And meant unto her prison to have brought,  
Her lothsom pleasure there to satisfye;  
That thousand deathes me lever were to dye  
Then breake the vow that to faire Columbello  
I plighted have, and yet keepe stedfastly.  
As for my name, it mistreth not to tell:  
Call me the Squire of Dames; that me beseemeth well.

LII. "But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw  
That Geauntesse, is not such as she seemd,  
But a faire virgin that in martiall law  
And deedes of armes above all Dames is deemd,  
And above many knightes is eke esteemd  
For her great worth: She Palladine is hight.  
She you from death, you me from dread, redeemd;  
Ne any may that Monster match in fight,  
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight."

LIII. "Her well beseemes that Quest," (quoth Satyrane)  
"But read, thou Squyre of Dames, what vow is this,  
Which thou upon thy selfe hast lately ta'ne?"  
"That shall I you recount," (quoth he) "ywis,  
So be ye pleasd to pardon all amis.  
That gentle Lady whom I love and serve,  
After long suit and wearie servicis,  
Did aske me, how I could her love deserve,  
And how she might be sure that I would never swerve?"

LIV. "I, glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,  
Badd her commaund my life to save or spill.  
Eftsoones she badd me, with incessaunt paine  
To wander through the world abroad at will,  
And every where, where with my power or skill  
I might doe service unto gentle Dames,  
That I the same should faithfully fulfill;  
And at the twelve monethes end should bring their names  
And pledges, as the spoiles of my victorious games."

LV. "So well I to faire Ladies service did,  
And found such favour in their loving hartes,  
That ere the yeare his course had compassid,  
Thre hundred pledges for my good desartes,  
And thrice three hundred thanks for my good partes,  
I with me brought, and did to her present:  
Which when she saw, more bent to eke my smartes  
Then to reward my trusty true intent,  
She gan for me devise a grievous punishment"

LVI. "To weet, that I my traveill should resume,  
And with like labour walke the world arownd,  
Ne ever to her presence should presume,

must find  
100 women  
to remain  
chaste  
for  
life

Till I so many other Dames had fownd,  
The which, for all the suit I could propownd,  
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,  
But did abide for ever chaste and sownd." ~~re~~  
"Ah! gentle Squyre," (quoth he) "tell at one word,  
How many fownd'st thou such to put in thy record?"

LVII. "Indeed, Sir knight," (said he) "one word may tell  
All that I ever fownd so wisely stayd,  
For onely three they were disposd so well; ~~re~~  
And yet three yeares I now abroad have strayd,  
To fynd them out." "Mote I," (then laughing sayd  
The knight) "inquire of thee what were those three,  
The which thy proffred curtesie denyd?  
Or ill they seemed sure avizd to bee,  
Or brutishly brought up, that nev'r did fashions see."

LVIII. "The first which then refused me," (said hee)  
"Certes was but a common Courtisane; ~~re~~  
Yet flat refusd to have adoe with mee,  
Because I could not give her many a Jane."  
(Thereat full hartely laughed Satyrane.)  
"The second was an holy Nunne to chose,  
Which would not let me be her Chappellane,  
Because she knew, she said, I would disclose  
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

LIX. "The third a Damzell was of low degree,  
Whom I in countrey cottage fownd by chaunce:  
Full litle weened I that chastitee  
Had lodging in so meane a maintenaunce;  
Yet was she fayre, and in her countenaunce  
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion.  
Long thus I woo'd her with due observaunce,  
In hope unto my pleasure to have won;  
But was as far at last, as when I first begon.

LX. "Safe her, I never any woman found  
That chastity did for it selfe embrace,  
But were for other causes firme and sound;  
Either for want of handsome time and place,  
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.  
Thus am I hopelesse ever to attaine



think  
i 13  
opelen  
My Ladies love in such a desperate case,  
But all my dayes am like to waste in vaine,  
Seeking to match the chaste with th' unchaste Ladies  
traine."

- satyr  
oes  
ooc  
in (al  
ceas  
LXI. "Perdy" (sayd Satyrane) "thou Squyre of Dames,  
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,  
To get small thanks, and therewith many blames,  
That may emongst Alcides labours stand."  
Thence backe returning to the former land,  
Where late he left the Beast he overcame,  
He found him not; for he had broke his band,  
And was returnd againe unto his Dame,  
To tell what tydings of fayre Florimell became.

Lady gave him impossible  
task to jerk him around.

## CANTO VIII

The Witch creates a snowy Lady like to Florimell;  
Who wrong'd by Carle, by Proteus sav'd,  
Is sought by Paridell.

1. So oft as I this history record,

*poor misery*  
My heart doth melt with meere compassion,  
To thinke how causelesse, of her owne accord,  
This gentle Damzell, whom I write upon,  
Should plunged be in such affliction  
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe; —  
That sure, I weene, the hardest hart of stone  
Would hardly finde to aggravate her grieve;  
For misery craves rather mercy then reprieve.

*itch happy to get back at Florimell*  
II. But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,

Had so enranckled her malicious hart,  
That she desyrd th' abridgement of her fate,  
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.  
Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art  
Late foorth she sent, she backe retourning spyde  
Tyde with her golden girdle; it a part  
Of her rich spoyles whom he had earst destroyd  
She weend, and wondrous gladnes to her hart applyde.

*ropes to make son happy*  
III. And, with it ronning hast'ly to her sonne,

Thought with that sight him much to have reliv'd.  
Who, thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,  
His former grieve with furie fresh reviv'd  
Much more than earst, and would have algates riv'd  
The hart out of his brest: for sith her dedd  
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriv'd  
Quite of all hope wherewith he long had fedd  
His foolish malady, and long time had misledd.

iv. With thought whereof exceeding mad he grew,  
And in his rage his mother would have slaine,  
Had she not fled into a secret mew,

son ready  
kill mum  
uma witch  
its spirits  
help

Where she was wont her Sprightes to entertaine,  
The maisters of her art: there was she faine  
To call them all in order to her ayde,  
And them conjure, upon eternall paine,  
To counsell her, so carefully dismayd,  
How she might heale her sonne whose senses were decayd.

made  
duplicate  
Florimell

v. By their advice, and her owne wicked wit,  
She there devis'd a wondrous worke to frame,  
Whose like on earth was never framed yit;  
That even Nature selfe envide the same,  
And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame  
The thing it selfe: In hand she boldly tooke  
To make another like the former Dame,  
Another Florimell, in shape and looke  
So lively and so like, that many it mistooke.

made of  
Snow, wax  
and stuff

vi. The substance, whereof she the body made,  
Was purest snow in massy mould congeald,  
Which she had gathered in a shady glade  
Of the Riphœan hills, to her reveald  
By errant Sprights, but from all men conceald:  
The same she tempred with fine mercury  
And virgin wax that never yet was seald,  
And mingled them with perfect vermily;  
That like a lively sanguine it seemd to the eye.

hair  
unmatchable  
spirit to  
hold  
body

vii. Instead of eyes two burning lampes she set  
In silver sockets, shyning like the skyes,  
And a quicke moving Spirit did arret  
To stirre and roll them like to womens eyes:  
Instead of yellow lockes she did devyse  
With golden wyre to weave her curled head;  
Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thryse  
As Florimells fayre heare: and, in the stead  
Of life, she put a Spright to rule the carcas dead;

viii. A wicked Spright, yfraught with fawning guyle  
And fayre resemblance above all the rest,  
Which with the Prince of Darkenes fell somewhyle  
From heavens blis and everlasting rest:  
Him needed not instruct which way were best  
Him selfe to fashion likest Florimell,

Ne how to speake, ne how to use his gest;  
 For he in counterfesaunce did excell,  
 And all the wyles of wemens wits knew passing well.

ix. Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,  
 Which Florimell had left behind her late;  
 That who so then her saw would surely say  
 It was her selfe whom it did imitate,  
 Or fayrer then her selfe, if ought algate  
 Might fayrer be. And then she forth her brought  
 Unto her sonne that lay in feeble state;  
 Who seeing her gan streight upstart, and thought  
 She was the Lady selfe whom he so long had sought.

x. Tho fast her clipping twixt his armes twayne,  
 Extremely joyed in so happy sight,  
 And soone forgot his former sickely payne:  
 But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,  
 Coily rebutted his embracement light;  
 Yet still, with gentle countenaunce, retain'd  
 Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight.  
 Him long she so with shadowes entertain'd,  
 As her Creatresse had in charge to her ordain'd.

xi. Till on a day, as he disposed was  
 To walke the woodes with that his Idole faire,  
 Her to disport and idle time to pas  
 In th' open freshnes of the gentle aire,  
 A knight that way there chaunced to repaire;  
 Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine  
 That deedes of armes had ever in despaire,  
Proud Braggadocchio, that in vaunting vaine  
 His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine.

xii. He, seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight,  
 Decked with many a costly ornament,  
 Much merveiled thereat, as well he might,  
 And thought that match a fowle disparagement:  
 His bloody speare eftesoones he boldly bent  
 Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare  
 Fell streight to ground in great astonishment.  
 "Villein," (sayd he) "this Lady is my deare;  
 Dy, if thou it gainesay: I will away her beare."

*Brag  
happy to  
see this  
good beauty*

XIII. The fearefull Chorle durst not gainesay nor dooe,  
But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;  
Who, finding litle leasure her to wooe  
On Tromparts steed her mounted without stay,  
And without reskew led her quite away.  
Proud man himselfe then Braggadochio deem'd,  
And next to none after that happy day,  
Being possessed of that spoyle, which seem'd  
The fairest wight on ground, and most of men esteem'd.

*tries to  
woo her  
but  
he wout  
beard*

XIV. But, when hee saw him selfe free from poursute,  
He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame  
With termes of love and lewdnesse dissolute;  
For he could well his glozing speaches frame  
To such vaine uses that him best became:  
But she thereto would lend but light regard, ~~—~~  
As seeming sory that she ever came  
Into his powre, that used her so hard  
To reave her honor, which she more then life prefard.

*new kn  
comes to  
save  
ake Flor.*

XV. Thus as they two of kindnes treated long,  
There them by chaunce encountred on the way  
An armed knight upon a courser strong,  
Whose trampling feete upon the hollow lay  
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray  
That Capons corage: yet he looked grim,  
And faynd to cheare his lady in dismay,  
Who seemd for feare to quake in every lim,  
And her to save from outrage meekely prayed him.

*calls  
challenge  
to  
Brag-*

XVI. Fiercely that straunger forward came: and, nigh  
Approching, with bold words and bitter threat  
Bad that same boaster, as he mote, on high,  
To leave to him that lady for excheat,  
Or bide him batteill without further treat.  
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,  
And fild his senses with abashment great;  
Yet seeing nigh him jeopardy extreme,  
He it dissembled well, and light seemd to esteeme

XVII. Saying, "Thou foolish knight, that weenst with words  
To steale away that I with blowes have wonne,  
And brought through points of many perilous swords:



But if thee list to see thy Courser ronne,  
 Or prove thy selfe, this sad encounter shonne,  
 And seeke els without hazard of thy hedd.”  
 At those prowd words that other knight begonne  
 To wex exceeding wroth, and him aredd  
 To turne his steede about, or sure he should be dedd.

xviii. “Sith then,” (said Braggadochio) “needes thou wilt  
 Thy daies abridge through prooffe of puissaunce,  
 Turne we our steeds; that both in equall tilt  
 May meete againe, and each take happy chaunce.”  
 This said, they both a furlongs mountenaunce  
 Retird their steeds, to ronne in even race;  
 But Braggadochio, with his bloody launce,  
 Once having turnd, no more returnd his face,  
 But lefte his love to losse, and fled him selfe apace. *km*

xix. The knight, him seeing flie, had no regard  
 Him to poursew, but to the lady rode;  
 And having her from Trompart lightly reard,  
 Upon his Courser sett the lovely lode,  
 And with her fled away without abode.  
Well weened he, that fairest Florimell  
It was with whom in company he yode,  
 And so her selfe did alwaies to him tell;  
 So made him thinke him selfe in heaven that was in hell.

xx. But Florimell her selfe was far away,  
 Driven to great distresse by fortune straunge,  
 And taught the carefull Mariner to play,  
 Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to chaunge  
 The land for sea, at randon there to raunge:  
 Yett there that cruell Queene avengeresse,  
 Not satisfyde so far her to estraunge  
 From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,  
 Did heape on her new wavcs of weary wretchednesse.

xxi. For being fled into the fishers bote  
 For refuge from the Monsters cruelty,  
 Long so she on the mighty maine did flote,  
 And with the tide drove forward carelesly;  
 For th' ayre was milde and cleared was the skie,  
 And all his windes Dan Aeolus did keepe

From stirring up their stormy enmity,  
 As pittying to see her waile and weepe:  
 But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe.

xxii. At last when droncke with drowsinesse he woke,  
 And saw his drover drive along the streame,  
 He was dismayd; and thrise his brest he stroke,  
 For marveill of that accident extreame:  
 But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,  
 Which with rare light his bote did beautifye,  
 He marveild more, and thought he yet did dreame  
 Not well awakte; or that some extasye  
 Assotted had his sence, or dazed was his eye.

xxiii. But when her well avizing hee perceiv'd  
 To be no vision nor fantasticke sight,  
 Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd,  
 And felt in his old corage new delight  
 To gin awake, and stir his frozen spright:  
 Tho rudely askte her, how she thither came?  
 "Ah!" (sayd she) "father, I note read aright  
 What hard misfortune brought me to this same;  
 Yet am I glad that here I now in safety ame.

xxiv. "But thou, good man, sith far in sea we bee,  
 And the great waters gin apace to swell,  
 That now no more we can the mayn-land see,  
 Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,  
 Least worse on sea then us on land befall."  
 Thereat th' old man did nought but fondly grin,  
 And saide his boat the way could wisely tell;  
 But his deceiptfull eyes did never lin  
 To looke on her faire face and marke her snowy skin.

xxv. The sight whereof in his congealed flesh  
 Infixt such secrete sting of greedy lust,  
 That the drie withered stocke it gan refresh,  
 And kindled heat that soone in flame forth brust:  
The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.  
 Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hond  
 Where ill became him rashly would have thrust;  
 But she with angry scorne did him withstond,  
 And shamefully reprov'd for his rudenes fond.

he's too  
only  
xxvi. But he, that never good nor maners knew,  
Her sharpe rebuke full litle did esteeme;  
Hard is to teach an old horse amble trew:  
The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,  
Broke into open fire and rage extreme;  
And now he strength gan adde unto his will,  
Forcying to doe that did him fowle misseeme.  
Beastly he threwe her downe, ne car'd to spill  
Her garments gay with scales of fish that all did fill.

defends  
self  
here is  
Knight  
now?  
xxvii. The silly virgin strove him to withstand  
All that she might, and him in vaine revild:  
Shee struggled strongly both with foote and hand  
To save her honor from that villaine vilde,  
And cride to heven, from humane help exild.  
O! ye brave knights, that boast this Ladies love,  
Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild  
Of filthy wretch? well may she you reprove  
Of falsehood or of slouth, when most it may behove.

ch, Kn's.  
ove the  
eas for  
er  
defense  
xxviii. But if that thou, Sir Satyran, didst weete,  
Or thou, Sir Peridure, her sory state,  
How soone would yee assemble many a fleete,  
To fetch from sea that ye at land lost late!  
Towres, citties, kingdomes, ye would ruinate  
In your avengement and despiteous rage,  
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate;  
But if Sir Calidore could it presage,  
No living creature could his cruelty asswage.

god loves  
hastity  
so much  
ends help  
oteus  
xxix. But sith that none of all her knights is nye,  
See how the heavens, of voluntary grace,  
And soveraine favor towards chastity,  
Doe succor send to her distressed cace;  
So much high God doth innocence embrace.  
It fortun'd, whilst thus she stifly strove,  
And the wide sea importuned long space  
With shrilling shriekes, Proteus abroad did rove,  
Along the fomy waves driving his finny drove.

xxx. Proteus is Shepheard of the seas of yore,  
And hath the charge of Neptunes mighty heard;  
An aged sire with head all frory hore,

Proteus  
hears  
disgrace

And sprinckled frost upon his deawy beard:  
Who when those pittifull outcries he heard  
Through all the seas so ruefully resownd,  
His charett swifte in hast he thither steard,  
Which with a teeme of scaly Phocas bownd  
Was drawne upon the waves that fomed him arownd.

Post  
hits  
old man  
with  
staff

xxxI. And comming to that Fishers wandring bote,  
That went at will withouten card or sayle,  
He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which smote  
Deepe indignation and compassion frayle  
Into his hart attonce: streight did he hāyle  
The greedy villein from his hoped pray,  
Of which he now did very litle fayle,  
And with his staffe, that drives his heard astray,  
Him bett so sore, that life and sence did much dismay.

Flor  
looks  
up  
Screaming

xxxII. The whiles the pitteous Lady up did ryse,  
Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy soyle,  
And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes:  
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,  
To save her selfe from that outrageous spoyle;  
But when she looked up, to weet what wight  
Had her from so infamous fact assoyld,  
For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,  
Downe in her lap she hid her face, and lowdly shrighit.

Flor thinks  
st. bad  
too

xxxIII. Her selfe not saved yet from daunger dredd  
She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare:  
Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fledd  
From the sharpe hauke which her attached neare,  
And fals to ground to seeke for succor theare,  
Whereas the hungry Spaniells she does spye  
With greedy jawes her ready for to teare:  
In such distresse and sad perplexity  
Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see her by.

xxxIV. But he endeavored with speaches milde  
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,  
Bidding her feare no more her foemen vilde,  
Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was her told:  
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,  
Ne to recomfort her at all prevayld;

For her faint hart was with the frozen cold  
 Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh fayld,  
 And all her sences with abashment quite were quayld.

xxxv. Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reard,  
 And with his frory lips full softly kist,  
 Whiles the cold ysickles from his rough beard  
 Dropped adowne upon her yvory breast:  
 Yet he him selfe so busily address,  
 That her out of astonishment he wrought;  
 And out of that same fishers filthy nest  
 Removing her, into his charet brought,  
 And there with many gentle termes her faire besought.

xxxvi. But that old leachour, which with bold assault  
 That beautie durst presume to violate,  
 He cast to punish for his hainous fault:  
 Then tooke he him, yet trembling sith of late,  
 And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate  
 The virgin whom he had abusde so sore;  
 So drag'd him through the waves in scornfull state,  
 And after cast him up upon the shore;  
 But Florimell with him unto his bowre he bore.

xxxvii. His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,  
 Under a mightie rocke, gainst which doe rave  
 The roring billowes in their proud disdaine,  
 That with the angry working of the wave  
 Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,  
 That seemes rough Masons hand with engines keene  
 Had long while laboured it to engrave:  
 There was his wonne; ne living wight was seene  
 Save one old Nymph, hight Panopè, to keepe it cleane.

xxxviii. Thither he brought the sory Florimell,  
 And entertained her the best he might,  
 And Panopè her entertaind eke well,  
 As an immortall mote a mortall wight,  
 To winne her liking unto his delight:  
 With flattering wordes he sweetly wooed her,  
 And offered faire guiftes t' allure her sight;  
 But she both offers and the offerer  
 Despyds, and all the fawning of the flatterer.



xxxix. Dayly he tempted her with this or that,  
 And never suffred her to be at rest;  
 But evermore she him refused flat, *Am*  
 And all his fained kindnes did detest,  
 So firmly she had sealed up her brest.  
 Sometimes he boasted that a God he hight,  
 But she a mortall creature loved best:  
 Then he would make him selfe a mortall wight;  
 But then she said she lov'd none, but a Faery knight.

xl. Then like a Faerie knight him selfe he drest,  
 For every shape on him he could endew;  
 Then like a king he was to her exprest,  
 And offred kingdoms unto her in vew,  
 To be his Leman and his Lady trew:  
 But when all this he nothing saw prevaile,  
 With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,  
 And with sharpe threatates often did assayle;  
 So thinking for to make her stubborne corage quayle.

xli. To dreadfull shapes he did him selfe transforme;  
 Now like a Gyaunt; now like to a feend;  
 Then like a Centaure; then like to a storme  
 Raging within the waves: thereby he weend  
 Her will to win unto his wished eend;  
 But when with feare, nor favour, nor with all  
 He els could doe, he saw him selfe esteemd,  
 Downe in a Dongeon deepe he let her fall,  
 And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

xlII. Eternall thralldome was to her more lief  
Than losse of chastitie, or chaunge of love:  
 Dye had she rather in tormenting grieve  
 Than any should of falsenesse her reprove,  
 Or loosenes, that she lightly did remove.  
 Most vertuous virgin! glory be thy meed,  
 And crowne of heavenly prayse with Saintes above,  
 Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous deed  
 Are still amongst them song, that far my rymes exceed.

xlIII. Fit song of Angels caroled to bee!  
 But yet whatso my feeble Muse can frame  
 Shal be t' advance thy goodly chastitee

And to enroll thy memorable name  
In th' heart of every honourable Dame,  
That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,  
And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.  
Yt yrkes me leave thee in this wofull state,  
To tell of Satyrane where I him left of late.

XLIV. Who having ended with that Squire of Dames  
A long discourse of his adventures vayne,  
The which himselfe then Ladies more defames,  
And finding not th' Hyena to be slayne,  
With that same Squire retourned back againe  
To his first way. And, as they forward went,  
They spyde a knight fayre pricking on the playne,  
As if he were on some adventure bent,  
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

XLV. Sir Satyrane him towards did addresse,  
To weet what wight he was, and what his quest;  
And, comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesse,  
Both by the burning hart which on his brest  
He bare, and by the colours in his crest,  
That Paridell it was. Tho to him yode,  
And him saluting as beseemed best,  
Gan first inquire of tydinges farre abroad,  
And afterwarde on what adventure now he rode.

XLVI. Who thereto answering said: "The tydinges bad,  
Which now in Faery court all men doe tell,  
Which turned hath great mirth to mourning sad,  
Is the late ruine of proud Marinell,  
And suddein parture of faire Florimell ||  
To find him forth: and after her are gone  
All the brave knightes that doen in armes excell  
To saveguard her ywandred all alone:  
Emongst the rest my lott (unworthy) is to be one."

XLVII. "Ah! gentle knight," (said then Sir Satyrane)  
"Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,  
That hast a thanklesse service on thee ta'ne,  
And offrest sacrifice unto the dead:  
For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread  
Henceforth for ever Florimell to bee;

That all the noble knights of Maydenhead,  
Which her ador'd, may sore repent with mee,  
And all faire Ladies may for ever sory bee."

XLVIII. Which wordes when Paridell had heard, his hew  
Gan greatly chaunge and seemd dismaid to bee;  
Then said: "Fayre Sir, how may I weene it trew,  
That ye doe tell in such uncerteintee?  
Or speake ye of report, or did ye see  
Just cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so sore?  
For, perdie, elles how mote it ever bee,  
That ever hand should dare for to engore  
Her noble blood? The hevens such crueltie abhore."

XLIX. "These eyes did see that they will ever rew  
T' have seene," (quoth he) "when as a monstrous  
beast  
The Palfrey whereon she did travell slew,  
And of his bowels made his bloody feast:  
Which speaking token sheweth at the least  
Her certeine losse, if not her sure decay:  
NB Besides, that more suspicion encreast,  
I found her golden girdle cast astray,  
Distaynd with durt and blood, as relique of the  
pray."

L. "Ay me!" (said Paridell) "the signes be sadd;  
And, but God turne the same to good sooth-say.  
That Ladies safetie is sore to be dradd.  
Yet will I not forsake my forward way,  
Till triall doe more certeine truth bewray."  
"Faire Sir," (quoth he) "well may it you succeed!  
Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stay,  
But to the rest, which in this Quest proceed,  
My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed."

LI. "Ye noble knights," (said then the Squire of Dames)  
"Well may yee speede in so praiseworthy payne!  
But sith the Sunne now ginnes to slake his beames  
In deawy vapours of the westernne mayne,  
And lose the teme out of his weary wayne,  
Mote not mislike you also to abate  
Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe

Both light of heven and strength of men relate:  
Which if ye please, to yonder castle turne your gate."

- LII. That counsell pleased well: so all yfere  
Forth marched to a Castle them before;  
Where soone arryving they restrained were  
Of ready entraunce, which ought evermore  
To errant knights be commune: wondrous sore  
Thereat displeasd they were, till that young Squyre  
Gan them informe the cause, why that same dore  
Was shut to all which lodging did desyre:  
The which to let you weet will further time requyre.
- 101 y  
w/ King  
barrad  
die from  
y/6 castle*

## CANTO IX

Malbecco will no straunge knights host,  
 For peevish gealousy.  
 Paridell giusts with Britomart:  
 Both shew their auncestry.

*heroic Troy Brit.  
 from which Brit.  
 will spring.*

- I. REDOUBTED knights, and honorable Dames,  
 To whom I leuell all my labours end,  
 Right sore I feare, least with unworthie blames  
 This odious argument my rymes should shend,  
 Or ought your goodly patience offend,  
 Whiles of a wanton Lady I doe write,  
 Which with her loose incontinence doth blend  
 The shyning glory of your souveraine light;  
 And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse knight.
  
- II. But never let th' ensample of the bad  
Offend the good; for good, by paragone  
 Of evill, may more notably be rad,  
 As white seemes fayrer macht with blacke attone;  
 Ne all are shamed by the fault of one:  
 For lo! in heven, whereas all goodnes is,  
 Emongst the Angels, a whole legione  
 Of wicked Sprigthes did fall from happy blis;  
 What wonder then if one, of women all, did mis?
  
- III. Then listen, Lordings, if ye list to weet  
 The cause why Satyrane and Paridell  
 Mote not be entertaynd, as seemed meet,  
 Into that Castle, (as that Squyre does tell.)  
 "Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,  
 That has no skill of Court nor courtesie,  
 Ne cares what men say of him, ill or well;  
 For all his dayes he drownes in privitie,  
 Yet has full large to live and spend at libertie.
  
- IV. "But all his minde is set on mucky pelfe,  
 To hoord up heapes of evill gotten masse, ~~and~~  
 For which he others wrongs, and wreckes himselfe:

*a bum  
 who cares  
 & what  
 they think*



Yet is he lincked to a lovely lasse,  
Whose beauty doth her bounty far surpasse;  
The which to him both far unequall yeares,  
And also far unlike conditions has;  
For she does joy to play emongst her peares,  
And to be free from hard restraynt and gealous feares.

v. "But he is old, and withered like hay,  
Unfit faire Ladies service to supply;  
The privie guilt whereof makes him alway  
Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy  
Upon her with his other blinked eye;  
Ne suffreth he resort of living wight  
Approch to her, ne keepe her company,  
But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight,  
Depriv'd of kindly joy and naturall delight."

vi. "Malbecco he, and Hellenore she hight;  
Unfitly yokt together in one teeme.  
That is the cause why never any knight  
Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme  
Such as no doubt of him he neede misdeeme."  
Thereat Sir Satyrane gan smyle, and say;  
"Extremely mad the man I surely deeme,  
That weenes with watch and hard restraynt to stay  
A womans will, which is disposed to go astray."

vii. "In vaine he feares that which he cannot shonne;  
For who wotes not, that womans subtiltyes  
Can guylen Argus, when she list misdonne?  
It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,  
Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,  
That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet;  
But fast goodwill, with gentle courtesyes,  
And timely service to her pleasures meet,  
May her perhaps containe, that else would algates fleet."

viii. "Then is he not more mad," (sayd Paridell)  
"That hath himselfe unto such service sold,  
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?  
For sure a foole I doe him firmly hold,  
That loves his fetters, though they were of gold.  
But why doe wee devise of others ill,

Why do we  
offer this  
man.

Whyles thus we suffer this same dotard old  
To keepe us out in scorne, of his owne will,  
And rather do not ransack all, and him selfe kill? "

we'll  
in with  
reties  
then  
strike

- ix. "Nay, let us first" (sayd Satyrane) "entreat  
The man by gentle meanes to let us in,  
And afterwarde affray with cruell threat,  
Ere that we to efforce it doe begin:  
Then, if all fayle, we will by force it win,  
And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,  
As may be worthy of his haynous sin." .  
That counsell pleasd: then Paridell did rise  
And to the Castle gate approcht in quiet wise.

gatekeeper  
says sorry  
ose til  
orn. Master  
s all keys  
idell  
ts mad

- x. Whereat soft knocking entrance he desyrd.  
The good man selfe, which then the Porter playd,  
Him answered, that all were now retyrd  
Unto their rest, and all the keyes conuayd  
Unto their maister, who in bed was layd,  
That none him durst awake out of his dreme;  
And therefore them of patience gently prayd.  
Then Paridell began to chaunge his theme,  
And threatned him with force and punishment extreme:

in  
storm they  
to  
pig pen  
shelter

- xi. But all in vaine, for nought mote him relent.  
And now so long before the wicket fast  
They wayted, that the night was forward spent,  
And the faire welkin fowly overcast  
Gan blownen up a bitter stormy blast,  
With showre and hayle so horrible and dred,  
That this faire many were compeld at last  
To fly for succour to a little shed,  
The which beside the gate for swyne was ordered.

other  
is  
ried entry  
d vows  
evenge

- xii. It fortun'd, soone after they were gone,  
Another knight, whom tempest thither brought,  
Came to that Castle, and with earnest mone,  
Like as the rest, late entrance deare besought:  
But, like so as the rest, he prayd for nought;  
For flatly he of entrance was refusd.  
Sorely thereat he was displeased, and thought  
How to avenge himselfe so sore abusd,  
And evermore the Carle of courtesie accusd.

xiii. But, to avoyde th' intollerable stowre,  
 He was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,  
 And to that shed, to shrowd him from the showre,  
 He came, which full of guests he found whyleare,  
 So as he was not let to enter there:  
 Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,  
 And swore that he would lodge with them yfere,  
 Or them dislodge, all were they liefe or loth;  
 And so defyde them each, and so defyde them both.

xiv. Both were full loth to leave that needfull tent,  
 And both full loth in darkenesse to debate;  
 Yet both full liefe him lodging to have lent,  
 And both full liefe his boasting to abate:  
 But chiefly Paridell his hart did grate  
 To heare him threaten so despightfully,  
 As if he did a dogge in kenell rate  
 That durst not barke; and rather had he dy  
 Then, when he was defyde, in coward corner ly.

xv. Tho hastily remounting to his steed  
 He forth issew'd: like as a boystrous winde,  
 Which in th' earthes hollow caves hath long ben hid  
 And shut up fast within her prisons blind,  
 Makes the huge element, against her kinde,  
 To move and tremble as it were aghast,  
 Untill that it an issew forth may finde:  
 Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast  
 Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth overcast.

xvi. Their steel-hed speares they strongly coucht, and met  
 Together with impetuous rage and forse,  
 That with the terrour of their fierce affret  
 They rudely drove to ground both man and horse,  
 That each awhile lay like a sencelesse corse.  
 But Paridell sore brused with the blow  
 Could not arise the counterchaunge to scorse,  
 Till that young Squire him reared from below;  
 Then drew he his bright sword, and gan about him throw.

xvii. But Satyrane forth stepping did them stay,  
 And with faire treaty pacifde their yre.  
 Then, when they were accorded from the fray,

Against that Castles Lord they gan conspire,  
 To heape on him dew vengeance for his hire.  
 They beene agreed; and to the gates they goe  
 To burn the same with unquenchable fire,  
 And that uncurteous Carle, their commune foe,  
 To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in grievous woe.

xviii. Malbecco, seeing them resolv'd indeed  
 To flame the gates, and hearing them to call  
 For fire in earnest, ran with fearfull speed,  
 And to them calling from the castle wall,  
 Besought them humbly him to beare withall,  
 As ignorant of servants bad abuse  
 And slacke attendaunce unto straungers call.  
 The knights were willing all things to excuse,  
 Though nought belev'd, and entraunce late did not refuse.

xix. They beene ybrought into a comely bowre,  
 And serv'd of all things that mote needfull bee;  
 Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,  
 And welcomde more for feare then charitee;  
But they dissembled what they did not see,  
And welcomed themselves. Each gan undight  
 Their garments wett, and weary armour free,  
 To dry them selves by Vulcanes flaming light,  
 And eke their lately bruized parts to bring in plight.

xx. And eke that straunger knight amongst the rest  
 Was for like need enforst to disaray:  
 Tho, whenas vailed was her lofty crest,  
 Her golden locks, that were in trammells gay  
 Upbouden, did them selves adowne display  
 And raught unto her heeles; like sunny beames,  
 That in a cloud their light did long time stay,  
 Their vapour vaded, shewe their golden gleames,  
 And through the persant aire shoote forth their azure  
 streames.

xxi. Shee also dofte her heavy haberjeon,  
 Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde;  
 And her well-plighted frock, which she did won  
 To tucke about her short when she did ryde,  
 Shee low let fall, that flowd from her lanck syde  
 Downe to her foot with carelesse modestee.

Then of them all she plainly was espyde  
To be a woman-wight, unwist to bee,  
The fairest woman-wight that ever eie did see.

she  
how un-  
desirous  
and  
shield

xxii. Like as Bellona (being late returnd  
From slaughter of the Giaunts conquered;  
Where proud Encelade, whose wide nostrils burnd  
With breathed flames, like to a furnace redd,  
Transfixt with her speare downe tombled dedd  
From top of Hemus by him heaped hye:)  
Hath loosd her helmet from her lofty hedd,  
And her Gorgonian shield gins to untye  
From her lefte arme, to rest in glorious victorie.

in  
shock  
but will-  
ing to  
stare at  
beauty

xxiii. Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were  
With great amazement of so wondrous sight;  
And each on other, and they all on her,  
Stood gazing, as if suddein great affright  
Had them surprized. At last, avizing right  
Her goodly personage and glorious hew,  
Which they so much mistooke, they tooke delight  
In their first error, and yett still anew  
With wonder of her beauty fed their hongry vew.

She's eyes  
conquer'd  
all liked  
ev

xxiv. Yet note their hongry vew be satisfide,  
But seeing still the more desir'd to see/  
And ever firmly fixed did abide  
In contemplation of divinitee:  
But most they mervaild at her chevalree  
And noble prowess, which they had approv'd,  
That much they faynd to know who she mote bee;  
Yet none of all them her thereof amov'd  
Yet every one her likte, and every one her lov'd.

Supper  
eaten  
at Malbec  
to see  
his wife

xxv. And Paridell, though partly discontent  
With his late fall and fowle indignity,  
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,  
Through gracious regard of her faire eye,  
And knightly worth which he too late did try,  
Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight;  
Then they Malbecco prayd of courtesy,  
That of his lady they might have the sight  
And company at meat, to doe them more delight.



Malher  
 xxvi. But he, to shifte their curious request,  
 Gan causen why she could not come in place;  
 Her crased helth, her late recourse to rest,  
 And humid evening ill for sicke folkes cace;  
 But none of those excuses could take place,  
 Ne would they eate till she in presence came.  
 Shee came in presence with right comely grace,  
 And fairely them saluted, as became,  
 And shewd her selfe in all a gentle courteous Dame.

all sit  
 Malher leamy  
 Satyr  
 who is close  
 to his wife  
 xxvii. They sat to meat; and Satyrane his chaunce  
 Was her before, and Paridell beside;  
 But he him selfe sate looking still askaunce  
 Gainst Britomart, and ever closely eide  
 Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not glide:  
 But his blinde eie, that sided Paridell,  
 All his demeasure from his sight did hide:  
 On her faire face so did he feede his fill,  
 And sent close messages of love to her at will.

Messages  
 sent of  
 ust  
 xxviii. And ever and anone, when none was ware,  
 With speaking lookes, that close embassage bore,  
 He rov'd at her, and told his secret care  
 For all that art he learned had of yore;  
 Ne was she ignoraunt of that leud lore,  
 But in his eye his meaning wisely redd,  
 And with the like him aunswerd evermore.  
 Shee sent at him one fyrie dart, whose hedd  
 Empoised was with privy lust and gealous dredd.

ned  
 been love  
 uck so man  
 es it was  
 w amusement  
 o him  
 xxix. He from that deadly throw made no defence,  
 But to the wound his weake heart opened wyde:  
 The wicked engine through false influence  
 Past through his eies, and secretly did glyde  
 Into his heart, which it did sorely gryde.  
 But nothing new to him was that same paine,  
 Ne paine at all; for he so ofte had tryde  
 The powre thereof, and lov'd so oft in vaine,  
 That thing of course he counted love to entertaine.

xxx. Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate  
 His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne:  
 Now Bacchus fruit out of the silver plate

# Book III—Canto IX

457

He on the table dasht, as overthrowne,  
Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne;  
And by the dauncing bubbles did divine,  
Or therein write to lett his love be showne;  
Which well she redd out of the learned line;  
A sacrament prophane in mistery of wine.

xxxI. And, when so of his hand the pledge she raught,  
The guilty cup she fained to mistake,  
And in her lap did shed her idle draught,  
Shewing desire her inward flame to slake.  
But such close signes they secret way did make  
Unto their wils, and one eies watch escape:  
Two eies him needeth, for to watch and wake,  
Who lovers will deceive. Thus was the ape,  
By their faire handling, put into Malbeccoes cape.

xxxII. Now, when of meats and drinks they had their fill,  
Purpose was moved by that gentle Dame  
Unto those knights adventurous, to tell  
Of deeds of armes which unto them became,  
And every one his kindred and his name.  
Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pride  
Of gracious speach and skill his words to frame  
Abounded, being glad of so fitte tide  
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of al well eide.

xxxIII. "Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,  
And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,  
Though whilome far much greater then thy fame,  
Before that angry Gods and cruell skie  
Upon thee heapt a direfull destinie;  
What boots it boast thy glorious descent,  
And fetch from heaven thy great genealogie,  
Sith all thy worthie prayses being blent  
Their ofspring hath embaste, and later glory shent?"

xxxIV. "Most famous Worthy of the world, by whome  
That warre was kindled which did Troy inflame,  
And stately towres of Ilion whilome  
Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name  
Sir Paris far renowmd through noble fame;  
Who, through great prowesse and bold hardinesse,

From Lacedæmon fetcht the fayrest Dame  
That ever Greece did boast, or knight possesse,  
Whom Venus to him gave for meed of worthinesse;

xxxv. "Fayre Helene, flowre of beautie excellent,  
And girlond of the mighty Conquerours,  
That madest many Ladies deare lament  
The heavie losse of their brave Paramours,  
Which they far off beheld from Trojan toures,  
And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander ströwne  
With carcases of noble warrioures  
Whose fruitlesse lives were under furrow sowne,  
And Xanthus sandy bankes with blood all overflowne.

xxxvi. "From him my lineage I derive aright,  
Who long before the ten yeares siege of Troy,  
Whiles yet on Ida he a shepeheard hight,  
On faire Oenone got a lovely boy,  
Whom, for remembrance of her passed joy,  
She, of his Father, Parius did name;  
Who, after Greekes did Priams realme destroy,  
Gathred the Trojan reliques sav'd from flame,  
And with them sayling thence to th' isle of Paros came.

xxxvii. "That was by him cald Paros, which before  
Hight Nausa: there he many yeares did raine,  
And built Nausicle by the Pontick shore;  
The which he dying lefte next in remaine  
To Paridas his sonne,  
From whom I Paridell by kin descend:  
But, for faire ladies love and glories gaine,  
My native soile have lefte, my dayes to spend  
In seeingg deeds of armes, my lives and labors end."

xxxviii. Whenas the noble Britomart heard tell  
Of Trojan warres and Priams citie sackt,  
The ruefull story of Sir Paridell,  
She was empassiond at that piteous act,  
With zelous envy of Greekes cruell fact  
Against that nation, from whose race of old  
She heard that she was lineally extract;  
For noble Britons sprong from Trojans bold,  
And Troynovant was built of old Troyes ashes cold.

xxxix. Then, sighing soft awhile, at last she thus:

“O lamentable fall of famous towne!

Which raignd so many yeares victorious,

And of all Asie bore the soveraine crowne,

In one sad night consumd and throwen downe:

What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,

Is not empierst with deepe compassiowne,

And makes ensample of mans wretched state,

That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at evening  
late?

xl. “Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint

Hath fownd another partner of your payne;

For nothing may impresse so deare constraint

As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne.

But if it should not grieve you backe agayne

To turne your course, I would to heare desyre

What to Aeneas fell; sith that men sayne

He was not in the cities wofull fyre

Consum'd, but did him selfe to safety retyre.”

xli. “Anchyses sonne, begott of Venus fayre,”

Said he, “out of the flames for safegard fled,

And with a remnant did to sea repayre;

Where he through fatall errour long was led

Full many yeares, and weettlesse wandered

From shore to shore emongst the Lybick sandes,

Ere rest he fownd. Much there he suffered,

And many perilles past in forreine landes,

To save his people sad from victours vengefull handes.

xlII. “At last in Latium he did arryve,

Where he with cruell warre was entertaind

Of th’ inland folke, which sought him backe to drive,

Till he with old Latinus was constrained

To contract wedlock, (so the fates ordaind)

Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood

Accomplished, that many deare complaind:

The rivall slaine, the victour, through the flood

Escaped hardly, hardly praisd his wedlock good.

xlIII. “Yet, after all, he victour did survive,

And with Latinus did the kingdom part;

But after, when both nations gan to strive  
 Into their names the title to conuert,  
 His sonne Iulus did from thence depart  
 With all the warlike youth of Trojans bloud,  
 And in long Alba plast his throne apart;  
 Where faire it florished and long time stoud,  
 Till Romulus, renewing it, to Rome remoud."

XLIV. "There; there," (said Britomart) "afresh appeared  
 The glory of the later world to spring,  
 And Troy againe out of her dust was reard  
 To sitt in second seat of soveraine king  
 Of all the world, under her governing.  
 But a third kingdom yet is to arise  
 Out of the Trojans scattered ofspring,  
 That in all glory and great enterprise,  
 Both first and second Troy shall dare to equalise.

XLV. "It Troynovant is hight, that with the waves  
 Of wealthy Thamis washed is along,  
 Upon whose stubborne neck, (whereat he raves  
 With roring rage, and sore him selfe does throng)  
 That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong,  
 She fastned hath her foot; which stands so hy,  
 That it a wonder of the world is song  
 In forreine landes; and all which passen by,  
 Beholding it from farre, doe thinke it threatens the skye.

XLVI. "The Trojan Brute did first that citie fownd,  
 And Hygate made the meare thereof by West,  
 And Overt gate by North: that is the bownd  
 Toward the land; two rivers bownd the rest.  
 So huge a scope at first him seemed best,  
 To be the compasse of his kingdomes seat:  
 So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,  
 Ne in small meares containe his glory great,  
 That Albion had conquered first by warlike feat."

XLVII. "Ah! fairest Lady knight," (said Paridell)  
 "Pardon, I pray, my heedlesse oversight,  
 Who had forgot that whylome I heard tell  
 From aged Mnemon; for my wits beene light.  
 Indeed he said, (if I remember right)



That of the antique Trojan stocke there grew  
Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,  
And far abroad his mightie braunches threw  
Into the utmost Angle of the world he knew.

XLVIII. "For that same Brute, whom much he did advance  
In all his speech, was Sylvius his sonne,  
Whom having slain through luckles arrowes glaunce,  
He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,  
Or els for shame, so fowle reproch to shonne,  
And with him ledd to sea an youthly trayne;  
Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,  
And many fortunes prov'd in th' Ocean mayne,  
And great adventures found, that now were long to sayne.

XLIX. "At last by fatall course they driven were  
Into an Island spacious and brode,  
The furthest North that did to them appeare:  
Which, after rest, they, seeking farre abroad,  
Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,  
Fruitfull of all thinges fitt for living foode,  
But wholly waste and void of peoples trode,  
Save an huge nation of the Geaunts broode  
That fed on living flesh, and dronck mens vitall blood.

L. "Whom he, through wearie wars and labours long,  
Subdewd with losse of many Britons bold:  
In which the great Goemagot of strong  
Corineus, and Coulin of Debon old,  
Were overthrowne and laide on th' earth full cold,  
Which quaked under their so hideous masse;  
A famous history to bee enrold  
In everlasting moniments of brasse,  
That all the antique Worthies merits far did passe.

LI. "His worke great Troynovant, his worke is eke  
Faire Lincolne, both renowned far away;  
That who from East to West will endlong seeke,  
Cannot two fairer Cities find this day,  
Except Cleopolis: so heard I say  
Old Mnemon. Therefore, Sir, I greet you well  
Your countrey kin; and you entyrelly pray


Of pardon for the strife, which late befell  
Betwixt us both unknowne." So ended Paridell.

LII. But all the while that he these speeches spent,  
Upon his lips hong faire Dame Hellenore  
With vigilant regard and dew attent,  
Fashioning worldes of fancies evermore  
In her fraile witt, that now her quite forlore:  
The whiles unwares away her wondring eye  
And greedy eares her weake hart from her bore;  
Which he perceiving, ever privily,  
In speaking many false belgardes at her let fly.

LIII. So long these knights discoursed diversly  
Of straunge affaires, and noble hardiment,  
Which they had past with mickle jeopardy,  
That now the humid night was farforth spent,  
And hevenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:  
Which th' old man seeing wel, who too long thought  
Every discourse, and every argument,  
Which by the houres he measured, besought  
Them go to rest. So all unto their bowres were brought.

## CANTO X

Paridell rapeth Hellenore:  
 Malbecco her poursewes:  
 Fyndes emongst Satyres, whence with him  
 To turne she doth refuse.

- Brit -  
in  
can  
make  
cure  
and  
- says*
- I. THE morow next, so soone as Phœbus Lamp  
 Bewrayed had the world with early light,  
 And fresh Aurora had the shady damp  
 Out of the goodly heven amoved quight,  
 Faire Britomart and that same Faery knight  
 Uprose, forth on their journey for to wend:  
 But Paridell complaynd, that his late fight  
 With Britomart so sore did him offend,  
 That ryde he could not, till his hurts he did amend.
- Malbecco  
saw  
with  
the  
will*
- II. So forth they far'd; but he behind them stayd,  
 Maulgre his host, who grudged grievously  
 To house a guest that would be needes obayd,  
 And of his owne him lefte not liberty:  
 Might wanting measure moveth surquedry.  
Two things he feared, but the third was death;  
 That fiers youngmans unruly maystery;  
 His money, which he lov'd as living breath;  
 And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept uncath.
- Malbecco  
keeps  
with  
p...*
- III. But patience perforce, he must abie  
 What fortune and his fate on him will lay;  
 Fond is the feare that findes no remedie:  
 Yet warily he watcheth every way,  
 By which he feareth evill happen may;  
 So th' evill thinkes by watching to prevent:  
 Ne doth he suffer her, nor night nor day,  
 Out of his sight her selfe once to absent:  
 So doth he punish her, and eke him selfe torment.
- IV. But Paridell kept better watch then hee,  
A fit occasion for his turne to finde.  
False love! why do men say thou canst not sec,
- 

And in their foolish fancy feigne thee blinde,  
 That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doest binde,  
 And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,  
 And seest every secret of the minde;  
 Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee:  
 All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

v/ So perfect in that art was Paridell,  
 That he Malbeccoes halfen eye did wyle;  
 His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,  
 And Hellenors both eyes did eke beguyle,  
 Both eyes and hart attonce, during the while  
 That he there sojourned his woundes to heale;  
 That Cupid selfe, it seeing, close did smyle  
 To weet how he her love away did steale,  
 And bad that none their joyous treason should reveale.

vi. The learned lover lost no time nor tyde  
 That least advantage mote to him afford,  
 Yet bore so faire a sayle, that none espyde  
 His secret drift, till he her layd aboard.  
 When so in open place and commune bord  
 He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speech  
 He courted her; yet bayted every word,  
 That his ungentle hoste n'ote him appeach  
 Of vile ungentlenesse, or hospitages breach.

vii. But when apart (if ever her apart)  
 He found, then his false engins fast he plyde,  
 And all the sleights unbosomd in his hart:  
 He sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy dyde,  
 And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde:  
 Tho, when againe he him bethought to live,  
 He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,  
 Saying, but if she Mercie would him give,  
 That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgive.

viii. And otherwhyles with amorous delights  
 And pleasing toyes he would her entertaïne;  
 Now singing sweetly to surprize her sprights,  
 Now making layes of love and lovers paine,  
 Bransles, Ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine;  
 Oft purposes, oft riddles, he devysd,

And thousands like which flowed in his braine,  
 With which he fed her fancy, and entysd  
 To take to his new love, and leave her old despyd.

- ix. And every where he might, and everie while,  
 He did her service dewtifull, and sewd  
 At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile;  
 So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,  
 Who well perceived all, and all indewd.  
 Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,  
 With which he many weake harts had subdewd  
 Of yore, and many had ylike misled:  
 What wonder then, if she were likewise carried?

- x. No fort so fensible, no wals so strong,  
But that continuall battery will rive,  
 Or daily siege, through dispurvayauce long  
 And lacke of reskewes, will to parley drive;  
 And Peece, that unto parley eare will give,  
 Will shortly yield it selfe, and will be made  
 The vassall of the victors will bylive:  
 That stratageme had oftentimes assayd  
 This crafty Paramoure, and now it plaine display'd:

- xi. For through his traines he her intrapped hath,  
 That she her love and hart hath wholly sold  
 To him, without regard of gaine or scath,  
 Or care of credite, or of husband old,  
 Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fayre Cucquold.  
 Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee  
 Devized hath, and to her lover told.  
 It pleased well: So well they both agree:  
 So readie rype to ill ill wemens counsels bee!

- xii. Darke was the Evening, fit for lovers stealth,  
 When chaunst Malbecco busie be elsewhere,  
 She to his closet went, where all his wealth  
 Lay hid; thereof she countlesse summes did reare,  
 The which she meant away with her to beare;  
 The rest she fyr'd, for sport, or for despight:  
 As Hellene, when she saw aloft appeare  
 The Trojane flames and reach to heavens hight,  
 Did clap her hands, and joyed at that dolefull sight.



*use  
sindell  
or her  
at part  
honey  
now*

xiii. This second Helene, fayre Dame Hellenore,  
The whiles her husband ran with sory haste  
To quench the flames which she had tyn'd before,  
Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste,  
And ran into her lovers armes right fast;  
Where streight embraced she to him did cry  
And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past;  
For lo! that Guest did beare her forcibly,  
And meant to ravish her, that rather had to dy.

*car feels  
vercome by  
ive/lost  
ed/is  
eely to  
blow*

xiv. The wretched man hearing her call for ayd,  
And ready seeing him with her to fly,  
In his disquiet mind was much dismayd:  
But when againe he backward cast his eye,  
And saw the wicked fire so furiously  
Consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,  
He was therewith distressed diversely,  
Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place:  
Was never wretched man in such a wofull cace.

*← m  
be  
Malbe*

*Malbe  
rooses  
er wife*

xv. Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,  
And left the fire; love money overcame:  
But, when he marked how his money burnd,  
He left his wife; money did love disclame:  
Both was he loth to loose his loved Dame,  
And loth to leave his liefest pelfe behinde;  
Yet, sith he n'ote save both, he sav'd that same  
Which was the dearest to his dounghill minde,  
The God of his desire, the joy of misers blinde.

*while  
althe gets  
par + offel  
love*

xvi. Thus whilst all things in troublous uprore were,  
And all men busie to suppress the flame,  
The loving couple neede no reskew feare,  
But leasure had and liberty to frame  
Their purpost flight, free from all mens reclame;  
And Night, the patronesse of love-stealth fayre,  
Gave them safe conduct, till to end they came.  
So beene they gone yfere, a wanton payre  
Of lovers loosely knit, where list them to repayre.

xvii. Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,  
Malbecco, seeing how his losse did lye,  
Out of the flames which he had quencht whylere,

Into huge waves of grieve and gealosye  
 Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye  
 Twixt inward doole and felonous despyght:  
 He rav'd, he wept, he stampt, he lowd did cry,  
 And all the passions that in man may light  
 Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytive spright.

xviii. Long thus he chawd the cud of inward grieve,  
 And did consume his gall with anguish sore:  
 Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,  
 Then still the smart thereof increased more,  
 And seemd more grievous then it was before.  
 At last when sorrow he saw bootéd nought,  
 Ne grieve might not his love to him restore,  
 He gan devise how her he reskew mought:  
 Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused thought.

xix. At last resolving, like a Pilgrim pore,  
 To search her forth where so she might be fond,  
 And bearing with him treasure in close store,  
 The rest he leaves in ground: So takes in hond  
 To seeke her endlong both by sea and lond.  
 Long he her sought, he sought her far and nere,  
 And every where that he mote understond  
 Of knights and ladies any meetings were;  
 And of each one he mett he tidings did inquere.

xx. But all in vaine: his woman was too wise  
 Ever to come into his clouch againe,  
 And hee too simple ever to surprise  
 The jolly Paridell, for all his paine.  
 One day, as hee forpassed by the plaine  
 With weary pace, he far away espide  
 A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,  
 Which hoved close under a forest side,  
 As if they lay in wait, or els them selves did hide.

xxi. Well weened hee that those the same mote bee;  
 And as he better did their shape avize,  
 Him seemed more their maner did agree;  
 For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,  
 Whom to be Paridell he did devize;  
 And th' other, al yclad in garments light

Discoloured like to womanish disguise,  
 He did resemble to his lady bright;  
 And ever his faint hart much earned at the sight:

xxii. And ever faine he towards them would goe,  
 But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,  
 But stood aloofe, unweeting what to doe;  
 Till that prickt forth with loves extremity  
 That is the father of fowle gealosy,  
 He closely nearer crept the truth to weet:  
 But, as he nigher drew, he easily  
 Might scerne that it was not his sweetest sweet,  
 Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet:

xxiii. But it was scornfull Braggadochio,  
 That with his servant Trompart hoverd there,  
 Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe:  
 Whom such whenas Malbecco spyed clere,  
 He turned backe, and would have fled arere,  
 Till Trompart, ronning hastely, him did stay,  
 And bad before his soveraine Lord appere.  
 That was him loth, yet durst he not gainesay,  
 And comming him before low louted on the lay.

xxiv. The boaster at him sternely bent his browe,  
 As if he could have kild him with his looke,  
 That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,  
 And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,  
 That every member of his body quooke.  
 Said he, "Thou man of nought, what doest thou here  
 Unfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,  
 Where I expected one with shield and spere  
 To prove some deeds of armes upon an equall pere?"

xxv. The wretched man at his imperious speach  
 Was all abasht, and low prostrating said:  
 "Good Sir, let not my rudenes be no breach  
 Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;  
 For I unwares this way by fortune straid,  
 A silly Pilgrim driven to distresse,  
 That seeke a Lady"—There he suddein staid,  
 And did the rest with grievous sighes suppress,  
 While teares stood in his eies, few drops of bitteresse.

xxvi. "What Lady, man?" (said Trompart) "take good hart,  
And tell thy grieve, if any hidden lye:  
Was never better time to shew thy smart  
Then now that noble succor is thee by,  
That is the whole worlds commune remedy."  
That chearful word his weak heart much did cheare,  
And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,  
That bold he sayd; "O most redoubted Pere!  
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches cace to heare."

xxvii. Then sighing sore, "It is not long," (saide hee)  
"Sith I enjoyd the gentlest Dame alive;  
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,  
But shame of all that doe for honor strive,  
By treacherous deceit did me deprive:  
Through open outrage he her bore away,  
And with fowle force unto his will did drive;  
Which al good knights, that armes doe bear this day,  
Are bownd for to revenge, and punish if they may.

xxviii. "And you, most noble Lord, that can and dare  
Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,  
Cannot employ your most victorious speare  
In better quarell then defence of right,  
And for a Lady gainst a faithlesse knight:  
So shall your glory bee advaunced much,  
And all faire Ladies magnify your might,  
And eke my selfe, albee I simple such,  
Your worthy paine shall wel reward with guerdon rich."

xxix. With that out of his bouget forth he drew  
Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt;  
But he on it lookt scornefully askew,  
As much disdeigning to be so misdempt,  
Or a war-monger to be basely nempt;  
And sayd; "Thy offers base I greatly loth,  
And eke thy words uncourteous and unkempt:  
I tread in dust thee and thy money both,  
That, were it not for shame"—So turned from him  
wroth.

xxx. But Trompart, that his maistres humor knew  
In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,  
Was inly tickled with that golden vew.

And in his eare him rownded close behinde:  
 Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the winde,  
 Waiting advauntage on the pray to sease,  
 Till Trompart, lowly to the grownd inclinde,  
 Besought him his great corage to appease,  
 And pardon simple man that rash did him displease.

xxxI. Big looking like a doughty Doucepere,  
 At last he thus; "Thou clod of vilest clay,  
 I pardon yield, and with thy rudenes beare;  
 But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,  
 And all that els the vaine world vaunten may,  
 I loath as dounge, ne deeme my dew reward:  
Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pay:  
 But minds of mortall men are muchell mard  
 And mov'd amisse with massy mucks unmeet regard.

xxxII. "And more: I graunt to thy great misery  
 Gratious respect; thy wife shall backe be sent:  
 And that vile knight, who ever that he bee,  
 Which hath thy lady reft and knighthood shent,  
 By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly dent  
The blood hath of so many thousands shedd,  
 I sweare, ere long shall dearely it repent;  
 Ne he twixt heven and earth shall hide his hedd,  
 But soone he shal be fownd, and shortly doen be dedd."

xxxIII. The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,  
 As if the word so spoken were halfe donne,  
 And humbly thanked him a thousand sith  
 That had from death to life him newly wonne.  
 Tho forth the Boaster marching brave begonne  
 His stolen steed to thunder furiously,  
 As if he heaven and hell would over-ronne,  
 And all the world confound with cruelty;  
 That much Malbecco joyed in his jollity.

xxxIV. Thus long they three together traveled,  
 Through many an wood and many an uncouth way,  
 To seeke his wife that was far wandered:  
 But those two sought not but the present pray,  
 To weete, the treasure which he did bewray,  
 On which their eies and harts were wholly sett,



With purpose how they might it best betray;  
 For, sith the howre that first he did them lett  
 The same behold, therwith their keene desires were  
 whett.

xxxv. It fortun'd, as they together far'd,  
 They spide where Paridell came pricking fast  
 Upon the plaine; the which him selfe prepar'd  
 To guist with that brave straunger knight a cast,  
 As on adventure by the way he past,  
 Alone he rode without his Paragone;  
 For, having filcht her bells, her up he cast  
To the wide world, and lett her fly alone:  
 He nould be clogd. So had he served many one.

xxxvi. The gentle Lady, loose at randon lefte,  
 The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide  
 At wilde adventure, like a forlorne wefte;  
 Till on a day the Satyres her espide  
 Straying alone withouten groome or guide:  
 Her up they tooke, and with them home her ledd,  
 With them as housewife ever to abide,  
 To milk their gotes, and make them cheese and bredd;  
 And every one as commune good her handeled

xxxvii. That shortly she Malbecco has forgott,  
 And eke Sir Paridell, all were he deare;  
 Who from her went to seeke another lott,  
 And now by fortune was arrived here,  
 Where those two guilers with Malbecco were.  
 Soone as the old man saw Sir Paridell,  
 He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,  
 Ne word he had to speake his grieve to tell,  
 But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well;

xxxviii. And, after, asked him for Hellenore:  
 "I take no keepe of her," (sayd Paridell)  
 "She wonneth in the forrest there before."  
 So forth he rode as his adventure fell;  
 The whiles the Boaster from his loftie sell  
 Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;  
 But the fresh Swayne would not his leasure dwell,  
 But went his way: whom when he passed kend,  
 He up remounted light, and after faind to wend.

xxxix. "Perdy, nay," (said Malbecco) "shall ye not;  
 But let him passe as lightly as he came:  
 For litle good of him is to be got,  
 And mickle perill to bee put to shame.  
 But let us goe to seeke my dearest Dame,  
 Whom he hath left in yonder forest wyld;  
 For of her safety in great doubt I ame,  
 Least salvage beastes her person have despoild:  
 Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine have toyl'd."


xl. They all agree, and forward them addresse:  
 "Ah! but," (said crafty Trompart) "weete ye well,  
 That yonder in that wastefull wilderness  
 Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;  
 Dragons, and Minotaures, and feendes of hell,  
 And many wilde woodmen which robbe and rend  
 All travelers: therefore advise ye well  
 Before ye enterprise that way to wend:  
 One may his journey bring too soone to evill end."

xli. Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,  
 And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,  
 Their counsell crav'd in daunger imminent.  
 Said Trompart; "You, that are the most opprest  
With burdein of great treasure, I thinke best  
 Here for to stay in safetie behynd:  
 My Lord and I will search the wide forest."  
 That counsell pleased not Malbeccoes mynd,  
 For he was much afraid him selfe alone to fynd.


xlii. "Then is it best," (said he) "that ye doe leave  
 Your treasure here in some security,  
 Either fast closed in some hollow greave,  
 Or buried in the ground from jeopardy,  
 Till we retorne againe in safety:  
 As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,  
 Hence farre away we will blyndfolded ly,  
 Ne privy bee unto your treasures grave."  
 It pleased; so he did. Then they march forward brave.

xliii. Now, when amid the thickest woodes they were,  
 They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,  
 And shrieking Hububs them approaching nere,  
 Which all the forest did with horroure fill.

That dreadfull sound the bosters hart did thrill  
 With such amazment, that in hast he fledd,  
 Ne ever looked back for good or ill;  
 And after him eke fearefull Trompart spedd:  
 The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half dedd.

XLIV. Yet afterwarde, close creeping as he might,  
 He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd.  
 The jolly Satyres, full of fresh delight,  
 Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly ledd  
 Faire Helenore with girlonds all bespredd,  
 Whom their May-lady they had newly made:   
 She, proude of that new honour which they redd,  
 And of their lovely fellowship full glade,  
 Daunst lively, and her face did with a Lawrell shade.

XLV. The silly man that in the thickett lay  
 Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore;  
 Yet durst he not against it doe or say,  
 But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,  
 To see th' unkindnes of his Hellenore.  
 All day they daunced with great lusty-hedd,  
 And with their horned feet the greene gras wore,  
 The whiles their Gotes upon the brouzes fedd,  
 Till drouping Phœbus gan to hyde his golden hedd.

XLVI. Tho up they gan their mery pypes to trusse,  
 And all their goodly heardees did gather rownd;  
 But every Satyre first did give a busse   
 To Hellenore; so busses did abound.  
 Now gan the humid vapour shed the grownd  
 With perly deaw, and th' Earthes gloomy shade  
 Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin rownd,  
 That every bird and beast awarned made  
 To shrowd themselves, whiles sleepe their sences did invade.

XLVII. Which when Malbecco saw, out of the bush  
 Upon his handes and feete he crept full light,  
 And like a Gote emongst the Gotes did rush;  
 That, through the helpe of his faire hornes on hight,  
 And misty dampe of misconceyving night,  
 And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard,  
 He did the better counterfeite aright:  
 So home he marcht emongst the horned heard,  
 That none of all the Satyres him espyde or heard.

XLVIII. At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd  
 Whereas his lovely wife emongst them lay,  
 — Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,  
 Who all the night did minde his joyous play:  
 — Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,  
 That all his hart with gealosy did swell;  
 But yet that nights ensample did bewray  
 That not for nought his wife them loved so well,  
 — When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

XLIX. So closely as he could he to them crept,  
 When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell,  
 And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,  
 He whispered in her eare, and did her tell  
 That it was he which by her side did dwell;  
 And therefore prayd her wake to heare him plaine.  
 As one out of a dreame not waked well  
 She turnd her, and returned back againe;  
 Yet her for to awake he did the more constraine.

L. At last with irkesom trouble she abrayd;  
 And then perceiving that it was indeed  
 Her old Malbecco, which did her upbrayd  
 With loosenesse of her love and loathly deed,  
 She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,  
 And would have wakt the Satyre by her syde;  
 But he her prayd, for mercy or for meed,  
 To save his life, ne let him be descryde,  
 But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde.

LI. Tho gan he her perswade to leave that lewd  
And loathsom life, of God and man abhord,  
And home returne, where all should be renewd  
With perfect peace and bandes of fresh accord,  
 And she receivd againe to bed and bord,  
 As if no trespas ever had beene donne:  
 But she it all refused at one word,  
 And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,  
 — But chose emongst the jolly Satyres still to wonne.

LII. He wooed her till day-spring he espyde,  
 But all in vaine; and then turnd to the heard,  
 Who butted him with hornes on every syde,

And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard  
 Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard.  
 Early, before the heavens fairest light  
 Out of the ruddy East was fully reard,  
 The heardees out of their foldes were loosed quight,  
 And he emongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.

LIII. So soone as he the Prison-dore did pas,  
 He ran as fast as both his feet could beare,  
 And never looked who behind him was,  
 Ne scarsely who before: like as a Beare,  
 That creeping close amongst the hives to reare  
 An hony-combe, the wakefull dogs espy,  
 And him assaying sore his carkas teare,  
 That hardly he with life away does fly,  
 Ne staves, till safe him selfe he see from jeopardy.

LIV. Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place  
 Where late his treasure he entombed had;  
 Where when he found it not, (for Trompart hance  
 Had it purloyned for his maister bad)  
 With extreme fury he became quite mad,  
 And ran away, ran with him selfe away;  
 That who so straungely had him seene bestadd,  
 With upstart haire and staring eyes dismay,  
 From Limbo lake him late escaped sure would say.

LV. High over hilles and over dales he fledd,  
 As if the wind him on his winges had borne;  
 Ne banck nor bush could stay him, when he spedd  
 His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne:  
 Griefe, and despight, and gealosy, and scorne,  
 Did all the way him follow hard behynd;  
 And he himselfe himselfe loath'd so forlorne,  
 So shamefully forlorne of womankynd,  
 That, as a Snake, still lurked in his wounded mynd.

LVI. Still fled he forward, looking backward still;  
 Ne stayd his flight nor fearefull agony,  
 Till that he came unto a rocky hill  
 Over the sea suspended dreadfully,  
 That living creature it would terrify  
 To looke adowne, or upward to the height:



From thence he threw him selfe despiteously,  
 All desperate of his fore-damned spright,  
 That seemd no help for him was left in living sight.

LVII. But through long anguish and selfe-murdring thought,  
 He was so wasted and forpined quight,  
 That all his substance was consum'd to nought,  
 And nothing left but like an aery Spright,  
 That on the rockes he fell so flit and light,  
 That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all;  
 But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light;  
 Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,  
 That at the last he found a cave with entrance small.

LVIII. Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there  
 Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion  
 In drery darkenes and continuall feare  
 Of that rocks fall, which ever and anon  
 Threates with huge ruine him to fall upon,  
 That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye  
 Still ope he keepes for that occasion;  
 Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,  
 The roring billowes beat his bowre so boystrously.

LIX. Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed  
 But todes and frogs, his pasture poysonous,  
 Which in his cold complexion doe breed  
 A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,  
 Matter of doubt and dread suspicious,  
 That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,  
 Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,  
 Cros-cuts the liver with internall smart,  
 And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eternall dart.

LX. Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,  
 And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,  
 That death and life attonce unto him gives,  
 And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.  
 There dwels he ever, miserable swaine,  
 Hatefull both to him selfe and every wight;  
 Where he, through privy grieve and horror vaine,  
 It woxen so deform'd that he has quight  
 Forgot he was a man, and Gelosy is light.

*Britomart the centre-positive, balanced chaste love.*

## CANTO XI

Britomart chaceth Ollyphant;  
 Findes Scudamour distrest:  
 Assayes the house of Busyrane,  
 Where loves spoyles are exprest.

*Scale of Passio*

I. O HATEFULL hellish Snake! what furie furst  
 Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,  
 Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,  
 And fostred up with bitter milke of tine,  
 Fowle Gealosy! that turnest love divine  
 To joylesse dread, and mak'st the loving hart  
 With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,  
 And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart?  
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art!

NB

II. O! let him far be banished away,  
 And in his stead let Love for ever dwell;  
 Sweete Love, that doth his golden wings embay  
 In blessed Nectar and pure Pleasures well,  
 Untroubled of vile feare or bitter fell.  
 And ye, faire Ladies, that your kingdomes make  
 In th' harts of men, them governe wisely well,  
And of faire Britomart ensample take,  
 That was as trew in love as Turtle to her make.

III. Who with Sir Satyrane, as earst ye red,  
 Forth ryding from Malbeccoes hostlesse hous,  
 Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled  
 From an huge Geaunt, that with hideous  
 And hatefull outrage long him chaced thus;  
 It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare  
 Of that Argantè vile and vitious,  
 From whom the Squyre of Dames was reft whylere  
 This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

IV. For as the sister did in feminine  
 And filthy lust exceede all womankind,  
 So he surpassed his sex masculine,

In beastly use, all that I ever finde:  
 Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde  
 The fearefull boy so greedily poursew,  
 She was emmoved in her noble minde,  
 T' employ her puissaunce to his reskew,  
 And pricked fiercely forward where she did him vew.

v. Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behinde,  
 But with like fiercenesse did ensew the chace.  
 Whom when the Gyaunt saw, he soone resinde  
 His former suit, and from them fled apace:  
 They after both, and boldly bad him bace,  
 And each did strive the other to outgoe;  
 But he them both outran a wondrous space,  
 For he was long, and swift as any Roe,  
 And now made better speed t' escape his feared foe.

vi. It was not Satyrane, whom he did feare,  
 But Britomart the flowre of chastity;  
For he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,  
 But alwayes did their dread encounter fly:  
 And now so fast his feet he did apply,  
 That he has gotten to a forrest neare,  
 Where he is shrowded in security.  
 The wood they enter, and search everie where;  
 They searched diversely, so both divided were.

vii. Fayre Britomart so long him followed,  
 That she at last came to a fountaine shear,  
 By which there lay a knight all wallowed  
 Upon the grassy ground, and by him neare  
 His haberjeon, his helmet, and his speare:  
 A little off his shield was rudely throwne,  
 On which the winged boy in colours cleare  
 Depeincted was, full easie to be knowne,  
 And he thereby, where ever it in field was showne.

viii. His face upon the grownd did groveling ly,  
 As if he had beene slombring in the shade;  
 That the brave Mayd would not for courtesy  
 Out of his quiet slomber him abrade,  
 Nor seeme too suddeinly him to invade.  
 Still as she stood, she heard with grievous throb

Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,  
And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,  
That pittie did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

ix. At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes  
He sayd; "O soverayne Lord! that sit'st on hye  
And raignt in blis emongst thy blessed Saintes,  
How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty  
So long unwreaked of thine enemy?  
Or hast thou, Lord, of good mens cause no heed?  
Or doth thy justice sleepe and silent ly?  
What booteth then the good and righteous deed,  
If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnes no meed?"

x. "If good find grace, and righteousnes reward,  
Why then is Amoret in caytive band,  
Sith that more bounteous creature never far'd  
On foot upon the face of living land?  
Or if that heavenly justice may withstand  
The wrongfull outrage of unrighteous men,  
Why then is Busirane with wicked hand  
Suffred, these seven monethes day, in secret den  
My Lady and my love so cruelly to pen!

xi. "My Lady and my love is cruelly pend  
In dolefull darkenes from the vew of day,  
Whilest deadly torments doe her chast brest rend,  
And the sharpe steele doth rive her hart in tway,  
All for she Scudamore will not deny.  
Yet thou, vile man, vile Scudamore, art sound,  
Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;  
Unworthy wretch to tread upon the ground,  
For whom so faire a Lady feelles so sore a wound!"

xii. There an huge heape of singults did oppresse  
His struggling soule, and swelling throbs empeach  
His foltring toung with pangs of drerinesse,  
Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,  
As if his dayes were come to their last reach:  
Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit  
Threatning into his life to make a breach,  
Both with great ruth and terroure she was smit,  
Fearing least from her cage the wearie soule would flit.

xiii. Tho stouping downe she him amoved light;  
 Who, therewith somewhat starting, up gan looke,  
 And seeing him behind a stranger knight,  
 Whereas no living creature he mistooke,  
 With great indignaunce he that sight forsooke,  
 And, downe againe himselfe disdainfully  
 Abjecting, th' earth with his faire forehead strooke:  
 Which the bold Virgin seeing gan apply  
 Fit medicine to his griefe, and spake thus courtesly:—

xiv. “ Ah gentle knight! whose deepe conceived griefe  
 Well seemes t' excede the powre of patience,  
 Yet, if that heavenly grace some goode reliefe  
 You send, submit you to high providence;  
 And ever in your noble hart prepense,  
 That all the sorrow in the world is lesse  
 Then vertues might and values confidence:  
 For who nill bide the burden of distresse,  
 Must not here thinke to live; for life is wretchednesse.

xv. “ Therefore, faire Sir, doe comfort to you take,  
 And freely read what wicked felon so  
 Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.  
 Perhaps this hand may helpe to ease your woe,  
 And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe;  
 At least it faire endeavour will apply.”  
 Those feeling words so neare the quicke did goe,  
 That up his head he reared easily,  
 And, leaning on his elbowe, these few words lett fly.

xvi. “ What boots it plaine that cannot be redrest,  
 And sow vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse eare,  
 Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,  
 Ne worldly price, cannot redeeme my deare  
 Out of her thraldome and continuall feare:  
 For he, the tyrant, which her hath in ward  
 By strong enchauntments and blacke Magicke leare,  
 Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,  
 And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to her gard.

xvii. “ There he tormenteth her most terribly  
 And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,  
 Because to yield him love she doth deny,



he woul  
yield sexually  
to him

Once to me yold, not to be yolde againe:  
But yet by torture he would her constraine  
Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest;  
Till so she doe, she must in doole remaine,  
Ne may by living meanes be thence relest:  
What boots it then to plaine that cannot be redrest?"

xviii. With this sad hersall of his heavy stresse  
The warlike Damzell was empassiond sore,  
And sayd; "Sir knight, your cause is nothing lesse  
Then is your sorrow certes, if not more;  
For nothing so much pittie doth implore  
As gentle Ladyes helplesse misery:  
But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,  
I will, with prooffe of last extremity,  
Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you dy.

oh woe  
I'll ge  
her, or a  
trying

xix. "Ah! gentlest knight alive," (sayd Scudamore)  
"What huge heroicke magnanimity  
Dwells in thy bounteous brest! what couldst thou more,  
If shee were thine, and thou as now am I?  
O! spare thy happy daies, and them apply  
To better boot; but let me die that ought:  
More is more losse; one is enough to dy."  
"Life is not lost," (said she) "for which is bought  
Endlesse renown, that, more then death, is to be sought."

scud  
says  
should  
Brit  
renown  
best th

xx. Thus shee at length persuaded him to rise,  
And with her wend to see what new successe  
Mote him befall upon new enterprise.  
His armes, which he had vowed to disprofesse,  
She gathered up and did about him dresse,  
And his forwandred steed unto him gott:  
So forth they forth yfere make their progresse,  
And march not past the mountenaunce of a shott,  
Till they arriv'd whereas their purpose they did plott.

she put  
him on  
horse and  
they go  
where Gla  
would be

xxi. There they dismounting drew their weapons bold,  
And stoutly came unto the Castle gate,  
Whereas no gate they found them to withhold,  
Nor ward to waite at morne and evening late;  
But in the Porch, that did them sore amate,  
A flaming fire, ymixt with smouldry smoke

And stinking sulphure, that with griesly hate  
 And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,  
 Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

xxii. Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,  
 Ne in that stownd wist how her selfe to beare;  
 For daunger vaine it were to have assayd  
 That cruell element, which all things feare,  
 Ne none can suffer to approchen neare:  
 And, turning backe to Scudamour, thus sayd:  
 "What monstrous enmity prouoke we heare?  
 Foolhardy as th' Earthes children, the which made  
 Batteill against the Gods, so we a God invade.

xxiii. "Daunger without discretion to attempt  
 Inglorious, beastlike is: therefore, Sir knight,  
 Aread what course of you is safest dempt,  
 And how he with our foe may come to fight."  
 "This is" (quoth he) "the dolorous despight,  
 Which earst to you I playnd: for neither may  
 This fire be quencht by any witt or might,  
 Ne yet by any meanes remov'd away;  
 So mighty be th' enchauntments which the same do stay.

xxiv. "What is there ells but cease these fruitlesse paines,  
 And leave me to my former languishing?  
 Faire Amorett must dwell in wicked chaines,  
 And Scudamore here die with sorrowing."  
 "Perdy not so," (saide shee) "for shameful thing  
 Yt were t' abandon noble chevisaunce  
 For shewe of perill, without venturing:  
 Rather let try extremities of chaunce,  
 Then enterprised praise for dread to disavaunce."

xxv. Therewith, resolv'd to prove her utmost might,  
 Her ample shield she threw before her face,  
 And her swords point directing forward right  
 Assayld the flame; the which eftesoones gave place,  
 And did it selfe divide with equall space,  
 That through she passed, as a thonder bolt  
 Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace  
 The soring clouds into sad showres ymolt;  
 So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

xxvi. Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the fire  
*Scud' tried* Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay  
*but cuz of nature hes tried backe* With greedy will and envious desire,  
 And bad the stubborne flames to yield him way:  
 But cruell Mulciber would not obay  
 His threatfull pride, but did the more augment  
 His mighty rage, and with imperious sway  
 Him forst, (maulgre) his fercenes to relent,  
 And backe retire, all scorcht and pittifully brent.

xxvii. With huge impatience he inly swelt,  
*Scud' beats selfe* More for great sorrow that he could not pas  
*Brit' answers* Then for the burning torment which he felt;  
 That with fell woodnes he effierced was,  
 And wilfully him throwing on the gras  
 Did beat and bounse his head and brest ful sore:  
The whiles the Championesse now entred has  
 The utmost rowme, and past the foremost dore;  
 The utmost rowme abounding with all precious store:

xxviii. For round about the walls yclothed were  
*bright stuff hanging from walls* With goodly arras of great majesty,  
 Woven with gold and silke, so close and nere  
 That the rich metall lurked privily,  
 As faining to be hidd from envious eye;  
 Yet here, and there, and every where, unwares  
 It shewd it selfe and shone unwillingly;  
 Like a discoloured Snake, whose hidden snares  
 Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht back  
 declares.

xxix. And in those Tapets weren fashioned  
*pictures on wall of great battles and rapid waies* Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate;  
 And all of love, and al of lusty-hed,  
 As seemed by their semblaunt, did entreat:  
 And eke all Cupids warres they did repeate,  
 And cruell battailes, which he whilome fought  
 Gainst all the Gods to make his empire great;  
 Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought  
 On mighty kings and kesars into thraldome brought.

xxx. Therein was writt how often thondring Jove  
 Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,  
 And, leaving heavens kingdome, here did rove

Love  
and his  
squires

In straunge disguise, to slake his scalding smart;  
Now, like a Ram, faire Helle to pervart,  
Now, like a Bull, Europa to withdraw:  
Ah! how the fearefull Ladies tender hart  
Did lively seeme to tremble, when she saw  
The huge seas under her t' obay her servaunts law.

Love  
turns  
into  
rain  
?

xxxI. Soone after that, into a golden showre  
Him selfe he chaung'd, faire Danaë to vew;  
And through the roofe of her strong brasen towre  
Did raine into her lap an hony dew;  
The whiles her foolish garde, that litle knew  
Of such deceipt, kept th' yron dore fast bard,  
And watcht that none should enter nor issew:  
Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,  
Whenas the God to golden hew him selfe transfard.

Love  
became  
woman  
Leda

xxxII. Then was he turnd into a snowy Swan,  
To win faire Leda to his lovely trade:  
O wondrous skill! and sweet wit of the man,  
That her in daffadillies sleeping made  
From scorching heat her daintie limbes to shade;  
Whiles the proud Bird, ruffing his fethers wyde  
And brushing his faire brest, did her invade:  
She slept; yet twixt her eielids closely spyde  
How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his pryde.

N

xxxIII. Then shewd it how the Thebane Semelee,  
Deceivd of gealous Juno, did require  
To see him in his soverayne majestee  
Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,  
Whens dearely she with death bought her desire.  
But faire Alcmena better match did make,  
Joying his love in likenes more entire:  
Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake  
He then did put, her pleasures lenger to partake.

?

xxxIV. Twise was he scene in soaring Eagles shape,  
And with wide winges to beat the buxome ayre:  
Once, when he with Asterie did scape;  
Againe, when as the Trojane boy so fayre  
He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:  
Wondrous delight it was there to behould.

How the rude Shepheards after him did stare,  
Trembling through feare least down he fallen should,  
And often to him calling to take surer hould.

xxxv. In Satyres shape Antiopa he snatcht;  
And like a fire, when he Aegin' assayd:  
A shepeheard, when Mnemosyne he catcht;  
And like a Serpent to the Thracian mayd.  
Whyles thus on earth great Jove these pageaunts playd,  
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,  
And scoffing thus unto his mother sayd:  
"Lo! now the heavens obey to me alone,  
And take me for their Jove, whiles Jove to earth is  
gone."

xxxvi. And thou, faire Phœbus, in thy colours bright  
Wast there enwoven, and the sad distresse  
In which that boy thee plonged, for despight  
That thou bewray'dst his mothers wantonnesse,  
When she with Mars was meynt in joyfulnessse:  
Forthy he thrild thee with a leaden dart  
To love faire Daphne, which thee loved lesse;  
Lesse she thee lov'd then was thy just desart,  
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy  
smart.

xxxvii. So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinct;  
So lovedst thou the faire Coronis deare;  
Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,  
Yet both in flowres doe live, and love thee beare,  
The one a Paunce, the other a sweet-breare:  
For grieve whereof, ye mote have lively seene  
The God himselfe rending his golden heare,  
And breaking quite his garlond ever greene,  
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

xxxviii. Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,  
The sonne of Climene, he did repent;  
Who, bold to guide the charet of the Sunne,  
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,  
And all the world with flashing fire brent;  
So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame:  
Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,



Forst him eftsoones to follow other game,  
And love a Shephards daughter for his dearest Dame.

xxxix. He loved Isse for his dearest Dame,  
And for her sake her cattell fedd awhile,  
And for her sake a cowheard vile became  
The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile,  
Whiles that from heaven he suffered exile.  
Long were to tell each other lovely fitt;  
Now, like a Lyon hunting after spoile;  
Now, like a stag; now, like a faulcon flit:  
All which in that faire arras was most lively writ.

xl. Next unto him was Neptune pictured,  
In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke:  
His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed  
Dropped with brackish deaw: his threeforkt Pyke  
He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did stryke  
The raging billowes, that on every syde  
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,  
That his swift charet might have passage wyde  
Which foure great Hippodames did draw in temewise  
tyde.

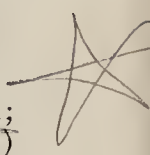
xli. His seahorses did seeme to snort amayne,  
And from their nosethrilles blow the brynne streame,  
That made the sparckling waves to smoke agayne,  
And flame with gold; but the white fomy creame  
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beame.  
The God himselfe did pensive seeme and sad,  
And hong adowne his head as he did dreame;  
For privy love his brest empierced had,  
Ne ought but deare Bisaltis ay could make him glad.

xlII. He loved eke Iphimedia deare,  
And Aeolus faire daughter, Arnè hight,  
For whom he turned him selfe into a Steare,  
And fedd on fodder to beguile her sight.  
Also to win Deucalions daughter bright,  
He turned him selfe into a Dolphin fayre;  
And like a winged horse he tooke his flight  
To snaky-locke Medusa to repayre,  
On whom he got faire Pegasus that flitteth in the ayre.

- XLIII. Next Saturne was, (but who would ever weene  
That sullein Saturne ever weend to love?  
Yet love is sullein, and Saturnlike seene,  
As he did for Erigone it prove)  
That to a Centaure did him selfe transmove.  
So proov'd it eke that gracious God of wine,  
When for to compasse Philliras hard love,  
He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,  
And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.
- XLIV. Long were to tell the amorous assayes,  
And gentle pangues, with which he maked meeke  
The mightie Mars, to learne his wanton playes;  
How oft for Venus, and how often eek  
For many other Nymphes, he sore did shreek,  
With womanish teares, and with unwarlike smarts,  
Privily moystening his horrid cheeke:  
There was he painted full of burning dartes,  
And many wide woundes launched through his innerpartes.
- XLV. Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)  
His owne deare mother, (ah! why should he so?)  
Ne did he spare sometime to picke himselfe,  
That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,  
Which he had wrought to many others moe.  
But, to declare the mournfull Tragedyes  
And spoiles wherewith he all the ground did strow,  
More eath to number with how many eyes  
High heaven beholdes sad lovers nightly theeveryes.
- XLVI. Kings, Queenes, Lords, Ladies, knights, and Damsels gent,  
Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort,  
And mingled with the raskall rablement,  
Without respect of person or of port,  
To shew Dan Cupids powre and great effort:  
And round about a border was entrayld  
Of broken bowes and arrowes shivered short;  
And a long bloody river through them rayld,  
So lively and so like that living sence it fayld.
- XLVII. And at the upper end of that faire rowme  
There was an Altar built of pretious stone  
Of passing valew and of great renowme,

On which there stood an Image all alone  
 Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone;  
 And winges it had with sondry colours dight,  
 More sondry colours then the proud Pavone  
 Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,  
 When her discoloured bow she spreads through hevens hight.

XLVIII. Blyndfold he was; and in his cruell fist  
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,  
With which he shot at randon, when him list,  
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;  
(Ah man! beware how thou those dartes behold.)  
 A wounded Dragon under him did ly,  
 Whose hideous taylor his lefte foot did enfold,  
 And with a shaft was shot through either eye,  
 That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye.



XLIX. And underneath his feet was written thus,  
*Unto the Victor of the Gods this bee:*  
 And all the people in that ample hous  
 Did to that image bowe their humble knee,  
 And oft committed fowle Idolatree.  
 That wondrous sight faire Britomart amazd,  
 Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,  
 But ever more and more upon it gazd,  
 The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile senses dazd.

I. Tho, as she backward cast her busie eye  
 To search each secrete of that goodly sted,  
 Over the dore thus written she did spye,  
Bee bold: she oft and oft it over-red,  
 Yet could not find what sence it figured:  
 But what so were therein or writ or ment,  
 She was no whit thereby discouraged  
 From prosecuting of her first intent,  
 But forward with bold steps into the next roome went.

LI. Much fayrer then the former was that roome,  
 And richlier by many partes arayd;  
 For not with arras made in painefull loome,  
 But with pure gold it all was overlayd,  
 Wrought with wilde Antickes, which their follies playd  
 In the rich metall as they living were.

A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,  
Such as false love doth oft upon him weare;  
For love in thousand monstrous formes doth oft appeare.

LII. And all about the glistring walles were hong  
 With warlike spoiles and with victorious prayes  
 Of mightie Conquerours and Captaines strong,  
 Which were whilome captived in their dayes  
 To cruell love, and wrought their owne decayes.  
 Their swerds and speres were broke, and hauberques rent,  
 And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes  
 Troden in dust with fury insolent,  
 To shew the victors might and mercillesse intent.

LIII. The warlike Mayd, beholding earnestly  
 The goodly ordinaunce of this rich Place,  
 Did greatly wonder; ne could satisfy  
 Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space:  
 But more she mervaild that no footings trace  
 Nor wight appeard, but wastefull emptinesse  
 And solemne silence over all that place:  
 Straunge thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse  
 So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with carefulnesse.

LIV. And, as she lookt about, she did behold  
 How over that same dore was likewise writ,  
*Be bolde, be bolde*, and every where, *Be bold*;  
 That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it  
 By any ridling skill, or commune wit.  
 At last she spyde at that rowmes upper end  
 Another yron dore, on which was writ,  
*Be not too bold*; whereto though she did bend  
 Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might intend.

LV. Thus she there wayted untill eventyde,  
 Yet living creature none she saw appeare,  
 And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde  
 From mortall vew, and wrap in darkenes dreare;  
 Yet nould she d'off her weary armes, for feare  
 Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse  
 Her heavy eyes with natures burdein deare,  
 But drew her selfe aside in sickernesse,  
 And her wel-pointed wepons did about her dresse.

## CANTO XII

The maske of Cupid, and the enchanted Chamber are displayd;  
Whence Britomart redeemes faire Amoret through charmes decayd.

- I.* THO, whenas chearelesse Night ycovered had  
Fayre heaven with an universall clowd,  
That every wight dismayd with darkenes sad  
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,  
She heard a shrilling Trompet sound alowd,  
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory:  
Nought therewith daunted was her courage prowd,  
But rather stird to cruell enmity,  
Expecting ever when some foe she might descry.
- II.* With that an hideous storme of winde arose,  
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,  
And an earthquake, as if it streight would lose  
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt:  
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt  
Ensewd, whose noyaunce fild the fearefull sted  
From the fourth howre of night untill the sixt;  
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,  
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persevered.
- III.* All suddeinly a stormy whirlwind blew  
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,  
With which that yron wicket open flew,  
As it with mighty levers had bene tore;  
And forth yssewd, as on the readie flore  
Of some Theatre, a grave personage  
That in his hand a braunch of laurell bore,  
With comely haveour and count'nance sage,  
Yclad in costly garments fit for tragicke Stage.
- IV.* Proceeding to the midst he stil did stand,  
As if in minde he somewhat had to say;  
And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,



In signe of silence, as to heare a play,  
By lively actions he gan bewray  
Some argument of matter passioned:  
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,  
And, passing by, his name discovered,  
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

walks about  
in various words  
of a play  
his name is

v. The noble Mayd still standing all this vewd,  
And merveild at his straunge intendiment.  
With that a joyous fellowship issewd  
Of Minstrales making goodly meriment,  
With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent;  
All which together song full chearefully  
A lay of loves delight with sweet concent:  
After whom marcht a jolly company,  
In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

Healing  
system  
I who's with  
entertainers  
appears  
chous

vi. The whiles a most delitious harmony  
In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,  
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody  
The feeble sences wholly did confound,  
And the frayle soule in deepe delight nigh drownd:  
And, when it ceast, shrill trompets lowd did bray,  
That their report did far away rebound;  
And, when they ceast, it gan againe to play,  
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim aray.

people  
dread he  
with no  
pers.  
maskers  
presented

vii. The first was Fansy, like a lovely Boy  
Of rare aspect, and beautie without peare,  
Matchable ether to that ympe of Troy,  
Whom Jove did love and chose his cup to beare;  
Or that same daintie lad, which was so deare  
To great Alcides, that, when as he dyde,  
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,  
And every wood and every valley wyde  
He filled with Hylas name; the Nymphes eke Hylas cryde.

story of  
beauty  
boy  
Androgony

viii. His garment nether was of silke nor say,  
But paynted plumes in goodly order dight,  
Like as the sunburnt Indians do aray  
Their tawney bodies in their proudest plight:  
As those same plumes so seemd he vaine and light,  
That by his gate might easily appeare;

For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,  
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,  
That in the ydle ayre he mov'd still here and theare.

ix. And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,  
Who seemd of ryper yeares then th' other Swayne,  
Yet was that other swayne this elders syre,  
And gave him being, commune to them twayne:  
His garment was disguysed very vayne,  
And his embrodered Bonet sat awry:  
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did strayne,  
Which still he blew and kindled busily,  
That soone they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

x. Next after him, went Doubt, who was yclad  
In a discolour'd cote of straunge disguise,  
That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,  
And sleeves dependaunt Albanesè-wyse:  
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,  
And nycely trode, as thornes lay in his way,  
Or that the flore to shrinke he did avyse;  
And on a broken reed he still did stay  
His feeble steps, which shrunk when hard thereon he lay.

xi. With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed  
Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made;  
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need  
Straunge horrour to deforme his griesly shade:  
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade  
In th' other was; this Mischiefe, that Mishap:  
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,  
With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap;  
For whom he could not kill he practizd to entrap.

xii. Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,  
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,  
But feard each shadow moving too or froe;  
And, his owne armes when glittering he did spy  
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,  
As ashes pale of hew, and winged heeld,  
And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,  
Gainst whom he alwayes bent a brasen shield,  
Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield.

- xiii. With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome Mayd,  
 Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold:  
 In silken samite she was light arayd,  
 And her fayre lockes were woven up in gold:  
 She alway smyd, and in her hand did hold  
 An holy-water-sprinckle, dipt in deowe,  
 With which she sprinckled favours manifold  
 On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,  
 Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.
- xiv. And after them ~~Dissemblaunce~~ and ~~Suspect~~  
 Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequall paire;  
 For she was gentle and of milde aspect,  
 Courteous to all and seeming debonaire,  
 Goodly adorned and exceeding faire:  
 Yet was that all but paynted and pourloynd,  
 And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed haire;  
 Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,  
 And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd.
- xv. But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,  
 Under his eibrowes looking still askaunce;  
 And ever, as Dissemblaunce laught on him,  
 He lowrd on her with daungerous eyeglaunce,  
 Shewing his nature in his countenaunce:  
 His rolling eies did never rest in place,  
 But walkte each where for feare of hid mischaunce,  
 Holding a lattis still before his face,  
 Through which he stil did peep as forward he did pace.
- xvi. Next him went ~~Griefe~~ and ~~Fury~~, matcht yfere;  
 Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,  
 Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere,  
 Yet inly being more then seeming sad:  
 A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,  
 With which he pinched people to the hart,  
 That from thenceforth a wretched life they ladd,  
 In wilfull languor and consuming smart,  
 Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.
- xvii. But ~~Fury~~ was full ill appareiled  
 In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,  
 With ghastly looks and dreadfull drierihed;

mean  
guy

guys die  
daily  
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were

And from her backe her garments she did teare,  
 And from her head ofte rente her snarled heare:  
 In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse  
 About her head, still roming here and there;  
 As a dismayed Deare in chace embost,  
 Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

xviii. After them went Displeasure and Pleasaunce,  
 He looking lompish and full sullein sad,  
 And hanging downe his heavy countenaunce;  
 She chearfull, fresh, and full of joyaunce glad,  
 As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad;  
 That evill matched paire they seemd to bee:  
 An angry Waspe th' one in a viall had,  
 Th' other in hers an hony-laden Bee.  
 Thus marched these six couples forth in faire degree.

xix. After all these there marcht a most faire Dame,  
 Led of two grysie Villeins, th' one Despight,  
 The other cleped Cruelty by name:  
 She, dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright  
 Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,  
 Had Deathes owne ymage figurd in her face,  
 Full of sad signes, fearfull to living sight;  
 Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,  
 And with her feeble feete did move a comely pace.

xx. Her brest all naked, as nett yvory  
 Without adorne of gold or silver bright,  
 Wherewith the Craftesman wonts it beautify,  
 Of her dew honour was despoyled quight;  
 And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)  
 Entrenched deep with knyfe accursed keene,  
 Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,  
 (The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,  
 That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene.

xxi. At that wide orifice her trembling hart  
 Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,  
 Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,  
 And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd:  
 And those two villeins, which her steps upstayd,  
 When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,

And fading vitall powres gan to fade,  
Her forward still with torture did constraîne,  
And evermore encreased her consuming paine.

xxii. Next after her, the winged God him selfe  
Came riding on a Lion ravenous,  
Taught to obay the menage of that Elfe  
That man and beast with powre imperious  
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous.  
His blindfold eies he bad awhile unbinde,  
That his proud spoile of that same dolorous  
Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kinde;  
Which seene, he much rejoyced in his cruell minde.

xxiii. Of which ful prowd, him selfe up rearing hye  
He looked round about with sterne disdayne,  
And did survey his goodly company;  
And, marshalling the evill-ordered trayne,  
With that the darts which his right hand did straine  
Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did quake,  
And clapt on hye his coulour'd winges twaine,  
That all his many it affraide did make:  
Tho, blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

xxiv. Behinde him was Reproch, Repentaunce, Shame;  
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent behinde:  
Repentaunce feeble, sorrowful, and lame;  
Reproch despightfull, carelesse, and unkinde;  
Shame most ill-favourd, bestiall, and blinde:  
Shame lowrd, Repentaunce sighd, Reproch did scould;  
Reproch sharpe stings, Repentaunce whips entwinde,  
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold:  
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

xxv. And after them a rude confused rout  
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:  
Emongst them was sterne Strife, and Anger stout;  
Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftyhead;  
Lewd Losse of Time, and Sorrow seeming dead;  
Inconstant Chaunge, and false Disloyalty;  
Consuming Riotise, and guilty Dread  
Of heavenly vengeance; faint Infirmity;  
Vile Poverty; and, lastly, Death with infamy.



xxvi. There were full many moe like maladies,  
 Whose names and natures I note readen well;  
So many moe, as there be phantasies  
In wavering wemens witt, that none can tell,  
 Or paines in love, or punishments in hell:  
 All which disguised marcht in masking wise  
 About the chamber by the Damozell;  
 And then returned, having marched thrise,  
 Into the inner rowme from whence they first did rise.

*all have  
it peeped  
in hiding  
d lies to  
low them  
rough  
with done*

xxvii. So soone as they were in, the dore streightway  
 Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast  
 Which first it opened, and bore all away.  
 Then the brave Maid, which al this while was plast  
 In secret shade, and saw both first and last,  
 Issewed forth, and went unto the dore  
 To enter in, but fownd it locked fast:  
 It vaine she thought with rigorous uprore  
 For to efforce, when charmes had closed it aford

*luck  
there  
ans for  
next  
day*

xxviii. Where force might not availe, there sleights and art  
 She cast to use, both fitt for hard emprize:  
 Forthy from that same rowme not to depart  
 Till morrow next shee did her selfe avize,  
 When that same Maske againe should forth arize.  
 The morrowe nexte appeard with joyous cheare,  
 Calling men to their daily exercise:  
 Then she, as morrow fresh, her selfe did reare  
 Out of her secret stand that day for to outweare.

*door  
open  
in  
she goes*

xxix. All that day she outwore in wandering  
 And gazing on that Chambers ornament,  
 Till that againe the second evening  
 Her covered with her sable vestiment,  
 Wherewith the worlds faire beautie she hath blent:  
 Then, when the second watch was almost past,  
 That brasen dore flew open, and in went  
 Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,  
 Nether of ydle showes, nor of false charmes aghast.

xxx. So soone as she was entred, rownd about  
 Shee cast her eies to see what was become  
 Of all those persons which she saw without:

But lo! they streight were vanisht all and some; *all out*  
 Ne living wight she saw in all that roome, *had*  
 Save that same woefull Lady, both whose hands *was in*  
 Were bounden fast, that did her ill become, *a pole*  
 And her small waste girt rownd with yron bands  
 Upon a brasen pillour, by the which she stands.

xxxI. And her before the vile Enchaunter sate, *enchanter*  
 Figuring straunge characters of his art: *tries to*  
 With living blood he those characters wrate, *won*  
 Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart, *lady, her*  
 Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart; *words*  
 And all perforce to make her him to love.  
 Ah! who can love the worker of her smart?  
 A thousand charmes he formerly did prove,  
 Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast hart  
 remove.

xxxII. Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place, *enchanted*  
 His wicked bookes in hast he overthrew, *runs to*  
 Not caring his long labours to deface; *lady, out*  
 And, fiercely running to that Lady trew, *his*  
 A murderous knife out of his pocket drew, *his*  
 The which he thought, for villeinous despight,  
 In her tormented bodie to embrew:  
 But the stout Damzell, to him leaping light,  
 His cursed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

xxxIII. From her, to whom his fury first he ment, *cuts brit*  
 The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest, *on chest*  
 And, turning to herselfe, his fell intent, *she gets*  
 Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest, *and draw*  
That litle drops empurpled her faire brest. *sword*  
 Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,  
 Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,  
 And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,  
 To give him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

xxxIV. So mightily she smote him, that to ground  
 He fell halfe dead: next stroke him should have slaine,  
 Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,  
 Dernly unto her called to abstaine  
 From doing him to dy. For else her paine

Should be remedillesse; sith none but hee  
Which wrought it could the same recure againe.  
Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee;  
For life she him envyde, and long'd revenge to see:

xxxv. And to him said: "Thou wicked man, whose meed  
For so huge mischief and vile villany  
Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed;  
Be sure that nought may save thee from to dy  
But if that thou this Dame do presently  
Restore unto her health and former state:  
This doe, and live, els dye undoubtedly."  
He, glad of life, that lookt for death but late,  
Did yield him selfe right willing to prolong his date:

xxxvi. And, rising up, gan streight to over-looke  
Those cursed leaves, his charmes back to reverse.  
Full dreadfull thinges out of that balefull booke  
He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,  
That horroure gan the virgins hart to perse,  
And her faire locks up stared stiffe on end,  
Hearing him those same bloody lynes reherse;  
And, all the while he red, she did extend  
Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

xxxvii. Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,  
And all the dores to rattle round about:  
Yet all that did not her dismaied make,  
Nor slack her threatfull hand for daungers dout:  
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout  
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.  
At last that mightie chaine, which round about  
Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,  
And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces small.

xxxviii. The cruell steele, which thrild her dying hart,  
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,  
And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart  
Her bleeding brest, and riven bowels gor'd,  
Was closed up, as it had not beene bor'd,  
And every part to safety full sownd,  
As she were never hurt, was soone restord.  
Tho, when she felt her selfe to be unbownd  
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the grownd.

xxxix. Before faire Britomart she fell prostrate,  
 Saying; "Ah noble knight! what worthy meede  
 Can wretched Lady, quitt from wofull state,  
 Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?  
 Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,  
 Even immortal prayse and glory wyde,  
 Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,  
 Shall through the world make to be notifyde,  
 And goodly well advaunce that goodly well was tryde."

xl. But Britomart, uprearing her from grownd,  
 Said: "Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene,  
 For many labours more then I have found,  
 This, that in safetie now I have you seene,  
 And meane of your deliverance have beene.  
 Henceforth, faire Lady, comfort to you take,  
 And put away remembrance of late teene;  
 Insted thereof, know that your loving Make  
 Hath no lesse grieve endured for your gentle sake."

xli. She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,  
 Whom of all living wightes she loved best.  
 Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond  
 Upon th' enchaunter which had her distrest  
 So sore, and with foule outrages opprest.  
 With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygoe  
 He bound that pitteous Lady prisoner, now relest,  
 Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,  
 And captive with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

xlII. Returning back, those goodly rowmes, which erst  
 She saw so rich and royally arayd,  
 Now vanisht utterly and cleane subverst  
 She found, and all their glory quite decayd;  
 That sight of such a chaunge her much dismayd  
 Thence forth descending to that perlous porch  
 Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd  
 And quenched quite like a consumed torch,  
 That erst all entrers wont so cruelly to scorch.

xlIII. More easie issew now then entrance late  
 She found; for now that fained dreadfull flame,  
 Which chokt the porch of that enchaunted gate

And passage bard to all that thither came,  
 Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,  
 And gave her leave at pleasure forth to passe.  
 Th' Enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame  
 To have efforst the love of that faire lasse,  
 Seeing his worke now wasted, deepe engrieved was.

XLIV. But when the Victoresse arrived there  
 Where late she left the pensife Scudamore  
 With her own trusty Squire, both full of feare,  
 Neither of them she found where she them lore:  
 Thereat her noble hart was stonisht sore;  
 But most faire Amoret, whose gentle spright  
 Now gan to feede on hope, which she before  
 Conceived had, to see her own deare knight,  
 Being thereof beguyld, was fild with new affright.

XLV. But he, sad man, when he had long in drede  
 Awayted there for Britomarts returne,  
 Yet saw her not, nor signe of her good speed,  
 His expectation to despaire did turne,  
 Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne;  
 And therefore gan advize with her old Squire,  
 Who her deare nourslings losse no lesse did mourne,  
 Thence to depart for further aide t' enquire:  
 Where let them wend at will, whilst here I doe respire.

to help  
 the end?







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